KAIUOLANI

A PRINCESS *of* HAWAII

I. WILLIAM ADAMS

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KAIUOLANI

A PRINCESS OF HAWAII

BY

I. WILLIAM ADAMS

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KAIUOLANI

CHAPTER I

The bugle call, clear and shrill, rang out upon the still, hollow air of a mild winter's morning, as the queen and her invited guests, alike the royalty and commonalty of fair Hawaii, awaited the blast that signalled the beginning of the féte—sounded the march.

Liliuokolani calmly arose from a quiet seat in the Blue Room and proudly walked to the portico's edge in front. Looking out, over the gay guests assembled in the broad gardens below, her heart swelled with contemplation and no thought of failure disturbed her peace of mind. The kindly woman welcomed some relief; for upon ascending the throne, at the death of her brother, Kalakawa, nearly two years theretofore, she had faithfully said:

"My ministry shall be responsible to me."

Her attempt to invoke this ancient privilege, of appointing the cabinet and holding it responsible to the throne, had cost Liliuokolani two years of almost constant turmoil and struggle with the opposition; as the Progressionists—an organized body of foreign merchants, politicians and adventurers—had, during the administration of her predecessor, Kalekaua, wrested from him an alleged amendment to the con-

stitution, placing that privilege and responsibility in the hands of the legislature. In her contention the queen had been loyally supported by the Royalists (consisting mainly of the planters and older foreign residents) and the Patriots, the predominant and better class of natives. Thus her position became clearly defined and seemed certain of hearty encouragement throughout the kingdom.

A decision had just been rendered in her favor, by the supreme court, and at the convention of the legislature the queen had thrown open her summer residence, Waikiki Villa, as was the custom, for the purposes of inaugurating the impending session with a grand garden party. Upon this occasion she may have possessed a deeper motive in making the festivities as nearly universal in their application as possible, for she was a gracious queen and would exceed the bounds of liberality to eradicate the last taint of difference.

Presently the band came into sight—it was the Royal Military band—playing the national air, Hawaii Poni (God Save The Queen), and every head in that vast throng was quickly bared. Liliuokolani bowed and gray-haired men and garland-ladened women thrilled with the pride of loyalty.

The troops followed, with their steel bayonets glistening in the sunlight, while sturdy officers in scarlet regalia, their polished sabers dangling at their sides, rode in front or galloped along, in one grand valiant acknowledgment. They were men with the vigor of ascension or the dread of displacement burning hot in their veins, for the Rifles (the white branch of the militia), five hundred strong, led the advance, with the

Guards, or natives, in the rear. All, however, were animated with a single aim: they marched in unison to do homage to a wise and beloved ruler.

As they tramped along the broad, winding driveway, beneath the overtowering cocoa palms and amid the borders of verdant flowers, a thousand voices rose in response to the last echo of that anthem which always moves so deeply the hearts of patriotic men and noble, generous women. It was a confirmation of true endeavor, and Liliuokolani breathed freely the inspiration that comes only of a marked appreciation. In her heart no rancor lingered, and of a free will she would have crowned each and every one of her subjects with the material reward his efforts merited—as she gave him in her heart a spiritual blessing. On they came, the solid column advancing, until directly under the portico, where Colonel Floyd Wellington Young, commander of the Rifles, wheeled his charge and loyally saluted.

The gallant young officer rode his mount with the dash of a Napoleon, his red hair glowing with the fire of victory, though from his deep blue eyes there shone a determination to enforce justice, alike to himself and to his fellow men. The queen, standing there, high above his head, extended her white-gloved hand in humble recognition of his true worth and her superior regard; and not a few wept with joy at the apparent reconciliation of two contending factions, that had so long threatened to disrupt their island home.

Bowing gently in response, the colonel's voice, loud and musical, echoed from the mountain side above to the rollicking sea below:

"Battalions—halt!"
Then:
"Right line—march!"
Immediately:
"Present—arms!"
And finally:
"Parade—rest!"

Quick and orderly the maneuvers were executed to the rhythm of "tramp, tramp" and the thud of a half-thousand rifles. Grandly they saluted, and with upturned faces awaited the queen's response.

With chosen words and deliberate accent the considerate woman calmly said:

"I thank you in behalf of myself and my people for this splendid expression of fealty, and pray that God may give me strength to render a just and generous recognition. On this day, and I trust many others, my home is open unto you. The Queen's blessing."

Tears stole into the colonel's eyes, as wheeling in the saddle he shouted command:

"Shoulder—arms! Column fours—left! Forward—march!" and the steady ranks moved on down the avenue, to give place to a more sympathetic advance.

The native company, with less dash but as certain a tread, came forward and at the command of their leader, Prince Aokahameha, executed quite as dextrously a similar movement; but when their salute had been given a deathly silence ensued. With filled eyes and heavy heart Liliuokolani leaned far over the railing and extending her arms, in hopeless expression, silently voiced a message that stirred deeply the blood that knew no land but theirs. Then with bowed heads

and resolute step they hearkened to the voice of a Kamehameha and followed their commander down the lane, toward the Armory, behind the *koas,* a short distance away, at the capital city in front.

Ihoas-Kahili, the queen's chief lady in waiting, stood near by and when the troops had passed from sight—the queen still watching them—she came to her majesty and consoled her and directing an attendant to place a seat counselled the queen to remain in the open, where she might view the gay throngs seated about the lawns or indulge the soft sea breeze that floated in from the nearby shore. Liliuokolani quickly consented, for on this day more than any other she, as well as Ihoas, was interested in the outcome of the chivalries.

The tall, young princess, a descendant of the Kamehamehas, seated herself close by and presently she too sank into deep, unsatisfying thought. Though her full name was Ihoas-Kahila Ralph, and her flowing hair and mild eyes contrasted noticeably with the massive, jet black waves and controlled, penetrating look of the queen, she was none the less of a royalty long antedating the Mauas, of whom Liliuokolani was the then reigning descendant. Aokahameha was of the same blood as Ihoas, and notwithstanding their displacement, like her cousin—they being of the younger generation of the Kamehamehas—had become reconciled to the new order and, altogether, sought with loyalty to do homage and render service unto their lawfully recognized queen.

Liliuokolani had long ago recognized the value of the grave and patriotic Aokahameha and his support in her desperate struggle against the final encroach-

ment of the foreigners, and was anxious that upon this occasion Kaiuolani, the young and vivacious heir apparent, should crown him victor of the féte. This beautiful princess was one of the queen's own blood, named by her majesty as the lawful successor to the throne, yet Liliuokolani would that Kaiuolani loved Aokahameha, for in him she trusted, saw her own beneficent plans unfold, and with his rise and promotion to the chief command of the army believed the throne secure.

Ihoas had become the queen's real confidante, and though hopelessly (as there was good reason to believe) loved by Aokahameha, her majesty trusted her affectionate chief lady in waiting to urge the reconciliation of Aokahameha to a new love, while she herself would bring her own influence to bear upon Kaiuolani. In the pathway of all these fervent desires there had already come to view an almost endless chain of apparent obstacles; yet Liliuokolani felt in her heart that she was right, and no trial seemed too hard or measure severe for her to withstand. She sat there in the cool of the shade, her determination rising,—the tears had long ago dried,—a huge fan gently swaying in the sweet-laden zephyrs, while her faithful companion pondered more apprehensively, if less sternly, the troubled situation.

"Has Kaiuolani made her appearance in the garden?" asked the queen, after a while, thoughtfully, but kindly.

"I believe she is on the veranda below. Shall I call her?" asked Ihoas in answer, rising, and ready to do her majesty's bidding.

"Please send the princess to me; I should like to

speak with her—before the day is further advanced. You can leave us here, to ourselves: the diversion will be a welcome relief to you, and—there is someone, now, on the lawn; he looks; he desires you to come, I know."

CHAPTER II

Presently the princess came and sat by the side of her aunt, the queen. Ihoas bowed herself away and as quickly disappeared below, where she sought relief and opportunity in the crowded garden. She had a duty to perform, and though her position must be an embarrassing one, her appearance could but arouse interest, invoking both happiness and hope.

On the steps at the veranda in front Ihoas met Aokahameha accompanied by Colonel Young; they had disposed of their commands at the armory and returned to pay respects and join in the festivities at the villa. The one tall, dark and austere; the other slight, fair and genteel, they doffed their helmets to the stately princess as she met and congratulated them upon the events of the day. There was indeed a wide contrast between the old-time feats of chivalry, as exemplified in the one, and the modern heraldic display, underlying the martial supremacy of the other; yet Ihoas was brave, and with her memory running back and her heart yearning for still another she made no distinction, greeting them alike with a heartiness that bespoke neither preference nor prejudice. Perhaps Floyd Young may have conjured a distrust in her composure, but he became quite undeceived as to his comrade's position, for the young prince unconsciously betrayed the secret of his love.

Designing not to intrude upon good will, Young

withdrew and sauntered into the midst of the gayety on the lawns. Not a few offered words of felicitation as the deserving young officer passed on, addressing this one or recognizing that one, but none seemed to express more than passing interest in what he had hoped to be the most successful military parade the little kingdom had seen. The seeming indifference stung him sharply, but he remembered that this was the queen's day, however loyal the opposition, and acting in obedience to natural impulse turned toward the portico where his eyes met fairly those of the princess, Kaiuolani.

The dazzling garnishments of his regalia glittered in the sunlight and heightened the sparkle in Kaiuolani's eyes as he bowed and turned to shake the hand of Mr. Elmsford—Oscar Donworth Elmsford—a discarded English duke, an artist by profession, but at that time a resident manager who stood high in social circles at the capital city, Honolulu.

A frown crossed the queen's brow; she had witnessed the glance of recognition, which had so inadvertently passed between the two, and as quickly engaged the princess in conversation. Young did not observe the apparent change in her majesty's countenance, but continued talking to his neighbor, Elmsford, till presently Ihoas again came upon the scene of his discomfiture.

This faithful intermediary had had her say with Aokahameha, and left him standing in the shade of the veranda, debating whether to follow and press his claim for a true love or go above and encourage a false one. He had understood Ihoas's warning only too well, but for that did not believe her lost to him,—

although she had positively declared her preference for the man that she was at that very moment approaching,—and as to Kaiuolani: she was entirely too frolicsome for him, and he doubted even her aunt's ability to govern her decision in any manner, much less about a thing so vital as that of marriage. The sudden turn of affairs disturbed but did not overwhelm the puzzled man, who stood momentarily debating his proper course, then entered the house and ascended the stairs.

Turning, Young again paid his respects to the designing Ihoas. A slight flush perceptibly reddened his face. A new thought possessed him; he would use her to relieve himself and disarm others as to the possible thought of any rising intimacy with Kaiuolani.

Barely granting Ihoas an opportunity to recognize the artist manager, whom she had grown to love with a passion characteristic only of her race, Young said, banteringly:

"You do me undeserved honor, in granting me this the second opportunity to greet you this morning. Will you join me while paying respects to Sir Charles, the princess Kaiuolani's father? He is over there, in the shade of the old historic palm—let us go."

The thought of arousing Kaiuolani's jealousy suddenly flashed into Ihoas's mind. Possibly she may have divined a submerged interest in herself, lurking in the colonel's motive: if so, she was mistaking; withal her dignified bearing and noble sentiment, Floyd Young at heart preferred another kind of quest. And when he really led her away his only purpose augured of the subtle art of diplomacy. His every hope was

founded upon the progress of events, and from the time he had landed in Honolulu—an ambitious but penniless youth, from far distant New York, a recent graduate from Columbia, educated in the law and honorably discharged from the State militia—his advance had been due to his sterling grasp with opportunity, his ideals founded upon what he believed to be the ultimate decree of human greatness—the military strength of a country, the force behind the throne and the arbiter of God's eternal law. Love, with him, was an essential trait of manly existence, but its rite should be more: marriage must be made the stepping-stone to a broader usefulness, used to round out a sphere in which man attains his noblest virtue, serves in the molding and wielding of destiny.

A union with the heir apparent would strengthen his position and open the way to a larger development, but the time had not yet come nor was it advisable upon this occasion to publish even the possibility of so daring a prospect. If he could only check the impetuous princess, and confuse the minds of others, by paying some unusual attention to Ihoas, he should gain a positive advantage; so he led the advance adroitly, and his willing victim—of the same mind, but with a different end in view—assisted in the ruse with all the grace and likelihood at her disposal.

"By jove," said the surprised Englishman, to himself, as the others walked away; "she has cut me cold! I wonder if she really means it? I hope so, at all events. I can't stand her pose: it lacks in perspective. Besides, a respite would give me the chance to trim my sails for a more likely princess."

Elmsford once more shifted positions, always keep-

ing himself in the open and within sight of the portico, frequently adjusting his eyeglass and vainly assuming a bearing strictly in accord with his shrivelled dignity. His robust figure and odd mannerism finally attracted the queen's attention, causing her to remark, pleasantly:

"I wonder who is the guest in fancy dress? He seems to be always looking this way!"

"Oh, that is Mr. Elmsford—the gentleman papa has given the privilege of doing my portrait in oil. He is really an interesting character; and, they say, of the English nobility. We shall, no doubt, see more of him before the day is out," said Kaiuolani, in her characteristically careless way.

"I trust not; at least, until after the *leis*" (a kind of ceremony, at which the victor in the games—formerly literally, but at that time figuratively—was crowned with a garland by the queen of flowers, usually a chosen princess). "Any sort of a coxcomb from over there becomes a gentleman immediately he is stranded upon our shores. I am very weary of it all," replied the queen, with emphasis.

"But, aunty, they are so nice; and then, you know, the 'foreigners' have given us so much of civilization—they say, all that we have," continued the princess, innocently.

"They say so; but, I vow, we have not gained so very much. There was far more contentment and much less distress before they set their treacherous feet upon our sacred soil. Excuse me, dear; I should not talk like that; but, I cannot help giving vent to my feelings, at times," said Liliuokolani, proud, and un-

able to restrain the deep and abiding sorrow that welled up from her hard-tried benevolence.

"Never mind, aunty; everything will in time come out for the best. We all love you, and will comfort you, no matter what the consequences," said Kaiuolani, moved with natural sympathy.

"I do wish that Aokahameha would come; we can trust him, and he is such a noble man. I should choose him to others less qualified if more pretentious," answered the queen, guardedly concerned as to Kaiuolani's attitude.

The princess did not answer, but her thoughts went out, in a myriad aspects, to the crowning event of the day. It had of right fallen to her to place the braided wreath upon the brow of a chosen champion, and there arose no question in her mind as to the choice she should make, yet the pathos of her majesty's situation appealed momentarily to Kaiuolani's sympathy. Judgment seemed a thing quite foreign to her temperament, and she sat battling between love and affection till presently Aokahameha walked into their presence, bidding both a friendly good-morning.

Kaiuolani brightened. It mattered not so much who the visitor might be, just so his coming brought new interest; for remaining there on that portico, alone with her aunt, on so delectable a morning, amid such a host of admirers, became almost unbearable.

"I am so glad you came, Aoka—aunty and I were this moment talking about you—the parade was just lovely—how I do admire the—horses!" said Kaiuolani, without stopping to regain her breath or divine the effect of her speech.

"The prince deserves our compliments," said the queen, quickly and earnestly.

"Thank you," replied he, bowing.

Perhaps Aokahameha's unsympathetic answer caused her majesty to hesitate further conversing,—Kaiuolani waited for him to introduce a more inviting subject,—and the prince, glad that the queen had stopped short of then and there betrothing them, the hapless culprits, leaned against the railing and pondered anxiously an incident accidentally noticed while approaching.

On reaching the top of the stairs, having trod softly over the noiseless carpet, the prince had involuntarily hesitated before entering the boudoir, through which he must pass to gain access to the portico, and observed through the wide open door one of her majesty's ladies in waiting hidden behind the folds of the drapery, overhanging the exit, and within convenient hearing distance of Kaiuolani and the queen.

The recognition, instantaneous and unpleasant as it proved to be, was mutual, and Martha Norton, flushed and confused, tried as best she could to divert attention by pretending to have been arranging Liliuokolani's private writing table, the most convenient if suspicious article at hand. Aokahameha paused suddenly, then recovering himself walked in and through the room to the portico in front without manifesting the slightest concern or pretending to notice the surprised woman's unbecoming act. The unexpected meeting, however, though to neither of them no more disconcerting than pleasing, revealed to him a pressing danger.

He said nothing about the circumstance, nor tried

to elicit the purport of a conversation that an enemy had evidently overheard, but so lost himself in studied contemplation that his anxious hostess directly suffered more discomfiture at his silence than she could have done from a complete revelation of the occurrence.

Discovered, the listening attendant quickly withdrew and sought her confidant, among the guests below. The sharp-visaged spinstress had not long to search, for Xane Bender, eager and cunning, awaited her coming at a secluded place in the background. His dark brow and sunken form fairly writhed in distress, when the spying emissary reported the queen's conversation and predicted that Kaiuolani would place the crown upon Aokahameha's brow.

"They are a treacherous lot, these dusky Islanders; the old scapegrace as good as promised that I should be selected by that rattle-headed flirt, whose Scotch cross with a Polynesian ape entitles her to so pretentious a claim. I will have her, by G—d: Xane Bender shall not be trifled with!" hissed the maddened man, his foul teeth showing white, while clenching nervously his one deformed fist and glancing with furtive eyes from under a stooped and tortuous posture.

"I would advise that you hold your temper; this is not an agreeable time or place for the making of idle accusations. What care we for their descent or protestations? It is success that we covet: we should rather use our wit than lose it," said the wily Norton, with biting emphasis.

"D—d harlot; accursed woman; you would chide me now, that you think Young is safe. I'll beat your

game to a standstill, see you in hades, shorn of the last pretence, before I go down to defeat, alone and single handed. The princess shall marry me, then you can the better victimize the colonel; though little worth he is, I assure you," said her tormentor, with curled-up lip and sarcastic voice.

"Take care, Xane Bender; I have a hand yet to play, that you little suspect. And if you press me—beware——"

"Strumpet! Adventuress! Why should I press anybody? Have I not given you honor, position, influence—all that you possess? Whose money——"

"Why, good-morning, Mr. Bender. I see that you are very delightfully engaged with my most worthy assistant. I trust that I am not intruding—am I?" said a mild, effeminate voice, as a jolly, whole-souled Progressionist bobbed round the bush, discovering them, as he thought, in the very act of love-making.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wayntro. Good-morning, sir! I hope you are both well and happy this morning. Miss Norton and I, as you see, were just having a little pleasantry; discussing the social side of the function—not for publication, of course—the good lady journalist is too considerate for that—but only in a friendly way—as we are often wont to do, at an aside from the constant crush of congratulatory friends," replied the designing Bender, with changed expression and fawning politeness.

"I vow: I myself found their lavishments somewhat depressing," answered the interloping newspaper man, quite boastfully.

"Mr. Bender has been very kind to me, and I hardly know how I should have survived the morning had it

not been for his timely attention," proffered the good Miss Norton, without any apparent recollection of what had sooner taken place.

George Wayntro was the sometime founder and at that auspicious moment proprietor of the *Ware Wizzard Wise,* the newspaper of the place, independent as professed but Progressionist by accident; and Miss Martha Norton, a still later importation from America, had by stint of endeavor and the help of Bender risen on the staff from local reporter to chief assistant editor. Her word bore much weight with the would-be brilliant proprietor; and in consideration of the many "turns" she had done her friend Bender, that crafty fellow had forced the lady editor's claims also in other directions; at least to the extent of wresting from the queen herself the illy deserved social distinction his calculating accomplice then enjoyed: that of a lady in waiting—by courtesy if not in reality.

The three immediately sauntered into the open, where shortly they came upon Colonel Young and the Princess Iloas, who sat conversing pleasantly with the Honorable Sir Charles Stuart Prentiss,—president of the local foreign club, and the Princess Kaiuolani's father,—a retired Scotch gentleman and an early settler in the Islands.

Here they were received with civility, if not politeness; though Young was not at all friendly in spirit, and as to the rest there seemed nothing in common between them. No one took the pains to arise at their coming, and they stood around coldly chatting until presently Aokahameha and the princess were seen ap-

proaching. Kaiuolani's presence upon the lawn became the signal for others to move in that direction, and by the time she had reached her father's side a semicircle was formed and all waited anxiously, with the queen in the distance, the coming event of the day's festivities.

The happy-go-lucky princess tripped lightly to the front—perhaps a secret motive impelled the mood: more likely the heart laid bare its yearning—and taking up the floral wreath, which had been intrusted to her father's keeping, she looked all round, from one to another, her eyes betraying only love,—though the hand battled against indecision,—and as by chance raised the *leis* above the blushing Young, saying with a voice sweetly revealing the soul's gratitude:

"With this frail token, an emblem, I crown you victor—the people's sacred choice, a hero, the queen's righteous defense."

The colonel's voice failed him. He loved Kaiuolani with virtue and in truth, but the soul revealed a message sweeter than affinity. He would have undone the wrong had he possessed the power, torn her love girdle into shreds and thrown it at her feet would that have released him and saved her. Deep in his heart he felt the sincerity of her rash act, and with his eyes discerned a thousand hands raised to strike that she had deigned to venture, yet in the face of positive decision he remained absolutely helpless. He would do battle with the giants, but a woman's way for the moment undid him.

A smile brightened Aokahameha's countenance as he caught the retreating glance of Ihoas, whose face

grew cold with pallor; she divined better than he the strength of Liliuokalani's purpose, and the secret underlying the composure of Kaiuolani; who, stung with the blush of bewilderment, turned to her father to escape the confusion of faces surrounding them.

CHAPTER III

The bestowal of an honor so vital, to their way of thinking, could but arouse deep and widespread interest, especially now that the public mind had reached a high state of nervous tension. Its effect upon every man and woman in that assemblage was instantaneous and changed entirely the situation, for weal or woe, however false or sincere his motive.

Martha Norton flushed with envy, and Bender grew fierce at disappointment. Aokahameha alone welcomed the respite, though Ihoas sat for the time being overwhelmed with sorrow. Young chafed under the yoke, while Kaiuolani nestled in her father's embrace, wondering at the havoc her innocent attempt had wrought.

After a little, when the first shock of disappointment had passed, the queen rose and entering her boudoir directed that the doors be drawn and the entrance to the room closed. Truly she felt mortified at the heir apparent's conduct and grieved the necessity of resorting to other means in the attainment of her plans; but Liliuokolani was a resolute woman and met reverse with a calm and dignified determination that brooked no reasonable defeat. She held Aokahameha free from blame, as he had evidenced a willingness to gratify her majesty's wish, at least so far as that day's decoration was concerned, for had he not accompanied the princess to her post and shown no inclination to avoid the *leis?*

Nor would she at that time call him to her, though it was he more than any other that she desired forthwith to counsel. Upon her withdrawal into the house the assemblage once more began to break into fragments and scatter in groups about the lawns, leaving Aokahameha alone to congratulate Young and offer the princess a first word of encouragement. Drawing her away from her father and inviting Ihoas along, the three walked out upon the green to the gratification of Liliuokolani, who stood looking through the glass door, as they chatted and whiled away the time.

Presently they separated, and Aokahameha walked rapidly toward the house. He realized that Liliuokolani had suffered a painful defeat, and feeling that the responsibility of sustaining her devolved upon him, sought directly her majesty's presence.

The queen had watched his movements safely from within, and clearing the room of attendants, met him upon his arrival at the door.

"Come in, Aokahameha," said she, warmly grasping his hand and kindly leading him to a seat on the sofa. "I need your advice, though as you may well know our ideas be somewhat cross-purposed. You understand my motive: I hope I have not forfeited your respect."

The prince seated himself at her pleasure, recognizing the gravity of the queen's situation as well as the sincerity of her purpose, and turning to her said, softly but gravely:

"No, your majesty; you have done nothing to merit in the least the displeasure of a loyal subject. The matter of my domestic felicity is only an incident that I had hoped to recognize in the sphere of duty. I am at your majesty's service: command me."

The encouraged champion's familiar address had the effect intended, and Liliuokolani freely laid aside the reserve that naturally attended even less guarded communications. They held in common an abiding interest in their country, its people, their homes, and themselves. They knew each other to be true. They alone could resolve the virtue of their course. The queen's great, dark eyes softened as she looked tenderly into the young man's straightforward countenance,—there was no need of fear there; he was a scion of royalty, untainted, grave but heroic,—and with modulated voice frankly said:

"You speak well, Aokahameha; I too have loved, and would that your portion be even less bitter. Let us pass that; the state demands our attention. The heir apparent must be gotten out of the way of designing politicians and the host of scheming adventurers who now surround her and threaten the government."

Without venturing an immediate answer, the proud prince sat momentarily pondering the course of events that had led to their hard-tried predicament and the momentous questions confronting them. For years their beautiful land had been buffeted upon the surfeited seas of vain endeavor and base cunning to fall at last to the grace of a sovereign whose heart went out to her own and whose endeavor seemed founded upon but a shattered hope. How could he in their plundered and helpless condition resolve the means with which to restore security and gratify the laudable ambitions of a deserving and hopeful ruler! A cheerless mission confronted him, but Aokahameha, the iron-willed, a Kamehameha of to-day, felt no test of

patriotism too severe and knew not an undertaking undeserving the sacrfice. The queen's will resolved his duty, and he believed her not only worthy the confidence, but capable of directing safely the course of events.

"Your majesty's intentions are certainly good; but I am doubtful about controlling the princess," said he, after a while, having resolved fully the queen's motive.

"I had hoped to encourage a different termination of the day's sports; it would, at least, have given the appearance of solidity on our part; for to-morrow I shall present your name to the cabinet as commander-in-chief of the army. We could have resolved, afterwards, and in time, the suitableness of my plans for a permanent alliance with the princess," replied the queen, fully conscious of both his and her feelings in the matter.

"It could have done no harm: we all seem to understand the situation, except it be the princess herself," continued he, somewhat regretfully and with reference to those individually concerned.

"I need not ask what the general effect was,—I could see that from where I sat,—but did you notice particularly how Kaiuolani's actions impressed Hans Gutenborj?" asked Liliuokolani, her mind reverting to the political situation.

"Only that he showed extreme reserve, as usual; yet I am not quite sure but he was deeply moved," said Aokahameha, guardedly, as he arose and crossing the room looked out at the window, continuing directly:

"Young and he appear to be engaged in conversa-

tion now, and are walking toward the street—I wonder if they can be so soon taking their leave?"

The queen did not answer at once, but coming up leaned gently on the prince's arm, the while watching Colonel Young and Mr. Gutenborj, the largest planter and wealthiest merchant in the Islands, disappear through the gate, far in the distance.

Kaiuolani, Ihoas, and Elmsford leisurely strolled in the garden, the former's lively interest betraying an entire forgetfulness, as she courted the willing Elmsford's attention, to the utter disgust of staid and resolute Ihoas; while Bender, Wayntro, Q. N. Varnum, a local banker, and Webster Faneuil, the queen's attorney, grouped themselves around Sir Charles, with whom Young and Gutenborj had just parted. Only Martha Norton appeared to be absent, and scanning carefully the numerous parties within his range, Aokahameha's memory reverted to his discovery of her, earlier in the day, in rather an unbecoming attitude.

The very thought of her present whereabouts made him nervous, and despite the queen's urgent business he grew anxious and presently to her surprise and utter astonishment excused himself and departed the house. Upon taking his leave he had, it is true, taken the pains to reassure Liliuokolani of his unshaken trust and hearty support, yet the apparent change in his bearing suggested the possibility of a breakdown and disturbed her majesty not a little.

With Aokahameha's coming into the open, Bender disappeared—Martha Norton had given him the signal, forthwith apprising the queen of his request for an audience. Liliuokolani sighed, saying heavily:

"I will receive him here; call Ihoas and Mr. Faneuil."

Her majesty's duly appointed lady in waiting loitered a little,—just enough to insure the arrival of Bender, whom she announced,—then went out of the room.

Liliuokolani did not bid her caller come nearer. She sat at the farther side of the room, facing the entrance and awaiting his pleasure. Bender approached, and bowing profusely complimented her majesty on the felicities of the day. A frown darkened Liliuokolani's face, afterwards giving way to an expression of anxiety. Her would-be cabinet minister pretended not to see the very potent change in her countenance; his eyes glanced furtively elsewhere.

Recognizing the necessity of promptness,—the queen unattended had never encouraged his presence,—Bender spoke fawningly, but with emphasis:

"I thought you might desire a final word with me; the legislature meets in the morning."

The queen looked down at the cringing man's posture. She knew better than he—a disturbing element with a boughten membership—of the proposed session, and felt more keenly the consequence. Without undue haste or prolonged delay Liliuokolani replied, nervously:

"You know well my position: what more would you have at this late hour?"

"Your consent to the bills."

"You still insist upon disgracing my people with a cruel opium measure and a vicious lottery bill?"

"The terms are reasonable, considering that I am

willing to concede the appointment of Aokahameha and——"

"You will guarantee that?"

"Yes; and, also, the new constitution—as you propose. I have the power."

"I will give you my answer in the morning."

"At twelve o'clock?"

"Yes."

Liliuokolani dismissed the caller and retired to the quiet of her chamber; she knew only too well that Norton had prolonged her quest for the attorney and Ihoas, and desiring to resolve in her own mind, alone and undisturbed, the virtue of an only alternative, withdrew from the danger of any further or other disturbance.

Until a late hour straggling guests loitered in the gardens and upon the verandas, amid the golden shadows that changed and lengthened from the tall and slender leaf-capped palms that swayed and rustled in the soft, intoxicating air of a tropical evening's dawn. They were content with joy or burdened with concern, lingering till the close of day when still the last had not gone.

Liliuokolani looked out through the stately tree tops and over the quaint house roofs to the silent waters beyond. From the deep mysterious blue no voice of old arose to counsel her, to encourage the deeds of heroism that once made those shores resound with noble thought and vital conquest. Life still seemed consequential, yet the heavens darkened with the dark of southland: Liliuokolani breathed heavily, and the world closed its portals upon her.

CHAPTER IV

The assembly halls echoed an ominous awakening on the following morning when the legislature began to hustle within the broad corridors or gather upon the marble steps in front. Liliuokolani, composed and reliant, sat in regal attire, not far away, anxiously awaiting the word that should confirm or deny her most sanguine expectations. Uniformed couriers ran to and fro over the smooth-paved streets, carrying alike the letter of commendation or the communication of state.

An *oo* fluttered in at the open window, and perching upon the gilded scepter warbled a friendly note. The queen looked up with softened eyes at its yellow-purpled tufts, and reveried a deep-felt thought:

"How innocent, yet supremely beautiful. I wish I were you,—no; they'd pluck my feathers,—singing the song of freedom, basking in the God-light of truth."

Only striven duty answered; she must grind out the essence of her existence as countless numbers of mere humans before had done. Shortly the high chamberlain approached and bowing low notified his sovereign that the legislature stood convened, humbly awaiting her majesty's pleasure. Liliuokolani hesitated, then bending forward, with parchment in hand, said kindly but firmly:

"The Queen's Message."

The high chamberlain—Jefferson Pauahieu Arns-

took, a half-caste prince, formerly resident of Lanai, banker at Honolulu, and broker to his majesty, Kalakaua—took the significant document from the queen with feelings of respect, though somewhat of misgivings, and without a word forthwith dispatched his charge to the halls of legislation.

Its arrival at desk became the signal for renewed interest, particularly in the galleries where had gathered the fortune and the flower of social Hawaii. Hans Gutenborj was there, surrounded by Progressionists, Royalists, and Patriots alike. Norton and Wayntro, Lou Isaacs, a money changer, and Ah Mla, the Chinese merchant and opium dealer, buttonholed or importuned members who came into the balconies to greet a friend or scent the trend of opinion. Bender busied himself on the floor, while a host of the fairest, in flowing garments and modest adornment, looked down from the circle above. Kaiuolani leaned from a box in the rear, and Ihoas glanced guardedly at her idol, the artist member from Diamond Head. When the chairman had ceased rapping and the queen's message was announced, a momentary quiet broke into an uproarious hand clapping and the shouting of hearty cheers.

Each member hastened to his seat, while Don Dupont, the dapper sergeant-at-arms, arose and with a clear voice and pronounced accent read the message through. A painful silence ensued, then Xane Bender led, and every patriot in that house and not a few of the Royalists applauded with zest. Barely respecting the occasion Colonel Young, member from Honolulu, marvelled at the measures proposed, while Kaiuolani rose in her seat and waving a handkerchief cried ap-

proval. Gutenborj, too, showed conservatism, though from a different motive, and Varnum, the banker, colored with anger. Now and then a submerged hissing feebly issued aloft, though few there heeded the portent and none of the more ardent, excepting Aokahameha, divined the measure of its significance.

After the first shock had passed and the importance of the queen's recommendations commenced to unfold, the spectators began shifting about or settling in corners discussing the probabilities and searching for a motive.

"It is an outrage upon decency!" shouted Varnum, to his neighbor Gutenborj, who sat quietly contemplating the best means of turning a dilemma into a resource of safety.

"There is more behind this latest move than the most vigilant among us dare suspect," continued Varnum, not having made any apparent impression upon his immediate listener.

"Things have come to a pretty pass, if law and order shall abide savagery!" burst again from the irritated banker's lips, just in time to greet the ears of Mr. Whilom S. Harvenoiq, the American minister, who had edged himself into an audience, uninvited.

"See here, Varnum," ventured Gutenborj, the largest individual property holder in the Islands, whose patience no longer bore him silence; "that sort of talk can do no earthly good, and what is more, it may do irreparable harm. My humble advice, if such be meet, would be to hold your tongue."

"I am a white man, sir; and I believe in the domination of superiority," replied the injudicious Progressionist.

"There are others, I believe, who are also considered white," pleasantly retorted the modest Royalist.

"Would you so forget our wives and daughters as to tolerate these infernal schemes, make of our land a gambling dive and an opium joint?" queried the excited financier, with vehemence.

"Hold! man; I would neither forget our pocket-books. Both of the measures are expedient, and would replenish the national treasury without taxing you or I a cent or interfering with our morals one whit. I am not sure but the queen is more prudent than we, after all," answered Gutenborj, thoughtfully.

"A clever monstrosity; and, if I mistake not, the groundwork for a larger army! That is where we shall end, Hans Gutenborj," growled the intolerant Varnum, with more of heat than prudence.

"I dislike your intemperance; please excuse me, my good friend," replied the philosophic planter, as he arose and walked away in company with Harvenoiq.

The suspense following the reading of the message bore heavily upon all those members who were already pledged to support the queen's proposals. Bender had been active among local politicians and, though in fact a resident of Honolulu, his membership from the lower island, Hawaii, gave him a powerful influence with the outside and preponderant constituency. He could already count a safe majority, and felt that by the time the orators had finished debating the question, the Patriots for and the Progressionists against the bills, the patriotism of the Royalists had made certain Liliuokolani's victory.

Elmsford was entrusted with making the opening address,—quite willing to do anything that might en-

courage his chance with the princess,—and when he had ceased haranguing, and proudly looked hence, only Ihoas led a fairly hearty encouragement from the gallery above.

Kaiuolani, too, seemed not any the less enthusiastic, but her interest apparently centered in the subject alone, for when Young arose, cool and magnificent, to lead the opposition her eyes riveted upon him and did not relax until the last word had fallen from his lips; when she arose and clapped her hands vigorously, to the utter astonishment of all—Patriots, Royalists, and Progressionists, none of whom ventured to emulate her example. Even Martha Norton dared not voice a sentiment, though she sat facing the speaker and coldly smiled; whereupon Bender laughed and imprudently cheered.

It now came Aokahameha's turn to urge the passage of the bills, and as the tall man arose and thundered forth his native eloquence, in support of ancient law and traditional right, roar after roar of applause went up from the floor only to be hurled back again doubly strong by the galleries. There was no mistaking the sentiment of either the legislature or the audience there assembled, and as the speaker waxed hotter and grew stronger the hearts and minds of men and women ceased to bicker and barter the crimsoned promise or lofty notions of race superiority. It were enough that man should resolve the virtue of higher being in the light of righteous intent, and the power of oratory swept them into the vortex of larger truth.

When the last round of applause had died out a deep, strange uncertainty seized upon the more

thoughtful and everybody breathed heavily in the pause that followed. There seemed to be no unity of purpose, not a fixed ground upon which to base a reasonable presumption. Men and women, completely wrapped in mysticism, groped through the dismal halls, unsettled in bearing and doubtful of their safety, while Xane Bender moved freely about and hovered over all like a sphinx in lowering darkness.

The queen sat some distance away silently, hopefully awaiting the vote that should restore a lost and beneficent heritage. She had more at stake than any other living soul in that land, yet bore the suspense with a fortitude and dignity that none had hitherto shown.

The inactivity either in the balconies or upon the floor did not last so very long, however, for the Progressionists soon came to realize that in some mysterious way their schemes were being placed in jeopardy; and that, too, by one of their own number. They could understand how Bender, a shrewd cattle man from the mountain wilds to the southward, might stoop to any expediency, would for a purpose play them false, but what was the consideration? How should he profit by the ruse?

Throughout the halls little knots of members or interested spectators eagerly sought for the secret or discussed plans to check their opponents' rising strength. On the Patriots' side of the house each moment lent enthusiasm and Bender's leadership grew in popularity: rapidly moving from one to another his judgment soon became the keynote to success and his counsel was finally heralded with respect. Not a few volunteered their hitherto doubtful support,

and everywhere he went, among his adherents, they loudly proclaimed him "The Champion Ranger from Waiahiui."

Amid the confusion upon the floor, led by Bender on one hand and Varnum, an outsider, on the other, a far more significant gathering, though small in numbers, sitting in the extreme front of the balcony, discussed seriously the impending crisis and prospective ballot. Guttenborj, Harvenoiq, and Young thus constituted their own audience, and the subject that concerned them most grew out of the likelihood, should the queen gain control, of Young being dismissed from the army; or, if retained, would he be placed at its head? A grave matter this was, and not from choice did the ambitious young officer tolerate the presence of an American diplomat in the ventilation of a question so personal, but out of respect for his employer's wish made no protest, feeling it a duty to express himself freely and without reserve. The man whose confidence and favor had raised him from a small mercantile clerkship to the position of chief adviser to the largest concern in the Islands, made it possible for him to win social distinction, stand at the head of one branch of the militia, and meet and gain the love of a prospective occupant of the throne, wielded an influence little short of conviction; hence, perhaps unwittingly, Young freely subordinated his own interests to those of Gutenborj.

Directly facing them, far back to the rear, sat Kaiuolani, Ihoas, and Norton—who had nosed herself into an unwelcome tolerance. They were admiring the beautiful costumes or casting side glances at the young gallants, particularly the one in the farther

end of the balcony. Presently Aokahameha entered the box; and complimenting him upon his splendid success in debate Ihoas, after a little, withdrew.

Norton acted less discreetly, and took it upon herself to lead in a decidedly frigid conversation. Neither of her listeners paid more than civil attention to her stilted remarks or considered seriously the silly effusion of weak sentimentality indulged; though immediately she broached the subject of Young's emulation, and undertook foolishly to elicit an expression, they rebelled and politely made known the agreeableness of her absence. Then and not until then the piqued woman arose and excused herself for having intruded.

"I really pity Martha," said Kaiuolani, sympathetically, though contemplating more the situation of a menial than of a lady.

"I am not quite certain that she deserves as much," replied Aokahameha, recalling his accidental but well-fixed opinion.

"But she is ambitious, and I do so love to see a deserving person succeed," continued the princess, with no thought of Norton's really patent but unsuggestive designs.

"A very laudable termination for truly worthy effort," remarked her listener, with due respect.

"I should believe her worthy, if, perhaps, well advised," remarked Kaiuolani, still heedless of the young lady journalist's aspirations.

"Possibly. I presume there are circumstances under which she might be considered the equal of the man she covets. At all events, their marriage could in no manner influence our regard for them," said Aokaha-

meha, adroitly, though fully anticipating the force of his remarks.

The shock proved greater than he had expected. It opened Kaiuolani's eyes and she faltered helpless under the stress of a sudden realization of her predicament. She had chosen so to forget as to love beneath her station; and Aokahameha knew it: possibly all of her friends at that moment, out of respect, withheld their condemnation. Then the bare consciousness of a rival seized upon her and, in consequence, what cared she for rank or birth? Love reasserted its sway, and bald reason fell a weakling at the call of heart. She would face even an inferior to win love's trophy, though triumph cost her undoing.

The observant prince left her there to conjure an undisputed feeling, and hurried to his seat on the floor; the vote upon the enactment—framed into one sweeping bill—had been called, and no time or strength must be lost. Aokahameha proved faithful, and when the "Ayes" had determined a safe majority a thunderous applause startled the dead walls within or rent the still air without. In the pandemonium that followed the efforts of weak-kneed statesmen to change face, Young's fruitless ballot was lost to notice; and turning—doubtfully conscious—he read in Kaiuolani's tears a kindly consolation. She had this time happily expressed a becoming loyalty, but her heart was his; and out of their love arose a strength to measure any destiny.

The queen alone remained fixed and undisturbed. The news of victory only impressed her more deeply with the gravity of an unalterable situation. She was not there to exult over a triumph conceived in justice,

nor to sympathize unduly with those who would base their contentions solely upon material progress. Life to her held a deeper meaning, and turning thought to loftier ideals her majesty awaited calmly the conclusion of business, then forthwith and unhesitatingly prorogued that legislature.

CHAPTER V

With the passage of the bill, the old regime, of cat-hauling and graft-taking, which had for so long a time disturbed their peace and threatened dire disaster, bade fair to become a derelict. The thankless greed of political tricksters and the benevolent craft of suckling kings was in one short session wiped from the governmental chessboard. The ancient constitution, the glory of the Kamehamehas, had been reclaimed; and forthwith, in modernized form, Liliuokolani undertook its promulgation.

The work laid before the legislature had been carried through swiftly and according to agreement; Bender did as he had bargained to do; so had the queen kept her word, to the letter: the new cabinet confirmed, thereat,—upon the dismissal of the old one,—included Xane Bender, Minister of Finance, and nobody there, excepting Varnam and his clique of interlopers, at that time regretted the circumstance.

True the newly recognized leader had come into their midst, only a few years theretofore, a stranger and without taking the pains to make known his antecedents or the place whence he came. Old man Qualb, the hermit cattle king, on the south side of Hawaii island, had taken him in, at his coming, presumably a tramp, and given him employment. Only a few years elapsed (during which time the transformed vagrant faithfully attended his benefactor's herds) till Bender, designing and shrewd, seemed to have con-

vinced the aged rancher of a blood relationship,—that of a nephew in uncertain degree,—and had become, by some secret influence, his sole legatee; whereupon the aged recluse obscurely died, and the nervy young man suddenly possessed himself of the uncounted herds and abundant treasure that roamed the slopes of Mauna-Loa or lie hidden in the caves of Kileauea.

A bold stroke this seemed to some, good business to others; and, perhaps, even Gutenborj may have inwardly preferred a man at the head of a depleted national treasury who could do things. At all events no protest was made against the new minister's entering into the discharge of his duties, and as to the past it might never have been known, or concerned anybody, in a land where neighbors are loath to question methods, had not fate followed him and in time laid bare the well guarded secret.

The last of the Kalakaua cabinets, composed entirely of designing foreigners, had been dismissed and in its stead the new one—a compromise, perhaps, but beholden to the throne and subservient to the laws—met in the great chamber of state and proceeded to the discharge of its bounden duty. No question could arise as to leadership; Bender stood over them as he did over the legislature; and public attention now centered in the choice of a commander-in-chief of the army.

The foreign holders of property and rights had gained their possessions and concessions largely through the instrumentality of the recently defeated and now turbulent Progressionists, but with that their interest ceased; they now looked to the queen for

protection, and while trusting her implicitly were doubtful about Bender.

In the creation of the Rifles, which grew out of the disturbances a few years theretofore, his money and influence, more than that of any other, enlisted and equipped the regiment. He had conceded Gutenborj the right to name a leader, though his friendship for Young had never been the best. That a fancied rivalry had grown up between them for the hand of the princess, Bender's once passive acknowledgment developed into a deep-seated hatred. He would, therefore, humble his social superior: by keeping his word, gain further the queen's confidence; through the medium of Aokahameha, tighten his grip upon the opposing army division; and, consolidating the hitherto heterogeneous elements of discord, lay the immediate foundation for ultimate supremacy.

Martha Norton alone knew, or could guess, reasonably, the outcome of Bender's independence. She it was who, in the hope of personal aggrandisement, had played false her trust to further his schemes, and now that he, in the flood-tide of enthusiasm, had been swept quite beyond her reach, she realized for the first time the futility of a one-sided intrigue. Her accomplice might succeed in wresting Kaiuolani from Young's grasp, but in so doing the latter's prospects must be effectively shattered. What cared she for any man's hand without success?

"He will pay me back in my own coin—but I can crush him, crush him with a word!" she said, to herself, tramping angrily the floor, in her bachelor apartments at the hotel. "No, I can't do that; I must first secure Young. I shall go this minute—there is no

sane reason why a woman should wait for a man to propose."

Young and his employer were closeted in a convenient anteroom when Norton arrived at the capitol building, fully prepared to press her suit to but one conclusion. She knew full well her hero's aspirations, but believing him to be a man of sound judgment, as well as good taste, could see no worthy prospect of a refusal, particularly under the circumstances. She had been reared to take care of herself in the walk for greatness, and at no distant past was still considered, by some, not at all bad looking, in form if not of face. He need have no fear of any social failure,—her presence at court had proven as much,—and there she was, in person, ready and willing, to answer any reasonable test as to her amiability.

As she entered, unannounced, Gutenborj arose and bidding her scant recognition went into the adjoining chamber, in quest of Bender. He had decided to have a last interview with the man who, he knew, most of all, held their peace and security in hand.

"How fortunate!" said Norton, deliberately approaching Young, who sat overwhelmed with concern. "I came over on purpose to have a talk with you; and here we are, alone and at liberty; without the slightest difficulty. May I sit with you for a moment?"

"Pardon me, Miss Norton, for the incivility. Shall I place you a chair, here, at the table?"

"Let us sit on the couch, by the window. The morning air is refreshing, and I am so heated. What I want to say is confidential: I should rather have you close at hand."

"Very well. If you like, I will close the door."

"Please do. You can trust me—being within calling distance."

They remained in the open, where the bay breeze floated in, cooling their cheeks, as they edged sidewise, facing each other, underneath the window. Those solid walls had listened to intrigue, wrangle, statesmen's harangue, society's welcome, the joy of triumph or, even, the fear of death; but never before had they witnessed, scarcely, the ponderous business of simple love-making. The door, however, stood securely closed before them, and no restraint marred a speedy beginning.

"Mr. Young," said Norton, directly they had settled, "my mission may surprise you, but the advantage to be reaped I know you will understand. There is a movement on foot to displace you. I need not mention the consequences, inevitably an augury to us all. Would you save disaster before it is too late?"

Young looked his questioner squarely in the face. Her eyes shone with the force of conviction, but underlying the frank expression there seemed to lurk a hidden meaning. He pondered. She abided the working-out of his conscience.

Presently the satisfied officer again raised his eyes and said kindly but knowingly:

"Yes; if the act be not inconsistent with my rights or duty as a man and a citizen."

The blood rushed to Norton's face, and before she could utter the cherished words Bender swung open the door and stamped angrily into their presence. The two arose, standing expectantly by; then, answering his heated questioning, with a civility begot more of understanding than complacency, departed from the

room, quite undaunted if, perhaps, somewhat undetermined.

On the steps in front they encountered Gutenborj, who counselled them be cautious; whereupon Norton sprang into her carriage and drove rapidly toward the palace, while Young and his confidant walked prudently away, in close consultation, to their place of business, not far distant in the city.

Inside the chamber all had settled down to the studied routine of executing, religiously and unqualifiedly, what the wily minister of finance now rigidly imposed. The interview by Gutenborj and after-encounter with Young and Norton stimulated in him a desire to hurry through with the cabinet proceedings as expeditiously as possible, and before the midday recess was taken Aokahameha's appointment to the chief command of the army had been ratified and confirmed.

When the last resistance had been brushed aside and the final agreement announced, the old halls rang with enthusiastic praise, and far out into the city the news spread as if swept thither in a speeding whirlwind. Even Wagner P. Onslow, Minister of Foreign Affairs,—an avowed Varnumite, appointed to conciliate in a measure the Progressionists,—vowed that there was not another in the whole of Hawaii who could so command the respect of both natives and foreigners as Aokahameha, and that under his guidance the army should become, at last, the true conservator of peace and real guarantor of law and order.

At the palace, Kaiuolani peevishly unfolded her childish plea and uncertain desires to her gracious majesty, who diligently answered with loving caresses

and easily escaped anything resembling a positive denial. Martha Norton was there, hiding on the outside; an opportunity was all she craved. Thus—a courier dashed up; the coveted word had at last arrived, and Liliuokolani's countenance beamed with satisfaction; his manner revealed the truth, and Kaiuolani threw her arms around the queen's neck, breathing a deep-drawn sigh.

"Do you love me aunty?" asked she, her eyes reflecting tenderly the burden of a great compassion.

"Yes, darling; your happiness embodies the content of my highest ambition. I wish that God had so symbolized your deepest inspiration."

Kaiuolani's bright eyes shone with a love that gathered and flashed a depth deeper than the reach of man, yet the mind faltered and wavered in the balance of duty. She would have clung to the God soul, had not the tempter of morality bade vulgar defiance. She must yet find strength to resolve the inevitable, and as they sat in soothing embrace—the mother queen and child daughter—an unexplained but potent determiner rose before them to snatch from truth its certain victory. Aokahameha, with braided vestments and uniformed poise, had softly entered and silently stood, biding the command that fate decrees.

Arising as if conscious of a thing mysteriously compelling, the princess flew thither as a moth to its doom. Admiration overcame inclination, and addressing him in his new role she said, buoyantly:

"Aokahameha!"

The proud man extended both hands for answer, and as they stood the queen admonished him:

"It ill becomes me to congratulate you, Aokahameha;

I have imposed a burden that no other could have assumed with such grace and devotion. You honor me and serve your country, in accepting this responsibility: may God be your guide, and I worthy your confidence. Your own volition is the sole guarantor of our liberty. I have no other command. The Queen, Liliuokolani."

"Words of mine would be an unfitting answer; I shall endeavor in act to merit your esteem, and with pleasure go forthwith to my command," replied he, with renewed determination.

"Can't I go with you? I should love to visit the armory, and the ride alongside 'Tie' (his war horse) would be just delightful. 'Ipo' (her riding horse) is at my service—can't I Aoka?" asked the princess, with tempting voice.

"If you choose to ride thus, I shall certainly enjoy the treat. Have you the queen's permission?" inquired he, in courtesy.

"Yes," volunteered the good queen, anticipating Kaiuolani's request; "and I can't resist saying that another such pair never rode the streets of Hawaii."

"We shall try not to forfeit your majesty's most gracious opinion," answered Aokahameha, pleasantly.

They galloped along to the merry clatter of ringing steel, flitting the long shadows that fell glimmering in the roadway. A husky guard saluted as they passed the gate and plunged on, down the broad avenue, inspired by the cool breath of approaching twilight and livened with the glow of happy thought. Heads were bared and chance flowers strewn as they went; no feeling of disloyalty entered the hearts of those who had

learned to respect their superiors in the fullness of content.

Slowing down at the big bend, sweeping round to the parade grounds, a squad of native soldiers, maneuvering in the distance, possessed Kaiuolani with new impulse; whereupon, turning suddenly to Aokahameha, she, half doubtfully, half in confidence, said:

"Will Colonel Young never again wear—his uniform—and sword—and ride—in front of the Rifles?"

"Oh yes, he may," replied the newly made general, divining her concern; he shall retain his rank: the only change shall be an added piece of braid or an extra plume for, possibly, myself. Some one must lead the Rifles, and I could scarcely choose another to fill his place—may find it difficult, even, to select one of equal merit to serve the Guards."

"I am glad," answered the princess, as they came closer and a sentinel back-stepped to salute.

They rode on, round to the front, where two guards seized the reins and Aokahameha, springing to the ground, assisted Kaiuolani to dismount. A deathly stillness pervaded. Some strange, ominous something seemed to possess the place and drive cold the blood in Aokahameha's veins. Kaiuolani held fast to his arm, and walking in at the door they found the building empty; the Rifles had gone!

CHAPTER VI.

The sudden revelation momentarily overcame the anxious Patriot, but looking Kaiuolani in the face he read afresh the lesson of traditional loyalty. The young princess may have been fickle with her love, but the conscious glance of a Mau had laid bare the unwarranted trickery of a foe.

"Go, Aokahameha," said she, with energy; "you have need for a better occupation than the entertainment of a friend. The armory, the bulwark of our homes, has been rifled of its stores; the troops divided, and the half stolen away: you must call to arms a friendlier keep, and for its equipment my fortune is at your command. Use it. Arouse them. And by the spirit of our fathers save the nation's glory."

Kaiuolani rode alone and without fear toward Castle Banyan, her home in the mountain gorge, just outside the city limits. With each stride a new inspiration possessed her and from every thought a myriad aspects arose: before Ipo, steaming and blowing, had carried her beneath the historic arch at the old ancestral estates a deep-set consciousness of her own shame burned hard the blush and conjured a hatred of that whence it had sprung. She would give her life to reclaim a passion, and sacrifice a fortune to establish her worth.

Thus the two most ardent Patriots in the land lost faith in the Royalists, whom they charged not only with insubordination but with trickery as well. To Aokahameha's mind none except Young could have

spirited away the half of their little force without immediate detection. Kaiuolani charged Gutenborj with the incentive, and saw in his interests the colonel's motive unfold. The ready defenders of questionably gotten gain had deceived alike the Progressionists and the Patriots, and though shocked at the audacity of so flagrant a move as this, both the prince and the princess entertained no doubt as to the final outcome.

A government founded upon all that they had evolved must be sustained, and the queen upheld at any hazard—though she at that moment was paying heed to the tongues that would do her destruction.

Norton had spent the afternoon gaining an audience, not in an official capacity, but as a representative of the press, and upon eliciting finally the information that Young's command had not been taken away from him hastened to carry thither the intelligence. This she had not succeeded in doing, however, without attracting the attention of Bender; who, no longer possessing the influence to coerce his former accomplice, went forthwith to the queen for information.

"I would not question your majesty's choice of attendants,—not in the least,—but I doubt seriously the motive in this woman Norton. She will bear watching," said he, in answer to the queen's assurance that no other interest than a friendly care for Young had been expressed.

"She is not of my selection—you may remember that; though, I am free to say, as yet, I have no consequential reason to regret the appointment," replied she, to his further importuning, fully conscious of her apparent helplessness.

"Your majesty's minister of finance would not in any manner abuse that sensibility,—far from it,—but should anything occur to arouse suspicion please allow him the credit for having advised you in due time. Neither Young nor Norton can longer be of service; their usefulness has passed," answered Bender, knowingly and with good intentions, though personally anxious for Young's dismissal.

"Aokahameha will attend to Young's proper disposition; I shall have at court all I can manage, before the new constitution is proclaimed. Pardon me for declining to discuss the circumstance further at this time," said the queen, moved with the fellow's impertinence, but dignified in her response.

At his departure Liliuokolani resolved to investigate on her own account the mysterious intelligence, at least so far as Norton was concerned. She entertained no doubt about Aokahameha's ability to cope with Young, should occasion arise; therefore, resigning herself to what appeared to be no more than an unpleasant household duty, sent hurriedly for Ihoas.

Her trusted lady in waiting came quickly, and nervously crossing the room stood waiting her majesty's pleasure. Until then, courage did not desert her; now, that she confronted the queen, whom she loved with a life, her face whitened in despair. The power to speak had gone.

"What is it, Ihoas?" asked the queen, conscious that some great burden overwrought her attendant.

"I have news for your majesty," answered she, hesitatingly.

"Is it bad?"

"Yes!"

"Then, pray, don't tell me. I had hoped to hear no more," replied Liliuokolani, heavily.

"It is from Aokahameha—and concerns us all, your majesty," ventured Ihoas, adroitly.

"Then I should hear it. You may speak, Ihoas; I can trust you."

"The Rifles have disappeared!"

The queen fell back in her chair, powerless to speak. Disloyalty was a thing Liliuokolani could not, did not comprehend. Her opponents might wrangle for preference—even contend for recognition; that any within her jurisdiction might strike at government, tamper with the army, she must not, would not believe.

Ihoas kneeled at her side, secretly offering a prayer for deliverance, and after a little the queen said, composedly:

"Send Miss Norton to me."

Dispatching a messenger as directed, Ihoas begged her own excuse and went in search of Elmsford,—whom she found, together with Sir Charles, seriously engaged at the British consulate,—while the queen awaited patiently the arrival of Norton; who came, directly, not at all advised of the circumstance or purpose for which she had been called.

"Possibly you can tell me what the withdrawal of the Rifles at this most trying time means?" demanded the queen, candidly.

"I do not understand you?" replied Norton, perfectly innocent of the unexpected coup.

"Do you mean to tell me that you know nothing about this treacherous move?" queried her majesty, half doubtful.

"I certainly do not. It is the first intimation I have had of anything's having gone wrong."

Then you have ceased to be of usefulness—I discharge you from any further connection with the household. Please govern yourself accordingly."

The sudden falling from grace affected the witless aspirant more than any danger that might arise from treason in the ranks. How could she gain the colonel's hand if socially dethroned? The queen had but done her duty. Someone must have quietly tattled: the most likely of all appeared to be Bender. She should first prove his unworthiness, then seek a reconciliation. Her conscience grated cold upon the hard bars of disappointment and ambition conjured an overwhelming desire for a speedy reinstatement.

Wayntro was gone; he, a captain in the Rifles, had been hastily assigned to their immediate command, in the absence of Young; everybody had disappeared as if by magic; the queen had been left to sorrow, and Norton sat alone in her sanctum: the *Ware Wizzard Wise* should contain an editorial, in the morning, that would right a discredited lady and consign Bender to his deserved doom.

The lone journalist did her work well; for long before the last sheet had dried from the press that morning, a wave of discontent had spread and swept, the like of which they had never until then experienced. Little knots of Progressionists gathered here and there, in dark corners and secluded byways, while the Patriots flocked with renewed zeal to Aokahameha's call. Royalists were roused, from the workshop to the drawing room, and everywhere upon the street or in the house the significant cry arose:

"Down with Bender! Up with the queen!"

The storm lowered and centered round Gutenborj. It was he who had weathered the stress of other uprisings and by the force of his logic snatched the crest of state from the seething tide of unrest. He alone could save them again, should wrest the queen from the hands of pilfering concessionists and gambling vagabonds: would he answer?

They cajoled, threatened, even implored—he remained stolid, and replied sharply:

"Call upon the queen."

Young, in the excitement, became no less confused than they were ardent, and quietly approaching his employer and supporter cautiously ventured:

"What had we best do?"

The old philosopher leaned back in his chair, and with a twinkling in the eyes said, kindly:

"My boy, I understand you,—know your feelings,—but as a friend would advise: never swap horses in the middle of a stream."

The ladies gathered in numbers: among them were ex-queens and disappointed royalty; leaders of the missions, and the wives of magnates: they were determined, and failing to impress the great financier, made their way toward the palace. It was a cheerless, somber afternoon, and when they had gained audience and made known their opposition to the bills and stated their reasons, requesting that she withhold her signature and serve their wish, the queen looked from one to another, around the assemblage, and, in the absence of the only woman she had dared to heed, kindly but firmly referred them to Gutenborj.

CHAPTER VII.

The signing of the bill had been deferred—not from want of decision, but as a matter of policy—until, having had a few days' reflection, the public mind should adapt itself to government necessity. Liliuokolani understood well the force of diplomacy, and though capable of calling upon the militia to enforce executive authority would have healed with time the difference that had so unfortunately aroused social discontent.

Ah Mla regarded the delay with stoical indifference; indeed, felt so secure in his right that he had already paid into the treasury a first installment on subsidy, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and held himself ready to pay the remaining four hundred thousand upon the final enactment of the measure in which he alone was directly interested. Isaacs, father of the lottery scheme, grew less sanguine, and upon Norton's unthought-of outburst hastened to her for an explanation.

"I don't see that the business has cost you anything, as yet," said the wily editress, in answer to his plea for mercy.

"It vill though, if you don't let up a leetle," replied he, wringing his hands and feigning abuse.

"How much?" queried Norton, promptly.

"Vell, I might make it a couble thousand," ventured Isaacs, as a "feeler."

"Humph! You certainly mistake me. I am no

cheap guy. Make it an even hundred thousand and we can do business; if not, I shall do you," threatened she, with calculating exactness.

"Have mercy, good lady! My gracious benefactress! I haf not so much!" begged he, in humble attitude.

"Where are the proceeds for the fake jewels you palmed off on Kalakaua? How about the strong box at Niihau?" asked Norton, with imperturbable calmness.

"Father Abraham!" gasped the surprised Israelite, grasping the significance of her last insinuation.

"Martha Norton, you mean!" snarled the merciless "grafter."

There was no avoiding a deal with that woman; the pawnbroker's cash was not only forthcoming, but its ancient hiding place discovered; thenceforth he became the slave that his avarice made him, and Martha Norton devised a ready use for his luckless contributions. The *Ware Wizzard Wise,* in the absence of a shiftless proprietor, suddenly turned its batteries upon Gutenborj (having already spent its force against Bender), relieving judiciously the insatiate Isaacs and holding up as a martyr the sorely coveted Young.

An anxious delegation of defeated women became, thus, hopelessly bewildered in their search for some potent factor round which to rally an organized movement, while the disposition of the Rifles remained a perfectly guarded secret; and as intended the ultimate purpose became solely a matter of conjecture, outside the immediate source of their apparent wantage.

The scurrilous attack of the press had the tendency to upset somewhat the comfortableness of the sugar king's position, yet did not in the least alter his well-

set plans. He had in conjunction with the colonel surmised the danger of a demoralizing influence that the Progressionists might reasonably be expected to set at work among that portion of the ranks. They were, mostly, a lot of raw recruits, tempted solely by the cash offered, and were drawn promiscuously from doubtful sources,—largely political rousters, discarded incompetents, deserting sailors, escaped convicts, and cheap adventurers,—without any ingrafted or determinate discipline, the whole of them always enshrouding the regiment's dubious enlistment with an innuendo that connotated in the philosopher's mind anything but a settled conviction. Gutenborj believed in law and order, and saw in the queen's restoration his own security attain; he could not trust her defense alone to the caprice of a luckless lot whose personal requirements suggested a willingness to sell at any and all times to the highest or best bidder.

Young held his command in better esteem, and thought gallantry sufficient to hold together in any emergency the soldier boys whom he had learned to love, for their enthusiasm if not their stalwartness. He would have marched his men at the head of the constitutional procession and shown by valor rather than cleverness an honorable intention to uphold good government, even at the cost of personal sacrifice; but his benefactor's maturer years influenced him and finally occasioned complete acquiescence. The Rifles had been dispatched somewhere upon some sort of mission, and out of the mystery enveloping that maneuver a cloud gathered and enlarged until the whole populace trembled with oncoming fear.

Gutenborj hastened to the queen with his assurances;

public wrath had turned upon him, but he scorned to enlighten them; that his motives had been questioned he proposed to declare to her alone his fealty.

"Do you think the proposed measures vicious?" asked the queen, candidly, after having satisfied herself as to the listener's faithfulness.

"I do not. It is an expedient compromise, in the interest of good government," answered Gutenborj, with the stress of firm conviction.

"I regret the disaffection: I should like to obliterate all dissension," replied Liliuokolani, in a voice that betrayed the heart underlying a fixed resolution.

"Your majesty's humanitarianism well becomes her exalted province, but in the administration of justice it is not always possible to gratify factional requirements: the vast majority of your subjects coincide with the administration; property interests under your jurisdiction are almost a unit in their approval; what greater encouragement can serve a ruler?" queried he, logically and truthfully.

"Your friendly auspices strengthen me; I would do the greatest good to the largest number," said the queen, thanking him for the kindly interest shown.

Upon returning to his place of business the now thoroughly denounced Royalist found public indignation gradually giving way to a decidedly heated speculation. All eyes had once more turned toward the queen: would she, in the face of respectable demonstration, sign the obnoxious bill? If so, there must be some sympathy between the removal of the Rifles and her majesty's plans. The Patriots became enthusiastic with expectations; Royalists generally resigned themselves to the consolation of such a possibility; a strag-

gling few malcontents and sympathizing missionaries still harped their disapproval or joined forces with the Progressionists in prophesying dire disaster. Indecision had dissipated the possibility of any concerted movement, and the one hope of everybody centered in the queen's doing.

Bender alone chafed under restraint; the press had turned the tide of denunciation from him, but in so doing it had raised Young to greater public notice, attempting a justification of his act personally, whatever the motive might prove to be. The shrewd minister of finance understood full well the young colonel's situation with reference to the army ruse, which he believed ill-advised and of its own accord, whatever the intention, a harmless failure, and to check Young's suddenly growing popularity without exposing, and thus alienating the master hand, Gutenborj, he strove to urge a hasty conclusion of proceedings at court.

To this end he had been materially assisted by the hearty planter's words of encouragement to the queen; no less had she been strengthened in her position by Aokahameha's success in mustering additional troops among the Patriots; there seemed now to be no obstacle in the way of enacting the bill except failure arise within the ministry itself. From all sources came a constantly rising intelligence that the only real opposition to the throne centered round a few rabid Progressionists or weakly sympathizers, and that their apparent contention had resolved itself into more the condemnation of an unexplained incident than a determination to resist established authority. In this belief and with such assurances the queen gave final audi-

ence to Bender, their own highly commended spokesman.

"I have only one more request to make," said she, after having exhaustively discussed the subject from the standpoint of the populace.

"Your majesty has but to command me," replied he, with no appearance or thought of betrayal.

"Satisfy me that the ministry approves this measure," continued Liliuokolani, in the face of earnest desire.

"I give you my word: they are for it to a man. You have only to call them to prove my assertion," replied Bender, certain of his position.

"You know whereof you speak: I do not question your veracity; your honor is my only guaranty," answered the queen, none the less positive that in self-abnegation rested her ultimate strength.

Liliuokolani bade the chief minister remain; whereupon, sending for him, the high chamberlain approached, and presenting the document, the queen, in a bold hand, attached her signature. Calmly laying aside the pen her majesty looked Bender in the face, saying, kindly:

"I have done my duty; it now remains only for you to do yours."

With the signing of the bill the last doubt had been removed and the legality of the measures established beyond peradventure; no one questioned the authority, and everybody seemingly resigned himself to a foregone conclusion that the cabinet would be equally as prompt with endorsing the new constitution as had been the queen judicious in executing the act authorizing, among other things, its promulgation. Liliuokolani

had even gone farther: she had listened with patience to sectional discord, and as well kept faith with those in whom she trusted. Though some may have harbored a bitter disappointment they no longer openly voiced their feelings; the vast majority of her subjects believed in a "square deal," and with her majesty's part faithfully done they all looked anxiously forward to the ministry's unqualified and speedy acquiescence in the last act of restitution.

So confident was the queen of success that she sent for Kaiuolani and planned a meeting with Bender, in the afternoon, at the palace—not that she personally favored any friendly communication beneath the princess's station, or that she aimed to flatter him, but that his real worth as shown by continued steadfastness apparently entitled him to some little appreciative and pleasing recognition.

The day shone bright,—as is usual in that climate at wintertide,—the flowers shed a pleasing fragrance, and the birds sang sweetly in the tree tops. All nature did her part to bless earth and point the way: only man's ingratitude fanned the flame of ruthless discontent. Out of each crannied nook stole the selfsame voice, speaking its never ending melody, only to vibrate faintly against the discordant notes of ambition's deafening clamor. A nation lay close to the smoldering forge of human endeavor, and in the heat that welds the tempering iron Xane Bender mounted his best horse and rode confidently toward the goal of a far-fetched desire.

There, in the light of dawning reality, a new world burst into view; the fruit of timeless struggle revealed the secret of true accomplishment; he had not fairly

won the right to indulge, and a stolen morsel seemed the more bitter for its taking. His eyes feasted upon the wholesome scene; then, by the force of resistless chance, the mind wandered afar to the source whence soul had sprung.

Outside, beneath the hard level of tried conscience, there arose a sickening wail: calling, begging, grovelling for that which they knew not; the spark of enlightenment lured them yet its warmth seemed a thing infinite. The queen held the key to salvation, marked the course of flight, made the need for refuge, inspired the will—should she survive? would truth bridge the chasm, shelter the fold, ordain the right? A few there were who had lost a bearing or crazed at the prospect; the drones, no longer useful, were cast out; but the living, active, faithful body politic followed their leader and shared her destiny.

All interest bordered upon a single thought—the promulgation of the constitution. The people, by their representatives assembled, had granted the privilege; her majesty's sanction resolved the verdict; on the cabinet's support rested her final prerogative—would the queen ultimately proclaim the law?

As yet, since the days of Lunalilo, no foreign government had brought its influence directly to bear upon the shaping of their national policy, and now that the queen proposed to exercise a test rite, all hastened in good faith, except one, to participate in the ceremony. Elmsford, through his own strenuous efforts, had been specially delegated as an honorary member of the British diplomatic representation, and in his exultation called immediately at the castle, particularly to impress Sir Charles with the importance of his station, and

incidentally to meet and curry favor with his daughter, before others of greater moment had dared embrace the opportunity. Thus he chanced to be present when the request came for Kaiuolani to appear at court, and out of courtesy was asked to accompany her thither on horseback, as the princess chose.

Once at their destination the overzealous gentleman of leisure suffered a severe setback, and except for Ihoas might have gone away disgusted with himself and doubtful of the queen's sanity. That her majesty could tolerate the presence of an unlettered man like Bender, much less throw a princess at his feet, was more than he could comprehend; politics formed no part of his moral, and surfeited as he was the shabby Englishman colored noticeably at the reception accorded him.

Liliuokolani gave her company the liberty to invoke its own proper agreement, and went about ordering the intended grand ceremony; she sincerely appreciated the big Britisher's haughtily proffered assurances, and believed her niece quite capable of doing properly in the pacification of Bender's awkward conceit.

Knowing her strength and divining Bender's weakness Kaiuolani won an easy victory, while Ihoas labored hard to save the day; yet in the course of a short if studied conversation with the unsympathetic Elmsford she unconsciously elicited an inspiration that should presently save a positive, humiliating termination to a very unexpected and persuasive disaster. They were sitting at one side, in a cosy corner, when suddenly Ihoas, for want of a stronger incentive, said, adroitly:

"Americans are really interesting—don't you think so, Mr. Elmsford?"

"They are a gigantic bore—at least all that it has been my misfortune to encounter," growled he, roused to the pitch of resentment.

"They are truly persistent," continued the princess, affecting a partial concurrence.

"They are tiresome, with the instinct of a swine: that is more his like," replied Elmsford, hotly.

"And usually gets what he goes after," ventured Ihoas, cautiously.

"He'll get these islands, if somebody doesn't crack his snout," retorted he; continuing, "there is one spot, however, he'll let alone: Diamond Head is safe from intrusion."

"How so?" queried Ihoas, with rising interest.

"There is a flag there, and a pole from which to swing it: I rather think they'll stop outside," replied the dull Britisher, petulantly, the while his ponderous intellect vainly grappled the dawning possibility of a hated rival's breaking down its historic barrier to reach forth into the world of empire.

Ihoas opened wide her eyes; she loved the big, hearty fellow with true complacency; she believed his lowly words inspired with the force of certainty—had she known better the trend of his nativity she might easily have won also his heart, but alas! the confiding princess shared only the conviction that enthralls, leaves man to lead and slash the way. She lingered on in the throes of vain reality conjuring the sweets of a dazzling expectancy, he resolving the scope of a colder, crueler inevitableness.

Kaiuolani and her company after a little sallied

forth on horseback, and riding briskly against the stiffening breeze presented a timely contrast—she sitting on her horse in the grace and dignity of a native Hawaiian, he stooped and agile, disdaining the least attention, clung to his shaggy beast with the careless abandon of a frenzied cowboy.

In the city below, Floyd Young had received orders from Aokahameha to report at the armory; and taken unawares, the doubtful colonel, after a hasty consultation with Gutenborj, sprang into the saddle and hurried away in civilian's clothes toward the place appointed.

No sooner than he had escaped the latter's influence, however, his ardor cooled perceptibly, and without designing to falter in his purpose he began seriously to contemplate the rare possibilities before him. There could be no less a confidence on his part in the queen's policies, but was her organization sufficient? and the discipline perfect? The farther the progress the less haste, and before reaching the armory he had changed his course, riding directly out the avenue leading past the palace to the seashore beyond.

Putting the spurs to his horse a growing inspiration quickened the dawning contemplation till suddenly coming upon Kaiuolani and Bender—riding abreast—his wit faltered, and wheeling in the saddle he fetched up motionless in the dumb brute's tracks. In passing she had barely recognized him: sitting erect, the breeze freshening the glow in her cheeks, the haughty princess bowed stiffly and passed on without even a conscious glance.

Young urged his horse forward and ran for a short distance after them, but they did not heed his

coming—only galloped away the faster; whereat mortification cruelly possessed him, and reigning in he suddenly changed his course and rode gloomily toward the palace.

That they were bordering upon a crisis the really conservative must concede, so Young—no less than the queen, realizing the danger of any serious misunderstanding, and, as well, feeling the necessity for harmonious action—decided upon the spur of the moment to consult a higher authority than the one who had issued the order that carried him thither, conjuring the while some huge, approaching blunder. Kaiuolani's unseemly recognition disturbed him, and he quickly resolved not only to learn the cause of her treatment but to exact if possible its true relation to Aokahameha's command. Liliuokolani received him with gracious candor, while her expressions of confidence shamed him out of an opportunity and the sacredness of his trust overawed a weak determination. With being politely informed that there was no change of purpose at court and that the ceremony would take place on the morrow at twelve o'clock, Young went his way, satisfied that the queen's sincerity if not her position warranted a speedy promulgation of the constitution.

CHAPTER VIII.

The assembling of the patriots began early the next morning, and never before in the history of Hawaii had they witnessed such an outburst of genuine sympathy. A thousand troops were massed at the armory for distribution throughout the city in the maintenance of order or to march in unison with the forthgoing procession.

The day seldom dawned, even there, in such grandeur, and long before the appointed hour of advance the streets had lined up with gaily clad children and happy, contented mothers and fathers. Their queen should that day restore the law that gave them social being, and not a true voice or worthy subject deigned venture a protest.

The line began to form, and far down the clean-swept streets or back upon the palm-sheltered byways clattering hoofs and tramping feet foretold the readiness with which a loyal people responded to a ruler's just and virtuous call. Civic orders turned out in uniform and bands played national anthems; soldiers stood guard, while the populace went wild with enthusiasm. At last, when it seemed none remained to do further honor, Kaiuolani rode into view at the head of a hundred mounted, royal daughters.

A shout went up, at the sight of their chosen princess, that must have convinced the last doubting Royalist, if such there was, and driven terror into

the hearts of conniving Progressionists who skulked in the background or schemed in dark, significant places elsewhere about. With Kaiuolani in the lead the gaily mounted women galloped down the line,—their scarlet habits falling in graceful folds on either side: the crowns of *leis* foretelling a sworn allegiance,—and circling the farthest ranks returned to salute the commanding general and receive instructions for the day.

"We, sir, are the Royal Daughters, and in our humble way would do honor to the queen and serve faithfully our country. Command us," demanded Kaiuolani, in a clear, ringing voice.

"Your position is at the front; please do me the honor to lead," replied Aokahameha, duly recognizing her superior rank.

"Attention, platoons—into right and left columns, on either side the parchment bearers—forward, march!" rang out upon the still, vibrant air, to echo and reëcho in the hearts of all, from saint to sinner and palace to plantation, as the brave princess rose in her stirrups and shouted the command.

The constitution, carefully draughted in vellum, rolled, and wrapped round with yellow and gold cord, awaiting only the signature of the queen and the endorsement of the cabinet to make it the supreme law of the land and final arbiter of their peace and welfare, lying exposed to view, on the quaintly embossed bearing tray, suspended from the neck of a past grand dignitary and guarded by a stalwart guide at either side, was carried proudly in front. Led by the Royal Hawaiian Band, the Hawaiian League, an organized society of Royalists and Patriots, escorted by the Royal Daughters, constituted the first and honorary

division of the parade, while the troops followed, with the various organizations coming next in order; and a vast retinue of private citizens and high dignitaries, many thousand in number, afoot, on horseback, and in carriages, bringing up the rear.

It was a joyous day for the multitude, whose memory went back to the heroic feats of a rapidly fading past—when laws were enacted and government maintained at the expense of the strong and in behalf of the weak, bringing light and hope to the door of faith and endeavor. They believed in themselves, in their country, and in their God—who might there be to envy, to covet the occasion upon which a nation's invincible necessities should be peaceably determined?

The old spirit revived—and why should it not? They had fought and died for those necessary lands, suffered the pangs of childbirth to do God's will, worked out a happy interpretation of His laws, and were justly and commendably entitled to call upon the last right of mortal defense. They did breathe of the same temper that has from time unto eternity preserved the moral of human energy, and the sneers of sneaking barterers can but intensify the virtue of a last heroic stand. There was no trickery in their methods, no stealing behind stolen doors to undo the work of ages, sow the seed of discontent, and reap the reward of iniquity. They were simple-minded and pure of heart, and the world bows only to righteous accomplishment. Some day the noble deeds of fallen Christs will be sung over the forgotten graves of lust-ridden giants, whose bones shall lie void in the hollow space of everlasting nothingness, and then, perhaps, and then only, the purpose of Kaiuolani shall

have wrought fully its inevitable good upon the tried and trusted destinies of humankind.

The word given, the long procession moved toward the palace. A thousand thousand huzzas broke harshly upon the listening ears of a dismal few. "Long live the queen," rang significantly throughout the land. No man could have questioned that outpouring: the secret of their doom lay hidden in the dark recesses of a distorted and withered conscience; Xane Bender knew the consequence, and little heed was paid to an unorganized, however wholesome enthusiasm.

The idols of respectability entered as lightly into the composition of his morality as do the ethics of religion sway an abandoned imagination. The stern realities of the day fixed the limit of life's usefulness, made progress subservient to delectableness, divorced right from justice, and chained man to the hard-driven stake of self-willed attainment. The means justified the end, and all the suffering of creation outside the sphere of his own little entity must not disturb a scheme of self-aggrandisement however faint the voice of concordance. The lion gave no quarter, the shark devoured its kind, the falcon pursued its prey—why should he not succeed, even at the cost of Kaiuolani's sorrow? Only the crude wild answered: the star of ideality lay hidden behind the veil of his dull consciousness.

Down in the city, well removed from public notice, a clique of hirelings and associate schemers played hard and fast at the game he had fostered. Their hearts were set upon success—success at any cost, and with ears deaf to reason Martha Norton conjured in

the immediate downfall of Young her own speedy attainment and his ultimate rise to power.

"I will pay the price," said she, finally parting with Bender, under the stress of forced confidence.

"Then you have my best wishes, and—support," replied he, confident of his own success.

Kaiuolani must be gotten out of the way,—that her sudden change in bearing could but deepen interest already aroused, Norton felt with a bitter heart; that Young loved the princess beyond hope, she believed to an extent bordering upon madness; that her own rise to place and preferment depended upon gaining his favor, there could be no question; she had set her mind upon marrying the colonel and in desperation turned her back upon decency and her face toward the only expedient within the scope of a crude comprehension,—Bender's marriage to the princess would rid her of an intolerable foe, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away she herself could turn her intended's defeat into certain victory: she held the power within her own secret grasp.

Aokahameha rode along, proudly leading the guards; there was no one's love to swerve him from the bounden duty of a trusted patriot. His respect for Kaiuolani had risen to the height of admiration, but his heart remained at the palace—was the prize of one who cherished his coming, but centered her hope in a man whom fortune alone had raised to a seat in Sir Charles's carriage. Ihoas looked yearningly out at the window and, when the certainty of his apparent preferment had dawned, jealousy stole deep into her heart; Elmsford seemed beyond her reach, enthused with but a single thought.

Though a multitude of obstacles stood in the way of final realization, each measured the scope of his prospect by the yardstick of self-proportioned desire. The lovers were all bent, individually, upon attaining but one particular end. A certain inevitable force of circumstances controlled the limit of personal security,—merging the lesser accomplishment with a greater whole,—and in the face of distrustful motives, bordering on frenzied action, older heads looked forward to an outcome born only of tried and true conviction.

An apparently endless concourse of supporters—some shouting, others deliberating—moved upon the palace. They carried in front the cherished instrument, that should soon release them from attempted oppression, resolve their liberties, and guarantee an undisturbed autonomy. Liliuokolani looked down with deep compassion upon the hopeful sea of happy faces below, and turning to the exalted personages, of many nations and various stations, who thronged the room in which she stood, expressed sincerely and heartily her appreciation of the respect and consideration shown. Was it half doubt that moved her, half appeal she sorely made? A cloud hung heavy upon her brow, and she may have then foreseen the terrible storm that should presently rend the foundation of her throne.

CHAPTER IX.

The intrigue in reality began with Bender's rise to prominence, though long before that the elements out of which it finally grew and at last so rapidly assumed form had taken root and thrived to a greater or less extent, as the exigencies of the times, without any definite leadership, seemed to warrant. From the day the first missionary set foot in the Islands discontent began and did not cease, except at forced intervals, until the greed of attending interlopers had swept the whole country into a holocaust of fierce disturbance.

Lunalilo had been the first of the reigning monarchs to let down effectively the bars to an onrush of pretending capitalists and shady politicians. In fact his accession to the throne was due entirely to foreign influence, and in consideration of the favor shown to him personally he undertook forthwith to conserve as complaisantly as possible the unreasonable demands of an immediate benefaction.

Interests were thus created and property rights granted out of all proportion to their simple mode of living and contrary to the established laws of the land. Nor was this beginning to be an end of it; the adventurous foreigner and uncouth settler once established in the enjoyment of a luxury illy adapted to his use, wholly unthought-of in the land whence he came,

began to look upon his suddenly puffed-up host as a gracious fool, and the differently constituted people as inferiors and rightful subjects of plunder. The moral influence of a society and the unsophisticated rules of a government founded upon self-denial—aimed only at emulating the cardinal virtues and relieved inherently from the necessity of combating with human depravity—proved totally inadequate to meet the exigencies of a new and strange order, not at all welcomed and still less understood.

The respective home governments of these lust-endowed fortune seekers were too far removed and too little concerned to reach out and thwart the immoral purposes of well-rid absconders or to interfere with the domestic affairs of an insignificant nation, however virtuous the people, or helpless their rulers might prove to be. There was no restraint; and once the arrogant newcomer secured a firm hold upon property interests, both government and sentiment were unable to restrain his gradual absorption of the people's rights.

In generosity they bade the foreigner welcome; through ignorance of his social tendencies they permitted him to share their country's productiveness; with justice they undertook the hopeless task of harmonizing the good and the evil; not until danger had irrevocably fastened itself upon them did they seek to find an effective remedy; and then, in desperation they sent their sons and daughters broadcast to the source of other nationalities to discover the means with which to restitute a tottering civilization.

Thus Kaiuolani, a princess of the blood, sacrificed by birth to the dangers of an impossible assimila-

tion, was in her tender years sent away to gain an education and encourage a relation that was hoped should adapt her to the necessities of a complicated but unalterable situation. Lord and Lady Xenoav, from philanthropic motives and associate memories, had taken her up and from childhood bestowed the best that castle Bairdsraith and European institutions could afford. They were old acquaintances of Sir Charles, her father,—who being of a roving, retiring disposition had at an early period in life wandered from home and Scotland to settle in these health-giving, peace-inviting islands of the far-away Pacific,—and no sooner had the dark, bewitching daughter of the West fallen to their care than they learned to love her and began to guard her nurture with the fondness of a natural parentage; and when the greater portion of her early life had been spent there, in England, as a member of their household and the time had come for a returning to her native land, Lord Xenoav would not trust her going to the guidance of any except himself and his lordship's lady helpmeet. The long and tedious journey was finally undertaken in Kaiuolani's behalf, and from the courtesy extended and the accomplishments attained the returning daughter of a tottering kingdom became the idolized of many suitors and a fatal object of envy in the eyes of jealous rivals.

Upon the young princess's arrival at Honolulu a splendid reception was tendered to her and her sponsors by no less a personage than Hans Gutenborj, the planter king, who had then come, through long, continuous endeavor, to be regarded the most substantial foreign resident there, if not the most level-

headed supporter of law and order in the land. His vast estate at Kahilui on the island of Maui, was for the occasion converted into a veritable land of delights, and without a conscious design Kaiuolani gracefully bore the distinction and Floyd Young naturally became her choice of gallants.

Four large ships of the sugar king's own fleet had been drawn into service to carry the invited guests thither, and the queen in honor bade them godspeed. The princess Like-Like, a charming lady and member of the then reigning family, the wife of Sir Charles and mother of Kaiuolani, chaperoned her daughter, and many of the dignitaries, including members of both royal families, the ascendant Mauas and the dethroned Kamehamehas, assisted their host and hostess in receiving the guests; who, landing at the long wharf in Kahilui, drove thence through broad palm-set and lantern-lighted avenues to the low, rambling bungalo on the hillside at the plantation.

Among them were descendants of a once proud line of rulers; wives or widows and sisters and brothers of deceased or dethroned monarchs; members of a successfully progressive reigning family; the flower of royalty and the best of society; merchant princes and leading statesmen, foreign residents and native citizens alike were there; the buoyant and the downcast, the hopeful and the disheartened, the worthy and the unworthy—all joined heartily or sullenly in the gorgeous splendor that overwhelmed the confident or aroused feelings of jealousy, hatred and discontent in the minds and hearts of the disconsolate.

Not alone were these heart-burnings or joyous sentiments confined to those who danced and dared,

but out in the fields, back in the kitchens, or liveried at the doorstep labored a larger throng, whose hearts and heads were set upon relations that conjured deeper emotions. Some had found their level in the wake of subsistence by the hard grind of ruthless fate, through cunning and neglect, misfortune or carelessness; others were the product of new conditions, glad for the privilege of serving, cast thither with the timely trend of progress, or risen from hope to reality by the forging chain of consequence. Indomitable, overpowering circumstance opened wide the floodgates of opportunity, and from the highest to the lowest they waged triumphant their sphere.

All these contending elements had been drawn together and placed in juxtaposition at an auspicious moment, and under the most favorable circumstances, for the most part to harmonize the several contending factions in national affairs and material interests. How well the promoters could be expected to succeed might have been inferred from the queen's respectfully declining personally to encourage the party (upon the ground of indisposition), permitting the high chamberlain to exemplify in his person her majesty's best wishes.

Liliuokolani, however, occupied a position that compelled her to submit rather than dictate in matters of discretion, partially sustaining her dignity by executing the law as she found it; not, possibly, as she may have willed. This determination on her part to abide the just performances of her bounden duty had been the cornerstone of Gutenborj and his allies' confidence in her ability to rule. It became an eyesore in the estimation of glumpy Kamehamehas, and

they would rather she failed than a Maua preserve their crumbling hold upon respectability. The queen's plans proved too slow of materialization to suit the rabid under-element, and whichever way she turned, as prompted by self's own heart-will, a dark, ill-shaped mistrust loomed before her, foreshadowed the dangers that surrounded them.

The gathering at Kaiuolani's reception bore its certain fruit, and the hybrid germs clandestinely hatching beneath the scaly fungus quickly spread throughout the empire. David Kenlikola Ralph, a resident prince of Kanai, the father of Ihoas, and a staunch believer in the divine right of the Kamehamehas, had embraced the very good opportunity to revive memories and exchange ideas with his old-time friend and confidant, Pauahieu Arnstook, the once powerful Lanaiu leader, whose fortunes had dwindled to nothing more than a substantial post at the royal boards. They brooded between them their loss,—the one a fallen prestige, the other his wasted estates,—and before parting there had been sworn inviolable a secret pledge that afterwards served well the purposes of a less scrupulous compact.

Bender, alert and ambitious, had observed from a retiring situation the heterogeneous proclivities of an unorganized, distrustful following, and from the many discordant voices there discerned selected the few that should do him service in the carrying forward of a daring venture. Prince Kenlikola, with his estates spread over limitless plains, had been from birth trained and allied to the undercurrent: the masses were at his beck and call, and his sympathies found vent through the channels of a natural, if unexalted

association; the sheep herders of Kanai were his friends, and it required no great stretch of affiliation to cultivate a fast and true liking for the cattle ranger of Kaiahiua and a lasting coalition of the rough and ready shouters at the disposition of either. The jealous northerner cemented the bond of union, the scheming southerner afforded a ready leadership.

The Progressionists were but the instruments of the latter's bounty; he had subsidized them, armed the force, augmented their ranks—why not use them?

Such proved to be the philosophy of a man who aimed to rise to wealth and power wholly by the aid of conjured wit. He had with a single stroke wrested from the hands of a decaying, self-ordered lord of the forest all that made worth the while staid Gutenborj's pother about law and order. Necessity compelled him to become his own defender; the strong arm of government seemed but a mockery and a cheat in the wilds whence he throve. He may have been content to remain there alone and supreme had not the trend of society reached out to gather him in, to make him a part of its never-ending conquest, and to profit at the expense of universal freedom.

The caldron proved an easy tempter, but no sooner had the trapped truant been turned loose amid the fold than he began ravenously to feed upon the best forage at hand. The captors' threats, the claims of Young, and the prowess of Kaiuolani only served to whet the roused rancher's appetite and before the powers that be could measure his capacity or gain a shelter he had bid defiance to restraint and gorged with wide-open opportunity.

CHAPTER X.

The reception at Kahilui had long ceased to be a subject for gossip when the clouds of destruction began to gather and settle round the court at Honolulu. Lord and Lady Xenoav had enjoyed a brief vacation at their island villa, Diamond Head, and then returned to assume their duties at home. The visit, though ending only too soon, had revealed better than hearsay the grandeur of the place and proven beyond gainsay Kaiuolani's more than worthiness.

Their beautiful estate, rising to the broad level of a high promontory, had been selected and bought years ago through the influence of none other than Sir Charles himself, and in gratitude for its first enjoyment the bonds of friendship doubly cemented. Kaiuolani became an idol of mutual concern, and possibly they saw in Elmsford the attainment of lasting reward; this young aristocrat, a nephew by birth and favorite of their own choosing, had been sent there and placed in charge at an early day in the hope of regenerating a fallen but cherished manhood. At heart he remained a gentleman; by nature became an artist; it was planned that the influence of a direct responsibility should bring to light his true nobleness of character, was intended to redeem an erring youth from the loathsome possibility of a wasted usefulness.

Kaiuolani was true at heart, her father grateful but sympathetic, the throne not averse to strengthening

its position: sheer fickleness hovered over them like a moth fluttering to its doom, and the force of circumstances drove dame fortune her destined way.

The dawn of day had not yet broken, the slumbering patriots of as fine a land as then kissed the blue black skies lay peacefully in their cots, the queen may have tossed restless with anticipation: a stealthy, confident foot, approaching a dark, latticed house in the noiseless haunts of a down-town section, paused at the side stoop and looking around with breathless expectation, rapped once, twice, three times with studied precision. Words were a dangerous thing now; only a faint repeating within, essayed the answer; a bull's-eye flashed the keyhole; the door opened and closed, as Xane Bender stole through, accosting his friend Harvenoiq in whispered tones:

"The Rifles: have you heard from them?"

"No; the mystery only grows the deeper," answered Harvenoiq, leading the way through dark halls to an inner, securely barred chamber.

"Then we must act; the patriots will be gathering before daylight—they are sadly in earnest," replied Bender, cold and relentless.

"But my country? I cannot betray it!" whispered the American, desperate with contemplation.

"Never mind your duty; ambition calls you, and the world shall applaud the deed," answered his enticer, growing firmer in conviction and stronger of purpose.

The American diplomat sank fearful and childlike upon a lounge at one side. Bender followed in the dull light of a half-burned candle. The two sat in silence, the one meditating possible failure, the other contemplating certain victory. The motive of each

lay coddling within the secret preconception of two separate and widely divergent notions, but their method centered in a single prospect and neither shrank from the moral of its doing; rather, both invited the mood that baffles sense and allures man to where only the bewitching voice of smiling fancy would dare to lead.

"Is the plan really feasible, Xane?" queried the American, doubtful of his own senses.

"It is. My life that we win," replied the crafty ranger, with characteristic brevity.

"On your oath, you will serve me true?"

"I call upon——"

"Hold! my friend; before you swear, remember that Whilom Harvenoiq has it in his power to enforce a penalty."

"I ask no lesser test. Hold the charge over me, I pray; let it bear witness to my faith; but do not give me occasion to doubt your confidence. Xane Bender never played a true friend false."

"In case of failure: what then?"

"There is no such thing as failure. Die in the attempt, if needs be, and success will be written indelibly upon the only crown that man suffers men to wear."

"I believe you are right. Why should I be bound by the laws of conventionality? The force is at my disposal; you have revealed to me the possibilities of higher endeavor, and I shall and ought embrace the opportunity. Give me your hand, Xane Bender, and trust me to do my part, and to do it well: yours need not be questioned."

The two men remained there, in the dull glow of a burned-out light, till the last detail of a secret coup

had been planned and the day's requirements loomed before them. It was not long, however, and when the scheming Bender at last departed, slipping out through the back door and into the refreshing dark, a faint glimmer of early twilight consciously hastened his step and quickened the thought. He must yet lay the groundwork for an unexpected turn, and withal keep himself safely in the background. The sleepy natives would soon be upon the streets, and they knew him to a man; Varnum should be seen, an organization devised, and his own retreat covered; the patriots might directly form in line to carry forward the new constitution; time seemed a precious thing, and raising the lapels on his coat the hard-pressed fellow boldly walked across the lower part of town, reaching the banker's door at barely dawn of day.

A quick, light knock brought the excited Progressionist out in person; he had tramped the floor nearly all night, and chose to arise long before servants deigned awaken.

"Have you heard from the Rifles friend Varnum?" queried Bender, patronizingly, as the former bade him enter and be seated in the library.

"I should think you yourself the better qualified to know; I am not so privileged as even to presume an intelligent answer. Come, my good man, what have you done with them? I have dared do nothing but walk the floor since their departure. It is a downright shame to keep virtuous men in such gruesome suspense. Where are they?"

"Don't lose your head about so trifling a matter; we have need for a more serious occupation, just now, we have, if your humble servant knows himself aright.

Let us get to work—close that door, please, and sit down here, at my side, like the man you are."

"Not I, if you please; I had better call a body guard. You have turned your back upon everything that is dear to a gentleman, and how am I to know but you would snatch me? These are strenuous times, my dear sir, and it behooves every one to mind his p's and q's."

"That's what it does, friend Varnum, and you, yourself, are the last to lay down, if I mistake not."

"Don't call me 'friend'; you and I have parted ways; I am for annexation,—first last and all the time,—and oil and water don't run together."

"Not necessarily; yet there are occasions when enemies had best bury their differences, this is not, believe me, an exception to the rule, and if you persist—well, before twelve o'clock has fairly passed, you may dance attention even to a less delectable situation. The Patriots will be marching upon the palace and the queen shall have promulgated the constitution——"

"Sh-sh-sh! don't; for heaven's sake, don't mention that word in my presence; it gives me the shivers to think of it."

"Will you listen to me?"

"Yes; let us bolt the door—the shades are down."

"There is going to be trouble at the capitol to-day. Everything points to a storm, and nobody is prepared. There should be some sort of organization gotten together to manage affairs till the debris is cleared and confidence restored. Who is better prepared to effect such than you, your very good self?"

"Do you make me out an ass?"

"No; far from it; though your past might justify a surmise."

"Agitation has been my forte: I had not gone so far as to anticipate the advisability of action."

"And you have succeeded so well that I have no doubt of your ability to focus an event."

"I am agreed as to the necessity, but how and where am I to begin risking my neck?"

"Now; always now. Get the boys together,—the Chamber of Commerce is a convenient place,—and before nine o'clock have organized a committee of safety. You know best whom to trust and how to proceed—I will then manage to see and advise you; my connection—it is hardly necessary to say—must not be known to another living soul. Can you do it?"

"Yes."

"Good. My word as a bond."

"You can make undetected your escape from here? There are evil eyes all about us—you realize that."

"Lend me a pillow; my dress is already prepared, and this wig and face will complete the disguise."

"Upon my word, you might well be taken for our mutual friend, Gutenborj. A happy thought," said Varnum, after the change had been made and his confederate stood ready to go.

No time was lost in the adventure, once Bender had left the house; Varnum held himself only too ready to engage in any undertaking that savored of opposition to established rule. He had fought against everything Hawaiian so long that resistance became a mania with him, and without stopping to consider the prospects or ponder the consequences the excited

banker plunged headlong into the fray, trusting luck to a favor and an enemy for advice.

Bender sallied forth, toward home, fully confident that his make-up sufficed to carry him thither without detection; though Varnum's unexpected likening him to so prominent a character left his mind a little disturbed. It was early, however, and none likely to be upon the streets would hardly accost a man of Gutenborj's appearance, even though the resemblance proved but partially adequate; and, hurrying along, an already overburdened consciousness soon grew oblivious to any and all surroundings.

"Good-morning," said a husky feminine voice, at the rickety gate in front of his own neglected premises.

"Ah—er—good-morning, madam," replied the recalcitrant fellow, attempting to shield his voice and sidestep past the short-skirted individual who blocked the entrance.

"How fortunate that we should meet here, and at this time—Mr. Bender isn't at home: hasn't been the many hours that I watched—have you heard from the Rifles?" queried Miss Norton, with insinuating modulation, as she reached out and lifted the mask from Bender's rigid face.

"D—n you," retorted he, his twitching muscles hardening; "I'll end your ungrateful work, presently."

"We'll see, my very good friend," replied Norton, turning upon her heel and walking briskly away.

The surprised minister of finance stood stunned and overwhelmed at the disclosure. Had he been tracked? and would this woman yet unearth his plans? The bare thought of exposure sickened him, and

dragging himself into the house without further molestation he quickly changed his garb and called for a decanter.

Norton tramped jauntily along until she had come to the foot of a stairs leading to the dilapidated, helter-skelter editorial rooms of the *Ware Wizzard Wise*. The crisp morning air inspired thoughts transcendent in life's bitter grind, and a voice from nature whispered of the sweets incarnate with hope. Lou Isaacs was there, on time, with the graft money, as agreed, and the cheery editress drank copiously of the draught that inspired courage to meet and master one by one the contingencies arising in the path of her advancement. Young's intentions upon that important occasion still remained a blank, even to Norton; she had failed to batter down the high wall that Gutenborj builded round their fortunes. Her editorials were directed against the one to no purpose: a half-hearted eulogy failed to move the other; she must as a last resort plead the privilege of doing an humble service in the hope of resolving a means with which to capture the colonel and serve her own better fortune.

Dismissing Isaacs, she called a cab and drove to the sugar company's headquarters, where Gutenborj himself proved to have been, as usual, an early arrival. Without so much as announcing her business, having learned of Young's absence, the knowing woman boldly opened the door to the merchant king's private office and without an apology or an explanation walked deliberately in. Bender sprang to his feet, confronting her with a wild, threatening look. All the animal within him revolted at her unexpected appearance,

and had he had the courage he would have torn her into shreds. Norton only smiled and said, calmly:

"You are quite as expeditious of foot, Mr. Bender, as you are in method; I hardly expected to find you here; however, it may prove to be a fortunate meeting: I trust that my presence does not in the least disturb either one of you. May I sit, Mr. Gutenborj?"

"I have no objection, if it is your pleasure."

"Please excuse me," said Bender, angrily; "I am convinced that my being here is not at all agreeable or necessary; this lady and myself have nothing at all in common, and when she has finished we can, if you so desire, resume our conversation. Good-morning."

The already overcharged merchant's jaws set with that determination so easily characteristic of his temperament. The daring woman had insulted him; he had long ago formed an opinion of her and her methods; his life had been devoted to what he believed legitimate and wise,—the building of private fortune,—and not once had he sought to exercise any personal influence upon government—convert public faith into private gain—except as stability required in the better preservation of life and property; the woes of the people and the ambitions of publicists concerned him little; he would rid himself of her.

Norton bided her time and when reasonably possessed addressed his lordship fearlessly:

"Have you heard from the Rifles, Mr. Gutenborj?"

The answer that he would have made failed, and looking her squarely in the face the big man flushed, then grew pale; suspicion had weakened confidence, and associating Norton's unreasonable call with Ben-

der's proffered advice he did that least intended, saying sarcastically:

"Possibly you know more about them than I do?"

"I know no more than some others should know, nor would I seek to dislodge a privileged truth. Your attitude is not convincing. Good-morning, Mr. Gutenborj."

Norton arose and brushed out, leaving Gutenborj puzzled to know the meaning of her visit. The moments flew by, as he studied hard the situation, and directly he decided to send for Bender, Young came in, dust-covered and red in the face, closing the door behind.

"Have you heard from the Rifles?" asked Gutenborj, with suppressed emotion.

"Yes; they are—marching," replied Young, coldly candid.

CHAPTER XI.

"Then," said Gutenborj, "we are safe; I have just been informed by the new minister of finance that the queen is desirous of carrying out the program as laid down and sanctioned by the cabinet. With her willingness and our equipment it should be an easy matter to suppress any threatening demonstration of the Patriots. I hear they are developing unexpected strength."

"Only in numbers," replied Young, confidently; "they are lacking——"

"In leadership? Perhaps. We should not, however, underestimate Aokahameha. He is a fine fellow, and I wish the princess could be brought to her senses; she might have a good influence in settling his convictions. The queen has shown remarkable judgment."

"I think you mistake me," interceded the leader of the Rifles, the blood rising cold in his veins; "I do not mean to belittle my rival—not in the least: it is in organization they are lacking."

"Leadership beats organization, every time. Give me the man that grips his fellows, holds their confidence; such an one can smash any combination. But why do you speak of Aokahameha as a rival? I thought our motives accorded, if not the method. I may not catch quite the meaning. Please enlighten me."

"I take it, Kaiuolani is free to choose."

"Oh, ho! Then the crowning was not altogether accidental? My good assistant is encumbered with personal reasons? I can already foresee a clashing of interests."

"Not necessarily; I believe myself equal to the occasion."

"But love and business do not mix. They are antagonistic elements."

"That depends quite upon character, I promise."

"We shall see, before the sun has gone down this day, young man."

"I trust I may at least prove myself worthy of your confidence."

"I cannot ask more nor expect less; mutuality of interests must after all govern any seasonable undertaking. Go the limit, my boy, and Hans Gutenborj will stake his last dollar on the outcome."

The big planter's shaggy eyebrows relaxed as he arose and the younger man's hand forcibly assured him of a steadfast purpose. Looking each other fairly in the face they parted, and no words could cement more firmly the bond which tied them securely together.

Out in the seething city, in a cold, uncanny office, shut in from the warmth of candor, Bender breathlessly awaited an invitation to resume his visit with Gutenborj. Having torn himself away, at Norton's coming, only as a bluff, the fleeting moments sorely betokened failure. His contemplated interview must be concluded, and lest inadvertence should prevent he finally dispatched a messenger to remind the financial magnate of a sorely neglected opportunity; and when

answer came that Mr. Gutenborj had sooner absented himself for the day, the wily cow-man closed the door and dropped down at his work-desk, trembling with fear and dread.

The possibilities had to him suddenly shifted from the bright and hopeful to the dark and shady: Castle Banyan stood before him in all its glory and significance, and to lose now had crushed him cruelly.

Presently a fixed smile lit his countenance, and taking a significant letter-head from some hidden drawer the hard-pressed minister nervously ran off at a deserted typewriter a short note,—characteristic of Gutenborj's positiveness,—and carefully addressing an envelope to match began the task of copying the necessary signature, in a manner that dispelled any doubt as to his deliberate intentions.

"I began the parley in good faith and shall conclude it in desperation. The American commander must be convinced, and what matter how we do so long as the accomplishment be effective? Let them come now, as they will; Bender has never yet failed, and with Gutenborj closeted at the queen's stronghold, both the commander and the minister shall surmise an agreeable rather than elicit a doubtful verification. Begin the fray; the first gun is trained!" rose half audibly from his lips, as Harvenoiq entered, leading at his elbow Admiral Gordon Uhlrix, of the *Flag Ship Bonton.*

"You are in high spirits, friend Bender; were it not for your candor one might think you in your cups," said the American minister, drawing near, and introducing the veteran mariner, whom he had inveigled into so questionable a call.

"I am elated to see you at this particular time. Here are Gutenborj's views, reduced to writing. It just now came; having called in relation to the matter, he preferred to place himself on record, in black and white, as you see, with the queen's ministry. Read it, friend Harvenoiq, aloud if you like, and judge for yourself the occasion for my unseemly out-slip. Read!" replied Bender, with confidential emphasis.

Taking the missive from his friend's outstretched hand and reading aloud, each word inspired an overwhelming confidence. There appeared no longer any doubt about having a plausible excuse for the high-handed undertaking that lay at the bottom of his activity. He did not stop to question the authenticity of the document in hand; it were enough that Gutenborj, the most powerful agency in the kingdom, had sanctioned the contemplated move, and had he had any misgivings he would not have inquired for fear they had proven true. For years he had remained shut up in that isolated principality, far removed from fame and opportunity, and now that an occasion had arisen whereby he might shake the shackles of Washington apathy from his tried and tired ambition he proposed using every privilege at hand to startle the world, plunge America into an inextricable position, and hand the name of Harvenoiq down to future generations as the daring originator of a world wide and glorious policy.

Bender's aspirations and plans had served him well: they should be used only as a stepping-stone to loftier ideals. Honor is as honor sees, and with the responsibility resting securely upon his own shoulders the end warranted the grasp: he should strangle an accomplice

to glorify self; a survival of the fittest resolved the blessings of potential existence, and conscience sternly forbade him falter.

Uhlrix listened through with satisfaction. Without having doubted in the least Harvenoiq's word, a confirmation from such a source more than strengthened his confidence; it roused feelings of pride—satisfaction with his post, his compatriots, and with himself. Lavished by nature with the wisdom of orderly conduct and trained at Annapolis to believe in the sublime virtue of rigorous enforcement, it required but a short stretch of the confiding admiral's fixed imagination to conjure the necessity of a prompt and effective service in the guarding of the property and the lives of his country's subjects, wherever or whatever they might chance to be. Rising from his seat, his breast distending with soldierly pride, the veteran warrior unconsciously touching the tip of his corded cap responded with exact emphasis:

"The marines are at your service, friend Harvenoiq: please command me."

An almost too sudden success overcame the designing minister, who stood for the moment battling between self-conceived emulation and farceful indecision. Now that he had become the master, his wit wholly failed him; whereupon Bender rose, and volunteered the necessary advice.

"Land them at twelve o'clock, sharp," said he, with bolstered assertiveness.

"Excuse me, sir," replied Uhlrix, forcibly conscious of the breech; "I hold myself subject only to America's call. The minister must himself direct."

"Oh, yes," stammered Harvenoiq, involuntarily; "I

was but studying the best course to pursue. Land them at the dock, and we shall then more properly give instructions for their final disposition."

"Very well," continued the admiral; "I shall, accordingly, with your permission, leave you, going at once to my ship. Bear in mind the time and place; Uhlrix and the marines shall be there, on time, promptly."

Both Harvenoiq and Bender accompanied the retiring admiral to the door, and at his departure turned to each other, speechless and uncertain. Their experiences in life—the one weak and vascillating, the other strong and determinate—had taught them that power once gained might surely be expected to be used solely in accordance with the trend of individual desire. The former disclosed his over-anxiousness by the twinkle in his eyes; the latter reassured himself with venturing to remark:

"You are the true born diplomat, Harvenoiq; no other man in these islands could so quickly gain control of a nation's destiny. Hawaii lies at your feet."

"A small credit, thankfully received, Mr. Bender," replied the pompous fellow, unmindful of an only too patent disclosure of temperament.

"You shall have the praise you deserve, in due time —there is no doubt about that, Harvenoiq; we owe you in advance a debt of gratitude, and on behalf of the people and the government I promise you a just and speedy recognition. Let us bend our energies toward enforcing opportunity, and trust to merit for place. I mean well, and I dare say Harvenoiq designs nothing less. Come, my good man, let us be off and content; the hour is rapidly approaching."

"You do not understand me, not at all; I had rather die mean than mix with petty bickering. Men given to small affairs can hardly appreciate the depth of feeling that moves a man like me. I have at heart the laudations of a boundlessly progressive people, not the thanks of a decadent handful of petticoated worshippers. They may rightfully claim you, but I shall be the idolized of all America," fairly shouted the filled-to-overflowing worthy, in a voice little intended to gain his vainly sudden expectations.

"We shall see, friend Harvenoiq. Only take care that you make no slip between now and midday. You must know the effect of a broken link, and I take it you will follow my program, to the letter. If you don't, beware of the consequences. If you do, then it shall be meet to parley. I must now proceed with a better business, the one most urgently at hand; there are others interested, and it scarce behooves you and me to divide spoils not gained or to anticipate fame unearned. Be off, now, and remember well the time and place, my good fellow," said Bender, as he urged Harvenoiq out, closing the door at his back.

CHAPTER XII.

Again freed from interruption, Bender resumed his seat and began, nervously, to twist at his short-cropped mustaches. The force necessary to carry out his plans had been effectively provided, and though reading correctly Harvenoiq's intentions there seemed no need for worry on that score; for he well knew, as he believed, when and how the American minister's personal ambitions must sooner or later end. No one foresaw better than he that everybody's bounty from that intrigue depended wholly upon his individual manipulations, and in the midst of a multiplicity of cares one thing at a time were enough to master; therefore, the committee of safety at once absorbed his entire attention.

Would Varnum succeed at the chamber of commerce? If not, how might he abridge the need of an organization? Taking from its pocket the self-same watch that had measured out the long, vital moments of a hard-made career, his face colored in anger and the dry-parched lips inaudibly said:

"Curse disappointment! Give me subterfuge instead," and the undaunted fellow reseated himself contentedly at the typewriter.

Presently a loud tramping in the hallway and hasty banging of doors announced the presence of an illy proposed confederate; Varnum had arrived, and all the building must know his mood; success with him

meant enthusiasm for every one, and in he bounded regardless of consequences.

"Heavens, man, would you wake the dead to make known your secrets?" whispered the impatient Bender, as he ran forward, closing and barring the door.

Varnum stretched out his arms time and again, vainly attempting to ease the warmly protesting coat on his back, then burst out, with pent-up excitement:

"We've organized!"

"Who has organized?" gasped Bender, nervously seizing the winded banker's fidgety hands and urging him to a seat in a hurried effort to quell the excitement.

"Why, Cole and I. Yes, we've organized: he's chairman and I'm secretary."

"Cole?—Cole?—Let's see: you mean old missionary Cole, the retired justice of the supreme court, don't you?" queried the other, a little in doubt as to the identity of his newly found prospective executive.

"Exactly so," continued Varnum. "We've organized, and adjourned subject to call. There are three vacancies on the board, standing ready to fill, if deemed expedient—though two constitute a quorum. The salaries were fixed, and we are, it is needless to advise you, prepared——"

"For any emergency, I trow," intercepted the surprised but gratified minister of finance.

"Yes, that's it; no doubtful entanglements."

"How is Cole; you sounded him, of course?"

"Oh he's all right. The salary's the thing."

"I've noticed his run down appearance since Gutenborj threw him over."

"Yes; hard pressed to keep the family from want. They're quite shabby—we can count on him."

"There. Give him that," said Bender, tossing over a roll of bills; "and you, yourself, gaze upon this," continued he, proffering a newly written note with Gutenborj's supposed signature attached; "it will do your eyes good, and properly explained should materially strengthen Cole's flabby backbone. Don't neglect to impress our 'chairman' with the fact that Gutenborj is behind this business; and, now then, you had best hustle back to the chamber of commerce, collar Cole, and hold yourselves ready at the committee room; I shall advise you what and how at an opportune time. Go."

With unbounded lust centered about so small a nucleus and supported with only a doubtful makeshift the mind waxed clear and an undaunted nerve drove him to the verge of desperation. Having carried every point that signified, overcome each obstacle as it arose, he would yet sacrifice manhood to save a conflict, to shield cowardice; the thought of bloodshed sickened him, and gain the goal he must—Bender knew of only one expedient.

Kaiuolani must sue for a respite, and her hand seemed not too great a price. Her kingdom as a dowery should pay him for the subtle overthrow of Liliuokolani: the national guard brought over to his support by the timely acquiescence of the princess must resolve a salutary ending, even to Harvenoiq's resourceful dreams. The father must be made the means of reaching her heart, and with rising hope

the conscience-hardened victim quietly slipped the cover on his desk and gratefully stole away.

The stealthy wending of a deserted street, round one side of the procession that guilelessly formed, and a lively, undiscovered jaunt toward Castle Banyan, in the distance, roused fresh determination, and before the gate was reached an overweaning desire urgently matured a hastily devised plan. There remained no question as to what he should demand, nor how best to proceed; Sir Charles possessed a reasoning mind and felt keenly the future of his daughter; the princess worshipped her father, and of necessity should so forget herself as to assume the responsibility of any favorable reconciliation. He would reveal so much of the situation as to convince the one: the other must of her own volition grasp the possibilities of an effective alliance. He alone held the key; Sir Charles's sensible influence and Kaiuolani's impetuous disposition should accelerate the desired result; hope alone conjured the certain approach to a hitherto doubtful success.

Riding through the gate and along a winding, coral-surfaced driveway the bare thought of prospective inheritance inspired the spirit of real actuality. The crooked, pinched form vainly straightened in the stirrups and from those over-hung, glancing eyes there for once shone the fire of conviction. Passing the entrance with a haughty indifference and careless flourish of the whip the scarcely tolerable official sprang to the flagstone and briskly ran up the marble stairs.

"Your card, sir," demanded the reverend page, in opposing a deliberate, unbidden entrance.

"Stand aside, flunkey; it is I, your—oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Hislop. How thoughtless of me! Please inform your honorable master that our humble minister begs an audience. Important, parson—the times are exacting: not so fruitful as in the good old missionary days, you know. There, now," replied Bender, discreetly; afterwards—as the white haired pensioner disappeared under the pain of started tears—muttering:

"How changed!"

Respectfully entering as bidden and accepting a proffered seat the uninvited fellow looked eagerly round at the high, frescoed ceilings and long pillared corridors. A rising sense of the ridiculous gradually possessed him. The significant friezes, the decorated walls, the carved panels, the set floors suddenly contrasted with the airy freedom of the mountains. For the moment his spirit bended under the weight of an awe inspiring something that seemed to call him thither; carried him away to the rambling voice of the wild; laid bare the secret bounds of a God-given temper, but directly the welkin of Kaiuolani's voice rang temptingly through the vibrant halls that other self seized him like a vise gripping an imprisoned part.

Bender answered to all that is human. The soul claimed him, and urged him on toward the reach that makes, that separates the one from the other, and marks the limit of man's endeavor.

Sir Charles came down to greet him; he had just left the floor above, where Kaiuolani stood, the admired of a coterie of friends, most of all her father. Uena-O-Zan, her maid, had straightened a last fold

in the long habit that she should that day wear at the head of the Royal Daughters, and was ever time too precious?

"Superb," was the father's verdict, and a chatter of more versatile voices pronounced him scant in his praise.

"It is the dearest thing imaginable, and so becoming! You just look too sweet for anything. How I envy you, Kaiuolani. Everybody shall fall at your feet to-day. We shall all feel so proud—don't you think so, Mr. Pauahieu?" said a voice, who had come in for a very different purpose, but under the stress of fortune could not resist.

Coming down the stairs Sir Charles's pride in his achievements and concern for his offspring brought the glow to his cheeks. This world seemed to him the very best that could be, and with orderly progression—as to him the events of the day foretold—every man must partake in a measured round of succession the joys and sorrows justly and inevitably apportioned. No such thing as the denial of others to gratify self had ever entered there. The lover of the hearthstone and the administrator of truth did not despise a false ambition, for such a thing remained foreign to his understanding; and upon proffering his hand to a man whom their country had honored, and trusted, it was with that underlying confidence that real brotherhood must necessarily beget.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bender. I am delighted to see you. Can I be of service?" said he, approaching and extending both hands.

The greeting, so unconcerned and gentle, encour-

aged the designing minister with every conceivable energy except the one which had driven him thither; and in the presence of an unexpected dilemma he stood mute and motionless, unable to collect his thoughts or dispel the mood that disturbed his poise.

"I ran in hurriedly to discuss an important matter, Mr. Prentiss, but under the stress of circumstances I seem unable agreeably to broach the subject; the environment does not augur success," stammered he, inadvertently.

"Oh, ho; how so; my good Bender? I regret exceedingly that a friend should feel the least discomfiture in my house. Please disclose at once the source of your embarrassment; my encouragement may assist somewhat in restoring at least a partial equanimity. Do me the honor to try, my worthy neighbor," replied Sir Charles, without manifesting the least perturbation.

"An easy mark," thought Bender, under the impulse of the moment; "why should I stand here like the fool that I am? He is only a piece of clay, after all: subservient to the rule of individualism, like all other men; these works of his are but the product of universal endeavor, and why should I hesitate to appropriate when producers are loath to keep? I'll proceed with the business, at once."

"Come into the study, Mr. Prentiss;—excusing the impudence;—it is a serious matter that I wish to discuss—one that affects us all alike and, I'll predict you'll grant, demands strict secrecy."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bender, for not anticipating your pleasure; though I promise there is none here who would disdain to conserve an interest or abuse a

privilege. Let us proceed thither—I should have formally proposed."

They ambled along quietly over the hard, mosaic floors, the one's mind cogitating the mystery of so unseasonable a visit, the other's prospects rising by leaps and bounds. Bender was fast approaching that stage of quest where expectation heeds not defeat. Kaiuolani and position must be his. The merry-making from above had suddenly ceased; all became strangely quiet within the great walls, and only the imagination swayed or encouraged a thought. They had passed through the high, over-domed archway and stood facing each other before the great mantle that sparkled with the heatless glow of a small make-believe log fire. The little, ungainly dwarf, drawing himself up to the full height of his cramped, crooked form, looked furtively past the big, whole-souled man that he faced; then softly but surely the long and ponderous draperies at a convenient side entrance slightly parted, and Martha Norton again confronted her victim. A cold chill ran through him, and for want of Sir Charles's assistance he had fallen to the floor.

"Excuse me, Mr. Bender; I have been waiting for only a word with Mr. Prentiss, and I know you will pardon a woman's simplicity: I shall engage him but a moment—and, in fact, it is not at all undesirable that you, yourself, should be present. May I have the pleasure, good sir?" said she, kindly, and without showing the least uneasiness.

Bender, quickly regaining his breath, turned upon her and—the fire flashing underneath his shaggy eyebrows—fairly hissed with deliberate wrath:

"Curse you!"

"I beg your pardon," stammered Sir Charles, overcome with surprise and burdened with suspense. "My friend Bender, you forget yourself. It is a lady you address; an apology is due."

"Never!" shouted he, with the rage of a defeated and driven animal. "I am master of my own inclinations. You are at liberty to resolve the appropriateness of my speech. I'll pursue my own chosen course. Good-day, sir."

The dumfounded host stood gasping for breath as Bender mounted his horse and tore down the road, his one arm akimbo and the other dangling at a loose-drawn rein.

Norton barely excused herself with the assurance that time had best reveal the good faith of an unpardonable behavior and that her presence at another place now became a most urgent necessity.

"Please, Mr. Prentiss—I shall not ask your forgiveness; I am not worthy such confidence, and plead only for time—I must go," said the hard-pressed woman; who, without further adieu or explanation, ran from the house and entering a waiting carriage drove frantically away.

Seating himself at the one high, sun-awned window Prentiss looked down through the long, widening valley and out over the broad, coral-reefed plain to the dark still ocean in the distance. For a mile or more the soft green of the hilled-up pineapple contrasted in long straight rows with the dark golden earth between; loosing their identity in the mottled irregular *kalo* and rice patches of the populace beyond. From early manhood he had looked upon that self-

inspiring scene, revelling in the peace and content of an honored citizenship. Should he at last be drawn into the holocaust of ambition's seductive gripe?

Only a child wrought the transformation: an offspring sucked up the waning energies of a well-balanced life, as self asserts the rising and our fellow men command the noontide. Prentiss but answered to the voice of God and resolved inevitably and irrevocably the world-exacting sacrifice. Rising from the chair and turning to call an only child—his eyes moistened with gratification; she had involuntarily appeared, and quietly approaching stood silently over him.

"What a comfort, Kaiuolani! and so considerate. I could not bear the burden except for you," said he, stooping to ease an overtaxed brow upon her ready and willing shoulder.

"What is it, papa? Some great trouble bears heavily upon your mind. Am I doing wrong?—I shall give up the parade if it is not quite proper. Please tell me, dear father."

"No, daughter; it is with gladness that I am moved. I would see you at the side of Aokahameha—a man whose ambitions rise above sordid realities. Kiss me, darling child, and I shall be comforted. I, an old man, am of right a beggar."

"There, papa," replied Kaiuolani, raising her lips and throwing her arms round his neck; "you shall never, never need ask again."

"Nor have I needed; you are a good, good little daughter, and I shall indulge your utmost desires."

"I should prize more your advice—how about a husband?—It seems I am doomed!"

"Not so, but privileged; there appears to be no end of opportunity."

"But the choice: that is the secret."

"Quite true, Kaiuolani; though the better life rather makes toward serving one's welfare. Let worthiness precede our sensibilties. Your judgment alone can determine the necessities."

Meditating a little the reason of his logic, and feeling directly the responsibility resting upon her, Kaiuolani looked fondly up and whispered:

"Trust me, father; you shall be happy."

The princess rose before him, satisfying and immortal. The weal and the woes of humanity were as tinder amid the crash of individualism. No atonement seemed too great to make, not a desire unworthy or a gulf impossible in the waging of an ordered supremacy. Kaiuolani's frail form trembled momentarily with the force of sudden conviction; the crucial test had come: it left her not as it found her, and all the pain of subjection or the bitterness of disappointment could not stay the doing; a subtler charm must inevitably hold to reveal the divine, make toward perfection, resolve the end.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Charles gloried in his daughter's triumph, and marvelling the extent of her democracy quite forgot the circumstance of Bender's apparent frustration. It were enough that his philosophy survive; and, reading into Kaiuolani's simple promise an assurance other than she had purposed, the cares of citizenship and duties of parentage immediately shrank to the moral of a shallow content.

"Pshaw! Why need I pother about intent? My respectability is a shield to Kaiuolani, no matter what the diversion. I'll not burden her, a princess, with parental interference," promised he, to himself, as she broke away and ran up the stairs, granting him freedom to resume his place at the window.

Sitting there, possessing, the glory of being so filled him that concern for the getting were a sorrow and a waste. That other men's hard proportion might condition the future seemed a thing entirely outside the bounds of a man whose place is easily attained and idly preserved; the taste of struggle had never tickled the palate or whetted the appetite with higher appreciation, and thus unquickened the repast must fall short of an all-sufficient cast. His subjection echoed only heart desire: salvation abides not alone the cross; it must be revealed.

Though the father sought peace along lines of meager resistance, the daughter's keen appreciation led her to heed the possibilities that rivalry must at

last engender. Neither could she dismiss so easily the circumstance of a parent's worriment. He had said nothing about the immediate cause, nor did she know that the queen's minister had just left in a rage and that Norton's volunteered compliment in reality shielded an undisclosed purpose. Bounding lightly away and seeking at once the freedom of her own apartments, Kaiuolani sorely pondered the consequences of what now seemed to be an early, childish indiscretion.

Could she renounce love, deny self, and abandon him? Must Colonel Young, after all, be made the tool of propriety? These were questions hitherto beyond her inclusion or need. She had hearkened only the unattainable; and now, that her eyes had opened, the God-will shone forth, overpowering and satisfying in its wondrous uplift.

"At last, I see!" cried Kaiuolani, with joy, as the veil lifted and her way stood bared of man's ungrateful subterfuge.

The bonds of nativity fain lay broken in the freedom that light had brought, and without a regret or a fear the young princess rose up over a forbidden past strong and eager to press forward the battle whose wage has from time's eternity decreed only the God-given humanities. Floyd Young had led her close to the precipice, but fortune decreed that she should not leap; the queen intervened to save her, and now that she realized fairly the difference between liberty and license the burden lifted and duty prompted the vitalized step.

The revelation that inspired her only fettered Young, urged him the more. Gutenborj had cautioned

well, but the heart interest grew with conviction; and at parting with his adviser the young man sprang into the saddle and rode away hopeful to attain, before facing an unavoidable crisis, the boon of a perfect understanding. Kaiuolani was still at the castle; she had not yet gone out at the head of her troop,—Norton apprised him of that, among other things,—and he sped on at a lively gait to meet the princess: to tell her of his steadfast purpose and if possible regain her faith.

As he galloped along the blood rose hot in his veins; while the bare thought of serving their queen, invoking triumph, and proving loyalty engendered within him a broadened sympathy. Who might there be to dispute right, baffle justice, and profit at the expense of truth? If such be there let him learn well the emblazoned lesson of repeated glory. His arm grew strong, and he would have stricken the vile only to quicken the blessings of regeneration. That day he should lead a recognized force, if needs be, to put down disorder and preserve the emblem of progress: plant their flag over the homes of those who trusted him and prized unhindered advancement. Man's highest hope lay within the possibilities of state, whose transcendency rested upon the only force that time had evolved. The military strength of a nation should concern every individual that stood for real manhood, and its aid must be invoked to crush, that government might expand. The sympathy of its subjects marked the limit of empire, and the destinies of mankind bided only the great: there should be no halting short of one universal power, a nation limited

only by the bounds of earth itself. That alone exemplified His will.

The source of Floyd Young's stalwartism carried him thither that he might gain the inspiration to rise to the heights of conviction, and when the big iron gates swung open at his approach every fiber in his body responded to the thrill of encouraged action: Kaiuolani must sanction the thought; his will demanded her compliance, and God alone made woman to bear the sacrifice.

Dismounting at the stoop the anxious colonel was coldly ushered into the house, where only Sir Charles politely received him. The sudden disappointment overcame a hitherto unshaken confidence; Kaiuolani had never failed him at the doorstep, and at last a false impression, forced at the roadside, had met with positive confirmation: another had gained her favor, and he must now plead for what had seemed his for the taking. Would she respond to his request? The very thought of disappointment stole away his breath and revited mute the words.

"Possibly you would prefer to see my daughter," remarked the big-hearted father, observing the unbecoming embarrassment, even of so unusual a call.

"If it is not an imposition, I should very much like to do so; though the hour is certainly an unseasonable one," said Young, nervously conscious of the elder man's scathing look.

The princess shall be her own judge: it is my pleasure to accord her respectful freedom," replied Sir Charles, fully convinced that Kaiuolani should have no difficulty in proving herself equal to the occasion.

Calling Uena-O-Zan, Kaiuolani's chief maid, a Japanese at birth, but Hawaiian by adoption, Sir Charles sent word to his daughter that Colonel Young awaited her pleasure.

Uena's dark eyes took in at a glance the situation with respect to Kaiuolani's relative position. Having for years observed closely and experienced not inconsiderably, this keen-witted little maiden knew better than her mistress the mainspring governing the movements of a man like Young,—a once favored suitor, who now came pleading for conclusion and encouragement, not to cherish and protect; to take till content, but give with moderation; make the heart serve the hand,—and the faithful servant's olive cheeks turned scarlet as she conveyed to her idolized benefactress by word of mouth the message and in looks her feelings.

Nor did the unguarded expression fail of its warning, for the princess upon going below met her lover with a reserve that for once augured a decided advantage.

"What would you have of me, this morning?" queried she, in a little while, after having jauntly entered the room, whip and habit in hand.

"Your promise," answered he, unfaltering in the purpose to go away with Kaiuolani's assurance.

"Indeed? Is it not rather late? I have had time to plan a world of loves since I last attempted to thaw your frozen heart. I wonder that you would condescend to recognize so much as a woman's feelings? What secret spring under-bubbles so generous an impulse? Come; be as frank with me as I am tolerant of you. The exigencies of the time demand

it," replied she, haughtily, and with an air of authority that quite overcame her suitor.

"Kaiuolani!" whispered he, utterly unable to comprehend the meaning or to face the possibilities of her changed bearing.

The princess tilted her head the higher, and looking with half-closed eyes at the man who faced her, would have trampled upon, brushed him aside had he condescended to weaken; but Young penetrated at a glance the thin veil that she tried hard to make serve as a shield. Kaiuolani may have been impulsive and labored with effort, yet the heart needs must lay bare its secret under the master's influence, and had he borne patiently the will's way she had fallen a victim to reality; but at the first sign of returning consciousness—with the hand voicing the soul—he must gloat over her, invoke his own delight, ignore her inevitable sensibility, and rising in his natural might he cried aloud:

"You are lost, Kaiuolani; feign it otherwise, if you choose, you cannot escape me."

"It is false!" said she, in a voice that stung him with an appreciation of her wounded pride. "You think me weak, and capable only of serving impulse, but I shall convince you that I am worthy a man's love: take care that yours is none the less, before you so lightly cast it to the fortunes of a Maua."

With each added word the fire glowed freshly in Kaiuolani's eyes. She had begun by tantalizing her prey, then weakened under the stress of his conduct, but now that her pride was touched the old spirit revived and she begged or gave no quarter. Young for the first time felt correctly the force of her de-

termined worth, and with its fearless expression his love quickened and deepened beyond human control.

"I surrender, Kaiuolani; you have to do with me as you will. Please pronounce the verdict," said he, kneeling and begging forgiveness.

"No, Floyd; you are obeying only impulse: when you have regained your senses, I should have need for a better wit. I would not take undue advantage, nor suffer the pain of indiscretion. Go forth and win your laurels. A woman's consolation is her strongest encouragement. Better merit, though you lose—I prefer a husband given somewhat to daring, not alone in bond with sympathy."

Young arose, and departed from the house without making any answer. The mists had been cruelly dispelled, his feelings bitterly crushed, and a severer test evoked than he had deigned conceive. Cold reason settled the necessity, and a burning fancy bade him do.

CHAPTER XIV.

As the disappointed lover rode away, down the avenue, toward the city in the foreground, Kaiuolani hastened to the window above and peering from behind the half-drawn curtains stole a last, determined glance. Now that he had gone, her heart quaked and all the world had been a thankless price could she have recalled those words; and sinking unconsciously to the floor, a hard-said prayer inaudibly escaped her cold-drawn lips.

"How could I! God forgive me!" cried she; in a voice that startled Uena from the nearby watch she had vigorously maintained.

"Please help me to my horse," demanded Kaiuolani, of her trusted maid; "I must join the procession; the Daughters will conjure alarm at my tardiness. Is Ipo in readiness? Where are the footmen? Why do you look so serious, Uena?—I wish you could accompany me."

Directly the princess had gone Elmsford drove up, proposing to ask Sir Charles to share his carriage in the procession. He had just left the palace,—where the officers, dignitaries and foreign diplomats were already assembling,—and brought much of interest to say to his pleased and curious host.

"Is the representation complete?" asked Prentiss, having accepted the invitation and seated himself at Elmsford's side.

"Oh, by the way," continued he, charging the subject, as the driver started off, "hold, a minute; I should like to give some instructions."

"With pleasure," replied Elmsford.

"Hislop? Here, please," commanded Sir Charles, addressing a shabbily departing attendant. "You and as many of the household as like are at liberty to attend the ceremonies. You can drive down, and—I should be pleased to see you all going."

"Thank you," answered the aged derelict, without disclosing any apparent nervousness.

"That is all, Mr. Elmsford: I thank you for the kindness," said Prentiss, returning his attention to the puffed-up host at his side.

"The attendance was complete," began Elmsford, resuming an interrupted conversation, "but I doubt if it shall remain thus, through the day."

"Why so, my good Elmsford?" asked Prentiss, quickly, being a little surprised.

"I question Harvenoiq's good faith," replied the cool Britisher, without the least hesitation. "He is a slippery fellow—as all Americans are, so far as my experience goes."

"The minister has no authority, however; and, furthermore, the country he represents is not sufficiently settled in policy to make a specific demand—outside of thread and needles, perhaps," replied the long ago naturalized Hawaiian, confidently, and with no thought of national interference from that source.

"That is quite true," continued Elmsford, "and the very fact that its foreign representatives are wholly unbound by conservative rules gives designing politicians—appointed to self-ridding outside posts—an opportunity to make shift any kind of wholesome or unwholesome interference. That sort of diplomat is the most dangerous of all grouty pretenders; and

once a decisive step is taken the false patriotism of his hot-headed countrymen will lead their awfully elusive government into dire straits, even at the cost of shame, to avoid what a bragadocia nature shuns most of all; the possibility of having to face a backing down and out's ever scornful finger."

"But Harvenoiq is weak,—too puerile to rise above the taint of flattery,—and his country, a republic? My friend, the dawn of empire in America is a thing our remotest posterity need not presume to see," remarked the other, with the certainty of a pent up and unmistakable conviction.

"And should that particular star chance to peep above their checkered horizon—well, there is one consolation; John Bull shall see it safely set. What an inspiration; the very thought—touch of old Jack! The unwinding may be slow, but sooner or later its folds shall make common the lot of all this earth's deserving. It is invincible, traditionally grand!"

"Ergo!" fairly shouted the, for the moment, unconscious disallegiant. "But what about those he disdains? You know, John is not bestowing his patronage except the vintage be satisfying. Struggling principalities, too small or tasteless to tempt—for instance, it is not so long since Mr. Bull deliberately refused our own, these very islands, as a gift. Come; should we not be content?"

"Until routed, I should say; I myself dislike anything that smacks too much of encouraged activity."

"You are the right sort, Elmsford: only you are, if I may say it, a little too suspicious. Let the world wag on; each, active or passive, tolerable or intolerable, shall get his due, even his Americanism."

"And that's no play; the force is there; eighty millions—no; they lack consistency. England is bearer. The cross! Brotherhood! Finality! Sweet, oh sweet eternity!"

"Aye, aye; good Samaritan, vain prophet; you forget the lesson of to-day's events; you shall see a queen vouchsafe the blessings of man, providential mortal. How thankful!"

"Not I," replied Elmsford, as he looked round at the drawn, open-mouthed that everywhere waited, they knew not what.

Nor did clamor avail the credulous or disturb those who reasoned. A few gathered together and ordered while the multitude gaped in ignorance. A thousand strong hearts quaked mute and aimless amid the concord of intellectual sway, utterly unable to invoke a bloodless right or to arrest their traditional despoilation.

At the palace were congregated all those who count, or that had not their interests elsewhere. Ihoas consoled with the queen, and Gutenborj supported her in the trifling contentions that seemed to arise on every hand.

The throne room had been set apart as the most agreeable and more proper place for the signing of the big parchment roll that should, from the doorstep, at high noon, be proclaimed the sovereign law of Hawaii; and shortly before the hour of promulgation had arrived, or the procession that was to carry hence the unsigned document had moved, the queen proceeded to seat herself in the olden chair of state. As the venerable woman marched down through the assembled throng a thrill of pride ran triumphantly

over all; there were present a host of admirers and all the dignitaries who were known not to be engaged with the doings on the outside. Ministers and appointees of all nations represented at the capital were there; the Royalists came in force, and disgruntled Kamehamehas buried for the occasion what jealousy may have lingered; Patriots filled the room to overflowing, and the open windows wafted afar their happy approbation.

A long line of guards stood like statues on either side the passageway that led from the queen's boudoir to the respected seat of might, and as the stately sovereign, led by bearers of tall Kahili,—the significant emblem of justice,—made her way down the cleared aisle all men bowed their heads, and a silent prayer filled the hearts of those who appreciated the force of will.

Climbing the short, easy stairs that led to empire's sway a myriad clustering, golden *oo* feathers wavered and fluttered in the soft light that glistened and shadowed in the folds of her traditional garb. It was the cloak of divinity, and tens of thousands had spent their lives in the weaving, and the gathering; centuries had come and gone since its beginning; the touch of its hem had been held a privileged honor; the long train widened and spread before a worshipping multitude, and yet beneath its royal shelter there beat the heart of a human—a woman who prized the welfare of a nation. Slowly but deliberately ascending, she calmly turned and resolutely faced an eager, attentive throng.

No man or woman there would have changed that scene: even Bender flushed with the pride of privi-

lege, and could he recall the last hours would have surrendered to the heed of righteousness. Only Harvenoiq winced and labored with the strain of abeyance. He had rushed upon the head of state, would have snatched away the jewelled scepter, and placed the crown upon his own ungrateful brow. The claims of fitness to him bore no significance, and an ugly frown wrinkled his hard-set countenance.

Calmly surveying the expectant, upturned faces all about her, Liliuokolani in a deep, convincing voice announced the purpose of the meeting, and ordered the ministry to attend her at the throne. Thus none was absent, and without a hesitation all approached and seated themselves at either side the minister of finance in front; whereat her majesty announced:

"It is my privilege and, I trust, your pleasure this day in the presence of all nationalities here assembled to execute and publish to all the world a new constitution, the supreme law of this our destined land. Is there one who would protest?"

A breathless silence overcast the room. Not a sound disturbed the refreshing air that fanned their flushed and eager faces. Bender's heart beat hotly with the delights of a quickened transformation. His whole soul went over to the delectable, and not a member shrank at the thought of doing his bounden duty. Only stillness seemed a fitting answer, and then rudely and arrogantly the American minister stalked into the open, close at the queen's place. A guard seized and held him back, as he shouted and brandished, huskily:

"I deny the right. It is the people's business!"

The queen made no answer, and Gutenborj hastened

to hustle the diplomat from the scene of his unpardonable behavior.

"You are mad, man," said the roused planter, thrusting the slight, half-turned fellow aside. "At least have the decency to save your country's shame; rude, untutored lout, that you proclaim yourself to be."

"Who are you, that you would dictate? I am sponsor here, I would have you know, ungrateful beggar," replied Harvenoiq, tearing himself loose, and stamping away, toward a convenient exit, the while firing and fuming with ungoverned rage.

With Harvenoiq, a foreign minister's disappearance, the audience broke into an involuntary chatter, and Gutenborj quite forgetting himself earnestly begged her majesty to grant him the privilege of apologizing on behalf of the country to whose flag he as a matter of convenience still bore allegiance. Without condescending to reply, the farcical nature of the whole situation forced itself upon the queen's immediate attention to such extent that she quite neglected for the time being to restore order or proceed with the business at hand.

The pause occasioned by Harvenoiq's disorderly conduct not only gave doubtful and weak-kneed local ministers a chance to question in their own minds and parley with each other the propriety of continuing in the absence of one so vital to their welfare, but it at once became the signal for casual though earnest remarks on the part of others: if less concerned about material interests, then more deeply conscious of a wounded dignity.

"It is a most unpardonable offense," wildly urged

the redoubtable Mr. Earnest de Seionoff, resident charge d' affairs and minister plenipotentiary of the French republic, in discussing the circumstance with Sir James S. Hardthrust, diplomatic representative from Great Britain.

"A trifle enthusiastic, my good Mr. Seionoff. I dare say, no harm is meant or ill shall come of it. We, who are wise, must make due allowance—I am heartily pleased with the queen. How does she impress you, this morning, brother ambassador?" replied the discreet Englishman, in a vain attempt to allay the Frenchman's heated nerves.

"It is not for me to answer while in a state of very great upsetting. The American: he has given cause for the most severe treating about his disciplinableness. We are spokesmen for our speaking and cannot hold ourselves within ourselves—"

"I shouldn't be a bit disturbed by the Honorable Mr. Harvenoiq's mistakes," intercepted the judicious Hardthrust, sympathetically. "He will make amends—just give him a chance."

"Oh! You are too most easy of feeling. It is only a Frenchman who can see, who can do——"

"Have you—pardon the digression—seen a draft of the proposed new constitution, Mr. Seionoff?"

"Constitution? Constitution? I have looked at only insult. It is most unbearable, this unfeeling of politeness; I must make myself amends," shouted the excited diplomat, huskily in his neighbor's dull ears, the while dancing about like a suddenly decapitated fowl.

"Politeness will follow development: it is not so long, you know, since the great La Fayette discovered

America," ventured the thoughtful Britisher, good-naturedly.

"La Fayette! Oh, the too not far seeing. Only for without him we had already a big empire where now is but confusion for money. It is a large disgrace in the world. La Fayette! La Fayette!"

The decidedly heated though close conversation between the two foreign diplomats significantly escaped the attention of everybody there, excepting only one. The queen remained too deeply absorbed with consciousness and suspicion to observe or realize the purport of any the incidental and chaotic surroundings. Bender's keen eye and ready ear, on the other hand, divined everything, even the pained, telltale look that disturbed her majesty's presence.

Surmising Great Britain's careless attitude and France's unpreparedness, the shrewd minister of finance dismissed with a sweep of the intellect any possible thought of interference from either one or the other. With renewed courage and lessening respect his temporary and sudden patriotism began rapidly to wane. After all it seemed but a matter of self-provision. Why concede anything? The plans were laid, and withal a force stood ready to do his bidding. Harvenoiq had blundered himself into the blame, why not drive to a finish the resolution that seemed all but a reality.

Deprived of an ideal the world seemed cold and dreary: in one opportune moment ambition claimed and drove its faltering victim. The blood of royalty had but rosed the pathway to success.

CHAPTER XV.

First one and then another retired until finally only the officials, the foreign diplomats, the Patriots, and a partial representation of Royalists remained. Gutenborj held his post and at each withdrawal renewed his activity. The queen rallied with encouragement and turning directly to the high chamberlain demanded, sharply:

"Order, in the throne room."

Instantly the confusion ceased, and every man resumed his place. Wrangling ministers shuffled back to their seats and not one dared voice a contrary sentiment, though the interim had been spent in dangerous parley and hostile subterfuge. Their faces alone betrayed a signal change,—some flushed and excited, others pale and serious,—but Bender! His countenance revealed not a thought or an emotion. A colorless skin drew hard round the dark, meaningless eyes that held an audience keenly subservient to his penetrating thought. No word or act escaped him, and only the distant rumble of fife and drum disturbed his withering conscience.

The procession came on, diverting the queen's attention; yet they had marched too soon; the soft strains of God Save the Queen rose above the din of tramp, tramp, tramp; patriotism again stirred the hearts of those he had betrayed: but there was one whom he understood; he could trust Kenlikola, ap-

pointed to the ministry at his sole solicitation; Pauahieu, doubtful courtier, knew the way, and only time stood between the thought and the deed.

Among the many faces there assembled, but one caused the wary minister of finance the least uneasiness;—Norton was rid of: had her hands full elsewhere;—Ihoas never lost sight of him; her native wit followed his every movement, discerned the depth of his feigned plausibility—and Bender knew it; her presence disconcerted him, and the queen's chief lady in waiting viewed thus afar the lone cloud that foreshadowed a beggarly attempt.

"The devil take me," said he, to himself, with set and angry jaws, as the knowing princess half watched at the window for Elmsford's carriage. "I have betrayed myself. And to her, cursed mongrel?"

The constitution bearers halted at the doorstep below. A shout of applause drowned the players' best efforts, and their lofty sentiment resounded far above, even unto the throne they worshipped.

Bender trembled at the awful approbation, shrivelled at his own base intent, and then that other force seized him, and taking advantage of an opportune moment, amid their confusion, he gave the signal that set in motion an avalanche that respects neither the virtuous nor the sinful, grinds beneath its ponderous, listless weight alike the strong and the weak.

The high chamberlain turned his back and prince Kenlikola, sulking Royalist that he proved to be, secretly left his post and devoid of a promise or a hope stealthily left the room.

The ministry stood broken, and without their undivided sanction and individual signatures the queen's

act of promulgation while yet one remained present had been considered revolutionary. Kenlikola, a descendant of the ancient Kamehamehas and a power under the Mauas, had, with the connivance of Pauahieu, the high chamberlain, deliberately absented himself, thus openly denying the queen her pleasure and lawful prerogative. In such manner Bender reasoned himself free from taint. Should his scheme fall through he could still save face before the populace and force retention upon the administration. Busying himself at table, ostensibly with legitimate business, but in reality with fanning into flame the spark that ignited the fancy of servile ministers yet lingering, the queen doubting none other momentarily relaxed under the stress of enthusiasm her vigilance, and unfortunately the withdrawal of Kenlikola for the time being passed unnoticed.

Directly the carriers entered, solemnly proceeding down the aisle, Pauahieu, trusted custodian, turned mechanically to meet and greet them. It remained only for him to receive at their hands and lay before the queen and cabinet the precious instrument; therefore, sooner than face the displeasure that his willing demeanor must have provoked, the poisoned, revengeful decadent irreverently grasped the proffered tray and wheeling round advanced within convenient distance, announcing bruskly:

"The proposed constitution, your majesty."

The queen, pained and alert, gazed steadfastly at her old and respected chamberlain. She could not make answer; that thrust had been a dagger, reaching deep into a bewildered consciousness. Amid the great rejoicing many were the discrepancies that had

met the keen, unslackened observation of Liliuokolani. She knew only too well that there forged traitors on every hand,—cunning artificers ready to strike as served their convenience,—but whom to suspect and how effectively to eradicate the destructive germs were, in consequence of so strained a situation, beyond the ken of humankind.

Without taking her eyes from Pauahieu's rigid, downcast face, the proud, resourceless woman half-unconsciously muttered:

"And you, too, Pauahieu?"

A hushed fear seized upon all those within hearing, and shorn of a warning or an apology the disappointed heir to nobility dropped dead before their startled gaze. Bender stood ready at hand and realizing instantly the unexpected rushed forward in time to save the jeopardized instrument: assuming an air of wounded respect, he looked all round, haughtily and self-convinced, as he proudly spread the ruffled parchment directly before the throne.

Thereupon Norton ran into the room, nervous and expectant. The guards closed in front, but she tore by and frantically approaching cried with vehemence:

"There is commotion at the docks!"

A deathly silence ensued; the lifeless form of Pauahieu lay stretched on the floor; the weird notes of bewailing natives fell significantly upon their ears, and all eyes turned toward the queen.

Liliuokolani sat motionless and serene above the cowering throng, while a rising flush drove the pallor from her cheeks; then an effective majesty asserted its sway; with fixed expression and studied emphasis the tottering monarch gave command:

"Arrest the offender."

Two heavy guards laid hold upon the good-intentioned intruder, and pandemonium reigned in the throne room. Everybody sprang up and shouting his say ran hither and thither, while the ministry flew with fear and only Bender remained to thwart the queen, or to deny her the inalienable right of promulgation attending their total decampment.

His presence alone saved the cabinet's only prerogative and left the queen helpless either to enforce conjoint submission or proclaim individually the law. Liliuokolani, therefore, looked hopelessly after the absconding ministers, whose signatures she so urgently required, and for once and for all realized fully the necessity of a controlling force behind the mandates of effective government. Gutenborj stood ready with reasonable assurances,—her own life seemed to exemplify the virtue of sympathy,—but underneath it all there appeared to stand boldly and effectively the supremacy of grim-visaged arms. Philosophers might predict, the humanitarian deplore, a vain world swagger blindly on, yet shot and shell lay at the foundation of all that man in his wisdom had deigned concede—the end and aim of modern civilization. The queen deeply despaired and leaning hard upon Ihoas retired to the Blue Room, where Bender begged cringingly:

"I would do your majesty the service were it in my power alone—you see I am helpless; my colleagues have deserted. I——"

"Hold your tongue, defamer of other men's sacred rights; Ihoas is the truer spokesman. What would you have, good lady?" said the queen, as the towering

princess arose and beckoning a hearing thrust herself between the prating minister and their sovereign whom she worshipped.

"That man is a traitor; I hold the proof," replied Ihoas, pointing to the halting man who stood wincing under the fire of her unremitting gaze.

"Stand aside, Ihoas: let the minister interpose a defense, if such he has," commanded Liliuokolani, firmly but respectfully.

Shuffling and hesitating the whipped minister glanced round, then advancing observed not alone Ihoas but Gutenborj firmly standing at the queen's side. Their eyes met momentarily, and Bender read in that one supreme look the fixed determination of a dreaded opponent and the real mainstay of the throne: his thoughts ran back to Kaiuolani, to wealth, to position—all these crowded fast upon a quickening memory, and without warning or preparation the means of their fruition must be subtly resolved. The lip that he would hold firm quivered, and clutching tight the loose parchment that shook in his hand a mastering will and broken movement laid bare the weakened mainspring behind a bolstered purpose.

"I am not responsible for a refractory ministry," said he, with unmeaning emphasis and doubtful intent.

"But you have led me to the brink of a precipice: would you have me take the leap alone?" replied the queen, significantly.

"The act would be revolutionary, as long as there is, even, but one member present."

"Then complete the representation and sign the document or depart, that I may serve my people. Your promise: have you forgotten?"

"I—we have not examined the document; I must ask for time——"

"How dare you say that, having had it in your possession for a month? Officer, eject the unruly minister; the law must be proclaimed."

No sooner had the words escaped her lips, than the shrill blast of a strange, mysterious bugle broke faintly upon the still, resonant air. Every man's heart leaped and their feet stood riveted and chained in the presence of threatening danger. Bender smiled a sickening smile, and rolling taut the fated constitution boldly withdrew and quietly absconded before an astonished court could recover its sense or a destined people might comprehend the sudden burst of decisive revolution.

CHAPTER XVI.

The guards stood lined up on either side the driveway leading through the palace grounds to the main entrance in front. A strong reserve rested upon loaded arms at the rear, and Aokahameha with his aids, mounted and happy, waited underneath the high veranda's edge. At the sight of Bender the unsophisticated, warm-hearted general saluted respectfully, and possibly a sense of pride touched his bearing; these were true and virtuous men who heeded his command, and not a breath of suspicion tainted their lives.

No hope of reward augmented those ranks or mercenary motive compelled their allegiance; they came from the soil; were filled with patriotism; grew with traditional energy; embodied the spirit of higher purpose—their sole aim and province foretold the humane preservation and liberal encouragement of established, progressive institutions.

The skulking minister irreverently brushed them by, his starved, ruthlessly denied soul withering under the stress of manliness reflected in their open, self-poised countenances. In vain he may have hoped for scant disturbance, conjured a faltering intent, observed the slightest infraction; they were men to preserve order, nor would abuse law, and until reaching the docks where another kind of activity roused fresh desire a myriad faint conceptions baffled his troubled conscience.

He had gained his ground by promising the visiting commodore that there should appear at a given hour and proposed place some urgent occasion for the landing of the marines, and now the time had arrived it seemed utterly disastrous that his prediction should not prove verified: there appeared no disorder at the palace or elsewhere that he could see other than that occasioned, through his own instrumentality, by the landing of foreign troops, and the scheming minister with all his cunning knew not the secret of diplomacy; he relied implicitly upon patent causes for desired effects and held himself responsible for an apparent justification, even at the cost of forgery. Just how to sustain his position and, possibly, save his neck, under the circumstances, became an all absorbing problem. Looking only to individual gain the responsibilities waxed entirely personal and the means narrowed to his own contemptible efforts. Bender had prostituted the truth, and before the first launch arrived, carrying at her stern the as yet undaunted and in her hold a solid mass of blue and white, with bayonets fixed and belts strapped heavy, the instigator of it all would have gladly surrendered everything but his mask and departed from the Islands could he have recalled only the treasonable design.

Shout after shout went up from the small circle who huddled about and struggled for a first glimpse at close range. Somehow the landing had been noised about in private,—Norton's tongue would wag,—and at the first blast on board the *Bonton* the annexationists to a man rushed to the water's edge; and upon the minister of finance's appearance renewed courage

enabled them to raise their voices in behalf of what, they knew not but deemed delectable, if not safe.

Looking round, their once-upon-a-time leader's spirit revived; these men had been his earliest and staunchest supporters—why should he abandon renewed encouragement, even if unmerited? He would once more fall back upon his kind, and trust to fate or falsehood for justification in the eyes of an abused commander. Opportunity after all awaited only the making, and the force assembling at his feet had neither the time nor the inclination to question the veracity of his or any other man's doing. The men were glad for a chance to stretch their careless limbs, their leader was anxious for the privilege of burnishing his own rust-eaten valor; Bender forgot danger, eschewed duty, and saw only with eyes bleared by the belated promise of war's attendant enthusiasm.

The troops came in squads and formed into companies—their faces and build and demeanor portraying fairly the many nationalities; Germans, Irishmen, Englishmen and whatnots, with a sprinkling of native sons filled well the American ranks; but they all marched to music and lived on never-failing rations—far up on the open, that hitherto had answered the purposes of a more friendly pursuit; the bickering and bartering of market tradesmen and flower-laden saleswomen.

Bender livened with anticipation. Here proffered a different kind of fighting man—from the one who had moved him to broader sympathy while yet within the confines of government's lofty touch. A soldier drilled to obey, not a patriot born and bred to live and die for principle; more easily encouraged to shoot,

and less observant of consequences; inspired with belly, and devoid of a mental comprehension—just the kind with which to build empire, and not over-particular about the moralities other than a full and hearty compliment. The prospect of gain outweighed in the scales of duty, primordal instinct drove its thirsty victim toward a fancied relief, and the ascending star of human energy hid its face behind the fleeting orbit of darkened consequence, with the tread and trumpet of mercenary arms.

Only one condition fairly stood between the untamed minister and success:—the marines soon divined the sources of their outing, and appeared friendly; their commander mistook his real intentions, and believed him sincere; the onlookers applauded an old champion, and rallied with enthusiasm:—jealousy crept into the American minister's heart, and the very laudations of the bystanders, the rising confidence of Uhlrix and the suppressed admiration of the troops drove deep a burning hatred; which finally obliterated the slightest taint of political if not moral discretion.

Finally as the last launch discharged its cargo of men, "Three cheers for the boys in blue," inadvertently resounded from the tall buildings that studded on three sides the old historic square, and when the commodore, himself, escorted by a sallow staff in gold and braid, set foot on shore the shouting redoubled and ceased only when Harvenoiq pressed forward to greet and advise. Nobody cared to applaud him, and few there were who did not understand in some measure his flaunted brusqueness. They had already had enough of him: but so soon as Bender, a child of the primeval, followed and grasped the

outstretched hand of Uhlrix the noise multiplied unto breaking significantly upon the ears of some at the palace, who lingered and strove to fathom the quickening mystery.

"I am not at all satisfied about this seeming disturbance at the water-front square," said Gutenborj, while occupying the central place in a group of interested men and women summoned hastily by the queen to discuss possible events.

"It is Bender's work, you can be sure of that, if I am permitted to say as much," ventured Norton, who had been recalled to explain the reason for her unexpected appearance.

"How could they do such a thing? and what has he to gain by soliciting the interference of foreign arms?" queried Liliuokolani, impregnable in the belief that honest government however insignificant could but command the respect of nations as well that of honorable men.

"If strange troops are landing, I have no doubt it is as a friendly escort to some foreign dignitary, who desires to pay your highness some unusual and formal respect. I can conceive of no other reason," intercepted Aokahameha, utterly unable to fathom the purpose and possibilities of modern diplomacy.

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Gutenborj, promptly and unequivocally. "I had best communicate with Colonel Young, immediately. Is there a messenger at court whom I can trust?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Gutenborj," said Kaiuolani, the color rising a little and her pretty teeth evincing a determination, positive though respectful; "I should rather Aokahameha endeavored to reach and direct

his own command. He has at his service at least a respectable staff, and I too, if a woman may be pardoned for assuming a voice, should like personally an interview with the gentleman and officer, whom you mention—if it is possible for him to be located and brought in. We may have need for your counsel and advice at the palace. Please do the state that service; the general may dislike to enforce a governmental necessity."

The up to this time undefied merchant prince started with surprise. Interpreting boldly and fairly the gentle command, of one whom he prized so tenderly, only a slight flush betrayed any pain at surrendering, and promptly the answer characteristically set at rest all doubt as to Gutenborj's reasonable position:

"I am pleased to obey the mandates of any government that governs."

"What is your pleasure, Aokahameha? Would you advise that Mr. Gutenborj remain here, or depart in quest of your very honorable absentee?" asked the queen, in a friendly, half-confident, and utterly submissive tone.

"I have no doubt Mr. Gutenborj would prefer me to assume the responsibility. With his immediate enlightenment, as to the particular whereabouts, I should be able to produce the wanted derelict very shortly. This is a convenient place for friendly meetings, especially—under the circumstances," replied Aokahameha, in a conciliatory manner, though expectant of a ready and speedy acquiescence.

All eyes turned toward Gutenborj, who hesitated and engaged with meditating the course of events that had brought him face to face with so delicate a situa-

tion: one that appeared to be tucked in on every side and hemmed round irrevocably. Presently the thought flashed upon his slow but ponderous intellect.

"Too much feminimity."

He could see no possible means of escape, however, and all he possessed or anticipated depended solely upon the principle (under which he had prospered) of letting well enough alone. Setting his own against the will of others, except he be in authority, was beneath his theory of success and, as of old, the conclusion finally dawned that he had best acquiesce and continue to support, where freedom permitted, trusting to good sense and careful reasoning to keep within the bounds of healthy, effective security.

"I am——" began the weighty reasoner, in a cool, convincing manner.

"I demand it!" intercepted Kaiuolani, emphasizing the order with a resolute toss of the head and gentle stamping upon the floor.

"I trust the good princess shall find others as easily subdued, if only during the day," continued the big financier, changing his speech and smiling approval, while suppressing with effort a heartier response

"Kaiuolani is our hope, and with the good Mr. Gutenborj as a guide—I wish it were possible for us all to be as philosophic," said the queen, a rising sense of cheerfulness prompting her to speak feelingly and unreservedly.

Gutenborj loved a courageous woman. Possibly his own disinclination to face danger, if avoidable, led him to admire that particular trait in the opposite sex. Hitherto he had looked upon the lively young princess as a petted child, tender, true, and lovable,

withal destined to be buffeted about in the harsh adjustment of cold, relentless affairs. The late assumption of forbidden authority at first shocked him; then upon measuring her disposition and temperament with those of the queen, and resolving the extent of courage and sincerity of purpose underlying her unexpected stand, he could but applaud the effort, and as well lay his utmost in her behalf.

"Floyd Young made no mistake: God bless him for the deed," subtly fixed itself in his roused sensibility, while pressing forward to bestow upon Kaiuolani that assurance which had been withheld only too long.

For, immediately he felt the warmth of her two hands, the dull rumble of a steady "rub a dub dub" and the soul stirring melody of the fife's shrill treble burst strangely upon the vibrant air that cruelly floated in to startle and stir those who heard and surmised.

CHAPTER XVII.

Liliuokolani turned cold with pallor, and Gutenborj paced the floor like the caged lion he seemed. Kaiuolani grew impatient and hostile with suspense, and only Aokahameha tried as best he could to calm a dangerous and growing distrust. The rabble of malcontents or the parade of underlings bore no significance to an ardent believer; his command was supreme and their motives pure—but the noise and the confusion would not cease; the ambition of Harvenoiq flamed and raged under the quest of rapidly increasing power.

He had at last seen with his own eyes the fighting forces of pent up America, his own belated and hard-scoffed country, land upon the shores of a belligerent if well-meaning nation. He had foretasted the pride of conquest and marvelled the possibilities of a new birth and broader sphere. All this impressed him, and awakened within a truer comprehension of the individual responsibilities; but the only too potent thought of sharing the glory with an unregenerate, an escaped culprit and traitor to all restraint, more than outweighed the waning sense of an illy begotten, scantily developed understanding. The spokesman of a great and trustful people floundered in the throes of consequential duty, and thence found himself given over body and soul to the wiles of a revengeful, senile mood.

These men were applauding another for the enterprise they had long sought; America, their native country, had for once and for all taken a hand in the moulding of a destiny ardently hoped; his own act had set in motion the machinery with which to build; the empire launched, no force within the grasp of mere man could stay its certain progress, the honor of the occasion would fall to the lot of a hated accomplice, for his fellows were keen to light the fires and an absent constituency stood quick to applaud heroism—whether false or true, to lionize and uphold. There must be some devised means of attaining the desired end, as to a man they would not, could not release a vantage hold.

Standing at one side, well up on the bank, free and unmolested, the vexed minister viewed with satisfaction the mixed faces that appeared only too eager to do homage and maintain. They should not be checked in their zeal, but an abounding sympathy were better bestowed where self might relish the plaudits.

Long years of deprivation and hope had seared the breast of every Annexationist with an abiding faith in the government which he had left behind. At home the toiling populace engaged itself with encouraging, maintaining and strengthening an edifice that reared within the boundaries of a birth-given domain. The seed of larger unity must germinate outside the walls of a sacred, prolific field of sustenance: must take root in the barren soil of a rock-ridden wilderness, fit only for the habitation of aspiring renegades, the handful that always blaze the

way, cradle the song that soothes, uplifts the fallen, builds forever anew.

The picture of greatness loomed before their covetous brother. Harvenoiq could see well the end. These same men who labored at home would go to any extremity if their patriotism were but touched, their loyalty seemed in the least questioned. A leader's name should be toasted by every tongue, heralded as a father's, and inscribed upon the pages of universal history.

It was more than he could bear to lose, and facing the ranks Harvenoiq read in that stalwart uniform and abundant equipment the means of ready attainment.

They were men-fashioned instruments who of necessity stood ready to hear and eager to do the bidding of a nation. No pride of freedom disturbed their consciences, no love for kind stayed the primal blow; the spurs that stimulate had never penetrated their born-servant skins. Little should they care were the whole earth to find itself tied hand and head to the merciless stake of a tyrant's driving so long as they might brush and beg. Here again chieftainship waxed supreme, became the sole important thing, as men lose individuality only to respect the more the individual.

Bender alone stood in the pathway of ultimate supremacy.

Momentarily the thought burned hotly his cheeks, which soon turned a livid white. He could stand no longer such treatment. His own neglect he might have borne, but a rival's praise unnerved him, and taking advantage of an official semblance the blundering minister rushed among Bender's admirers,—ut-

terly ignoring the only shadow of an excuse that he might have advanced for his own unwarranted acts,—shouting authoritatively to the commodore:

"Arrest the leader, and disperse the mob!"

Uhlrix started with surprise, and looking round at the friendly faces and feeling yet the warm grasp of Bender spoke inquiringly:

"Who is the leader, of whom you speak, and where are the rioters, may I ask?"

Harvenoiq looked down whipped and irresolute to the ground he maligned. He had never before so much as ventured an unborrowed or self-suggested assertion; and now that he had blundered himself into an inexplicable and irrevocable responsibility his whole being resolved itself into one continuous, unbroken whirl of uncertainty. Presently his eyes rose appealingly to the man he would dislodge. Possibly he may have conjured the hope of an up to that time welcome adviser's grateful surrender; more likely he found himself devoid of a single trait obligatory of independent action: what with expectation and failure disapprobation rent asunder the weak but ardent dream; the accused answered adroitly, and the commodore's brow knit with vexatious determination.

"These men are Americans," said Bender, "and neither you nor I have cause to question the good faith of this assemblage or to insult the command that would do us justice. I deny you the right to dictate; an American commodore brooks no interference. The disturbance is at the capitol."

"Liar! Deceiver! I require——" shouted Harvenoiq, unable further to restrain an unbridled temper.

"Orderly, arrest these men, and we shall march

them forthwith to the seat of justice. Unable to retrace my steps, that I am, I shall have done a service in landing here to-day if only to escort two belligerent subjects into the hands of a proper authority," said the commodore, savagely cutting short the hot-headed minister's heedless speech.

"I am an American official, sir, and as such claim superiority," remonstrated Harvenoiq, without the least perceptible effect.

"I am an American citizen, but must not be seen behind these ranks. My local duties deny me the pleasure of so flagrant a spectacle," pleaded Bender, no less unable to gain the commodore's listless ear.

"Companies into fours, forward, march!" awakened some dull comprehensions and gladdened the knowing ones, as lines of glistening carbines and a jovial, eager command stood ready to wheel and tramp, they cared not where, but to the time and tune of a regularly cash-paid corps.

The crestfallen minister doggedly pursued them, with Bender, mortified and expectant, close at his guard-watched elbow. They bore the predicament in silence, but a waning hope vainly satisfied the quickening consciousness of each. Only a few minutes of grace and their part stood well to abide fairly the prowess of a lone, unhampered mother wit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The rattle and peal of fife and drum drove from every source the last lingering doubt. Uhlrix was on the march, and the shadows of intrigue or the uncertainty of authority bore no significance as to final results. He had been tricked into landing, but once on shore nothing short of annihilation could restrain an orderly ordering of events that rose in the pathway of power or forestall the destiny an abused confidence bespoke. The marines were there to do, not to quibble, and the grim-visaged deeds of fate quickened and multiplied at the progress of an unchallenged daring.

A dash and venture that fires the pride of men, no matter where or what the occasion, had stood erect every soldier and possessed the officers as never before. Jack's bib and tucker seldom looked so tidy, and the lieutenant's spare and tender form wore neatly the spotless uniform that marked his finished course at school. For the first time in all their lives opportunity had given them a chance to swell and banter in the eyes of foreign lassies.

From every door step Hawaii's fairest came, carrying garlands of flowers and tokens of delight; these boys off duty had been their sweethearts, their hope since the days of Cook and the missionaries, and now that they had come ashore, as true Hawaiians believed, on dress parade and kindly show, the girls strove hard to outdo themselves in extending even a

heartier welcome than before. Soon those innocent children had literally strewn the roadstead with emblems that emanate from nowhere except the tropical seas: the boys relished the fun, and many were the friendly side glances bestowed and stolen greetings tendered; Jack Tar knew well his finish and cherished the contemplation, regardless of higher consequences.

But for the rations he drew and the smiles they bestowed life had seemed an empty thing to him. Not so with them. They sought his love in earnest, resolving anew the neglected lesson that all things in course of provision drive toward a common level, an unalterable consequence of material change, the spiritual end in which necessity had wrought its inevitable virtue.

Nor were the fathers and the mothers less friendly to a mistaken intermingling of foreign sons and native daughters. They had been taught by the advance guards of these blood-letting experts—strangely effective, in view of its contrast with the tenets of their own religion—that sacrifice and toil were cardinal virtues, and that the simple and unostentatious lives their tradition taught them to live were relics of barbarism fit only for the uninitiated; that the absence of poverty in the land offered no excuse for the lack of individual wealth; that the love for song and flowers and the inborn generosity and hospitality of the people were effeminate and of no consequence in the higher and better life that European civilization would engender.

Without the means of judging or an opportunity to compare and overshadowed with the display shown or driven to the terms exacted they, at last, like their

invaders, through sheer force of continuity, becoming dead to all civic virtue—the individual waxed drunk with blind appetite.

The clouds rolled high above their heads and from content within they conjured a freedom illy spoken in the language of reality everywhere around. The flowers they strew fought the elements for existence; the song bird in the tree top defended his vantage point; the very ground on which they stood had for ages struggled with the forces of nature to retain its place: should man alone be favored with exemption? Only their misconception flattered the belief, for behind the personality, the entity they knew, might reasonably have trusted, lay the state, broader in its conception, less tolerant of the individual and more dependent upon community, supreme in authority and ready to destroy if destruction be meet.

Aokahameha, their only hope and recognized leader, remained no less oblivious to the storm that hung low upon the land. He had spent his energies in trying to convince the queen's assemblage that no danger threatened, but somehow his words seemed fraught with misconception; Liliuokolani hesitated between doubt and fear until desperation drove her into a concession that stung Gutenborj to the quick.

"I am helpless: what would you, my grateful subjects?" asked she, weary with endeavor.

"Promulgate the constitution," replied the planter king, with set jaws and determined look.

"Where is it?" demanded the queen, wholly conscious of somebody's blundering attitude, whether official or supporter.

They looked from one to another, in amazement

and with chagrin. In all their patriotic contentions nobody but Bender had retained the presence of mind to save and hold intact that precious instrument. And where might he be? Aokahameha hurriedly dispatched Norton, the quickly released culprit and only person capable (as he had good reason to believe) of reaching the decamped minister and, possibly, influencing his or its return. Gutenborj was also granted no less a permission to communicate with Young and as promised present him and his command at court; where Aokahameha desired their immediate presence, but would not concede the necessity for invoking warlike aid.

Thence the trusted commander, with Ihoas leaning gently upon his arm, and the Guards, from the west gate to the palace door, resting contentedly on their empty guns, sauntered dreamily into an unmolested nook in the garden, there suffering and pondering good-naturedly the hoped for lover's frank and earnest avowals that made plain and irrevocably certain his utter quandary.

"But you must love me, Ihoas: can't you see that I am master? that all eyes are turned toward me? that my work is done? What more could a loved one desire?" pleaded the big patriot, leaning back and gazing fixedly into the tall, willowy princess's downcast eyes.

She did not answer, and the warm flush that crept into her cheeks convinced him that in her veins still ran the blood of a Hawaiian—amiable and sweet, though stern and truthful. Aokahameha paused, and measuring the force of a thought by the depth of her emotion would yet deny the privilege of refusal.

The soft, still air and close proximity with fancied ease lolled to dreaming the good great man, who believed the world an ordered reality and all that is in it a peaceful heritage; and reclining leisurely upon velvety woven pillows, banked underneath gracefully drooping purple and pink tall-growing, wide-reaching ferns, the simple Islander's dark, weary eyes barely opened to feast now and again upon the love-vision that soothingly haunted him, forsooth exacted only the plaintive, soul touching,

"*Aloha.*"

The distant rumble and warning of an approaching army did not disturb his peaceful quest. Ihoas breathed heavily under the influence of an uncontrollable impulse and Uhlrix swept on toward the goal of a larger, simpler contact. The wiles of woman or the charm of intrigue made no impression upon him; they were alike foreign to his office and impotent under a nationalism that guaranteed supremacy.

America had intrusted those arms and their wielders with the protection of its citizens and the guarding of her interests. Duty's thought-throb impelled them forward; the impetus of principle lay behind the bulwark of advancement—a spirit enlivening the step and quickening the conscience to blindest deeds of heroism and the only lift to greatness the ages yet had marshalled.

Along these lines they progressed, it mattered not so much to where or how; the reason—well; there seemed, this time, but slight excuse—grew out of the inevitable, and consequences more than justified the sacrifice; Uhlrix would not have missed that ride from

the water front thence for all else a true officer courts, and the horse on which he charged outdid itself to merit the color borne and uphold a well-known tradition of the state whence he came.

The warring hosts of an unhampered invader made bold their advance, and the very elements lent assistance to the awe-inspiring scene: to the resolving of an inconsequential movement into a calamity fraught with world-wide effect. The half of those who lay within reach of battle's weal could not, would not, rouse from the lethargy of an inborn belief; the remainder hearkened the call with indecision, became confused at the thrust and the take that clear the way to ultimate if tardy sodality.

Kaiuolani's heart alone throbbed with life, grew impatient at the delay of those upon whom she depended, and waged war within herself or tolerated the abuse of others whose only interest waxed strong with personal desire. For once her coterie of lovers and adherents had dissipated, with the sole exception of Elmsford; who, taking advantage of the only opportunity fate had given, sought to impress the sorely coveted princess with his much neglected importance as well as conjured usefulness.

They were sitting in the cover of an alcove in the great Blue Room, where Sir Charles had intentionally left his daughter to the homely Britisher's care, while he himself joined Gutenborj in a last consultation with the queen, prior to the planter's final withdrawal; presumably in search of the missing division of a sadly depleted army.

No base or petty contentions disturbed them. The remaining auditors were scattered here and there

around, in close communion; they neither sought nor chose to intrude.

Elmsford broke the somewhat lengthy silence that ensued by asking, candidly:

"What are you thinking about, Kaiuolani?"

"The future, of course," replied she, with a long-drawn, carelessly-heeded accent.

"I wish that I might share it," ventured he, diligently expectant.

"The thought, or the future?" queried the open-minded princess, calmly, and without manifesting the least concern about discretion.

"Just as you prefer, lady beautiful," replied the artist manager, so quickly and earnestly as to impress deeply his listener.

"I should think that Ihoas had best be arbiter," suggested Kaiuolani, a knowing smile the while brightening her apparently vexed countenance.

The color rose to the ruddy Englishman's face; he had not taken into consideration the chief lady in waiting's bearing; neither her likes nor dislikes; did not understand that his demeanor had given occasion for any such confusing of interests or sentiments. He could not, however, recall that he had openly denied Ihoas the privilege of pressing an inclination, hence the reasonableness of Kaiuolani's presumption: the thought, therefore, very reluctantly but forcibly dawned that he had best not disabuse the latter's mind, as her present enlightenment might tend ultimately to thwart his real purpose.

"I fear both of you shall have need for my protection if not affection before nightfall: I would not

so much as presume partiality," replied Elmsford, rather more sure than hopeful of a footing.

"Are you not alarmed at such prodigality? Really, it is not becoming," retorted Kaiuolani, a little provoked at the possible need for his assumption.

"It is English, though."

"What of that?"

"Ah—I say—really, you amaze me!"

"I shall probably do more than that before your dull comprehension concedes less than a woman's disparity."

The straight, out and out, cast in the die, believer in and practitioner of male superiority adjusted his one eyeglass and looked blankly at the sole personage of his acquaintance who dared voice her entity in the very presence of man. Elmsford was shocked. He had never before met with such audacity in woman, outside the few chance Americans it had been his good fortune to meet. Where the princess could have imbibed such thoughts, found the courage to question a suitor's role, was more than he should undertake to guess. That she, a woman, born and reared to the code, might assert an independent personality opened wide his mouth, and with bowing stiffly at her rising and withdrawal the wounded Britisher mumbled inaudibly but bitterly:

"Oh; these blasted Americans: they shall yet poison the minds and shrivel the hearts of all womankind!"

Elmsford was in love, however, and he did not propose to yield the advantages of a convenient marriage, even at the cost of changing face, however inexorable. Living beyond the pale of etiquette for so long a time, only sentiment and not form grated

upon his inborn sense of propriety: the level, if must be, of the New World's profanity need not follow beyond the limits of a woer's exigencies.

The fruitage, too, already seemed the more inviting for its plucking; a deliciousness quite without the reach of antiquated taste inspired the thought; necessity laid bare the hard-beaten track of advancement: to win, the determined suitor must relegate and adapt, buckle on the armor of to-day, plunge into the world alive to the new and dead to the old, his face bright, purpose triumphant, and action as free, as bold, and as untrammeled as is the spirit that moves—comes no man knows whence, yet resolves the endless trend and tramp of time.

"I am no longer a slave," said he, as he hustled forward, begging the retiring princess to heed a determined future.

"That is pleasing: I might say encouraging," replied Kaiuolani with a careless, harmless tilt of the head.

"What care I for empty forms," urged the livened enthusiast, dashing a prized eyeglass into fragments on the floor. These fixings and such trumpery are but a handicap: I am going to prove myself a man. Give me only a chance."

The opportunity soon came—burst upon him before he had fairly assumed the part of combatant; but Elmsford proved more than equal, as compared with Aokahameha who bandied aimlessly with chance.

"I am content" became his watchword, as it had been, always, the people's ruling passion; and at the arrival of couriers bearing the news of Uhlrix's advance their commander in chief waved them aside

with the vain assurance that peace and not war leads to ultimate glory.

Aokahameha looked into the vast unrealized everywhere around then whispered contentedly:

"Let me lie here communing; the god instinct holds; immortality possesses, and love adjures a fellowship with deeds grander, thoughts purer than the conquest of all arms ever yet attained."

CHAPTER XIX.

The palace housed securely its fate. Liliuokolani faltered in the midst of a confusion utterly beyond her control, much less understanding; only Kaiuolani was left to counsel courage or excuse neglect, and the more earnest her admonitions the less effective the appeal, falling like cold shot upon a hardened conscience.

Gutenborj had faithfully promised the Rifles's unswerving stand for established law and universal order, and Aokahameha's complacency still bore a misty significance; yet with each distant drumbeat the princess grew impatient: in some mysterious, forceful way impressed the queen; who, when the last counsel had departed, crossed the room and looked out at the beautiful land she knew of right was theirs, beholding in the foreground yet a loitering band of unmarshalled Guards, the only defense she could trust.

"I wish I had placed myself at the front; which, after all, is the sole support of royalty and only effective hope of individualism," said she, half meditating, the curious princess staring the while blankly in her face.

"Never mind, aunty; the constitution may soon be here, and if not I shall bring it: then you shall proclaim the law. That will put an end to all our troubles," promised Kaiuolani, encouragingly, a secret thought rising to kindle determination and light the fires of constructive energy.

"There can be no end, dear child, until the conflict is over—and it shall wage until one or the other is submerged; there is no crossing of civilizations. Once the channels merge the lesser stream must yield its course: the walls should have been repaired before the breach grew hopeless—the constitution will never reach my hand," sighed the queen, her heart torn, to bleeding, with regret.

"Oh, yes; it shall. Norton is clever, and—well, I may not have been heard from, as yet," replied Kaiuolani, the red blood showing in her face.

"The fruits of cleverness are but for those who indulge them. Your security and my fate abide a loftier aim; and, you are only a woman—Who is yonder courier? What is the commotion? Look, Kaiuolani; the troops are moving!"

"It is Norton: the Guards load: they fire!" cried the princess, as she sprang back from the window and ran toward the stairs.

Norton had returned.

Upon leaving the palace she had gone direct to Bender's quarters, finding there only Ah Mla, cowered in a corner, waiting and meditating with stoic indifference. Said he consolingly and with distress, after a while, having been moved temporarily to rouse from a prolonged stupor:

"Ah Mla pay cash: no catchee opium law. Blender no fetchee constitution; makee new glovernment; Cole heap much plesident. Melican minister big fliend: Chinaman no ledress."

Comprehensive and elusive, Norton elicited from the abused Oriental further the advice that Cole held himself ready at the chamber of commerce rooms,

while Varnum meandered between that place and Bender; who marched, as her informant believed, with authority, and in company with the supposed friend, at the very head and front of the marines, carrying in his own hand the much abused but sorely coveted document.

Without further ado the by this time thoroughly aroused woman re-entered her carriage and drove directly to the chamber of commerce building.

"What in heaven's name are you doing here, man?" demanded she, of the startled Cole, having burst in, unexpectedly and unbidden.

"Oh! my good Norton; you came very near starting my back—you see, I have been under——"

"Instructions, I presume; but, what's doing?"

"Haven't done anything, as yet, except to organize——"

"And what are you going to do?"

"Whatever Bender suggests; Varnum says that's the best way out, now the thing's done."

"And where is Bender?"

"Why, bless you, haven't you heard? He's just now in charge of the marines. They're on the way to the capitol: Varnum says Harvenoiq's going to raise the flag. A great day, this, Norton."

The wily messenger cut short her stay there, and gathering Isaacs—by chance an opportune caller—into the carriage hastened toward the front.

"Vat for you mix me und der marines? I haf droubles already enough," protested he, as she dragged him along.

"Never mind the trouble; it's your pocketbook that

I shall need," replied she, unmindful of the Jew's contemptible plea.

"Got in himmel, Norton; take mine bloot, but spare der pocketbook!"

"Down, dog!" snarled his impatient drag, throwing open the door, as they wheeled past the ranks and neared the lead, where Harvenoiq and Bender still trudged and planned or quarrelled their way long.

"Stop!" yelled she, to the driver,—a native malcontent,—as he swung into the lines, running Harvenoiq nearly down, startling Bender into surprise, and bolting a good-sized panic all round.

"Take this! and give me the constitution," demanded Norton, in threatening undertones, as she leaped to the ground and in the confusion thrust Isaacs hard upon Bender.

The speech-stricken minister of finance feigned innocence.

"You have it in your hand: I want it," scowled she, unmindful of his predicament.

Bender growled disapproval.

"I am from the palace—Kaiuolani is sponsor," urged her ladyship, now doubting the potency of a threat. His frown vanished; an idea moved him.

"Better think well; it's——" began she, more hopefully.

"Take the laidy, too," shouted the busy lieutenant, who had now successfully apprehended both Isaacs and the unruly driver.

"You are a blackguard and a bully," screamed the editress, snapping her fingers in the strident man's sallow-complexioned face.

"Make way for the commodore," urged a burly es-

cort, the while reining forward a plunging, halting mount.

"Hie, yeo; do my eyes deceive me? Is it a lady you would accost? Attention marines; fall back on your lines; salute—make way with your nonsense; cut it; duck—every one of you; can't you see it's I?" roared the pompous commodore, as he rode his ponderous horse steadily into their midst.

"I don't believe I have the honor—madam, may I have the pleasure—confound it! Is there no one here to introduce me? Fall to; relieve your commander; the mount—gaping idiots!" gasped the badly winded American, swinging a dapper boot and daintly proportioned leg snappily to the ground.

"I am Miss Norton, the queen's special messenger."

"Commodore Uhlrix, in command of the Pacific squadron, by grace of her majesty a visitor in the harbor and—d—n me (aside)—with due respect a conservator of the—peace and content—throughout—the land. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. I trust I may be permitted——"

"To serve. Most agreeably——"

"You have but to mention a wish. I should be only too happy——"

"This man (indicating Bender) has purloined the only draft of her majesty's proposed new constitution. He has it now: please compel its surrender."

"What? A constitution? I am shocked. Stand to, ready marines; double up the guard watch; march the culprit hence in haste; deliver the priceless charge anent the throne."

Norton dodged behind the carriage, and in the twinkling of an eye emerged beyond the lines: the

commodore blurted away, confusedly, then turned to pursue a deep-intentioned friendliness—his fair visitor had flown; no one around cared, or would raise a hand to prevent her going: pertinacity seemed to merit the indignation, and turning upon his tormenters, the beaten gallant hissed reproachfully:

"A spy!"

No one answered: Isaacs trembled.

"Who is the Jew? An escort?" demanded Uhlrix, his stub legs scarcely trudging the huge corpus that now writhed in distress.

"Bray, sir, belief me; I am an unwilling auditor," humbly pleaded the sorely conscious Isaacs.

"A hostage, you are. And a healthy one, too; the look of you betrays somebody's proper reimbursement. Shackle him, lieutenant, and send scouts after the spy. Uhlrix is an American, every inch a democrat."

The scouts, as it were, did not pursue their quest beyond an entrance to the first saloon. Norton had spied them, nevertheless, and redoubling the speed soon landed safely, but sorely tried within reaching distance of the palace guard lines. Here she paused for reflection. The drumbeats grew louder; the marines were close at hand: time were a boon, but intuition served better the necessities; grappling with fate, her conscience by eagerness, Norton ran, with tatters flying, into the midst of an only defense, screaming:

"To your arms; make haste; the palace is endangered!"

Aokahameha, their sole trust, unmindful of the timely warning, headless of decisive opportunity, careless of a nation's destiny, turned from duty, ignored

the call and eschewed privilege to coddle the spirit that bound him slave.

"Can't you love me, Ihoas? give me some little encouragement? brighten with only a smile the tedium of living? It is so little to give, yet all the world to me. Answer, Ihoas; my hereafter depends upon it," pleaded he, over drunk even to the dregs.

Ihoas's head drooped and her face flushed; she could neither answer nor comprehend, only whispered:

"So little to give!"

Could this man whom she had hoped to reconcile to a serviceable, more befitting love—might share the throne—prize so much a thing deemed of so little consequence? The answer that he would have must crush her hope, and if mortality be the end, why the sacrifice?

"I am unworthy the repose. Do you not discern the inevitable? Everywhere around, stalwart men await you: hearken the voice of a leader. See! They are already tauntingly pressed; shot and laughter rent the air. Rise, Aokahameha, and bid defiance to conscience."

"Let them shoot," replied the heedless general; "I lie content till Ihoas speaks."

CHAPTER XX.

The marines pressed hard at the gate.

"Halt!" shouted Aokahameha, rising upon his elbow to confront the courier who had advanced unmolested close to the palace doors.

"I demand your immediate surrender," replied the intruder, half sarcastically, half in earnest.

"Whose surrender?" interceded Ihoas, while Aokahameha barely changed to a less comfortable position on the bench.

The nonplussed messenger made no reply; just whom he sought or where to begin had not dawned upon Uhlrix's mind, much less had it occurred to the aid who carried his dispatch.

"Who dares so boldly?" ventured Ihoas, after a while, cutting short the pause that ensued.

"America," knowingly replied the lackey.

"Charge!" shouted Aokahameha, turning to face the Guards, before either one speaking had recovered the shock; which, seemingly, affected both alike.

Instantly the glad soldiery wheeled to, a thousand deadly cartridges dropped into place, and as many rifles leveled in the face of a halting, mystified foe.

Ihoas arose, imploring wildly:

"To battle, Aokahameha; Kaiuolani is the prize!"

Terror seized the over-conscious man and running forward he would have ordered a cessation, but his voice failed him: the wild gesticulations of a frightened

leader only encouraged the more the determined ranks, whereat a wicked report from two solid columns rang out defiance, echoed the warning its trained, undaunted purpose bespoke.

The Americans wavered. The charge had come unexpectedly, and their broken lines needs must have faltered had not an undaunted leader rallied and held them face to face with danger.

Uhlrix astride his heavy horse galloped to the fore, and lifting in the stirrups, his harsh, nasal voice heard above the din of tumult, shouted:

"Fire!"

Their aim proved deadly. The havoc wrought was more than he had expected. An organized front broke into scattering fragments and daring men ran to shelter. Aokahameha fell among the first, bleeding at Ihoas's feet. The startled princess threw herself over him, calling loudly:

"Courage, Aokahameha; Ihoas speaks."

But the proud man was past heeding,—even a cherished hope,—and lay helpless upon the ground. The Guards ran hither and thither, trembling with disaster. The marines advanced upon the capitol, clearing and slashing the way with carbine and saber; and with driving the enemy and surrounding the building an ominous silence overcast the place. High above them drooped and fluttered the cross and bars, waving to the world its innocent grace and sacred claims. Harvenoiq spied it.

Still standing prisoner beneath the folds of his own—a flag that he would do honor, yet suffer to degrade—the fain diplomat cogitated with Bender the best means of escape or pandered self with the pos-

sibility of unheard-of rehabilitation. The flag cord stood wound securely within reach; the crafty Isaacs now displayed round his shoulders the significant stars and stripes; Harvenoiq breathed intently; temptation mastered, and grasping the unthwarted emblem the ready reckoner made it fast, loosened the cord and—as the one lowered the other rose, striking terror into the hearts of a friendly people, raising enthusiasm among his own, to the point of tolerance—signalled the outcome that none but he had dared design.

The retreating Guards halted and gazed, breathless and expectant amid the sacred grounds in front of the queen's palace. The marines drew up in order round the capitol building. Not a word escaped. All eyes turned toward the flags. A chance whirlwind entangled them and Harvenoiq tugged at the rope, but could raise the one nor lower the other hardly an inch. Providence had decreed the flight of empire and all the powers of earth could not raise the embargo nor broaden those bounds beyond the bare limit of conquest's idle fruitage.

Nor was the trophy to be won without an essential cost. Twice the little flag fluttered free in the skies. No common man appeared able to check or advance its beneficent inspiration; all sweltered blind in stupid lowness—but again the faithful, star-voiced standard waved loose from the unthinking, feeling-bereft monster that would gorge serene on plundered plenty, and open-mouthed men started amazed at an only call—rising as of old from the deep unfathomable, claiming recognition, rousing energy, signalling the goal.

Kaiuolani dashed into their midst,—Ipo snorting and foaming,—her corded cap, tasseled boots, and

legginged uniform afresh and scabbard dangling: the stilled environs livened with valor and torn breasts breathed anew the spirit that survives, as she charged up and down a rapidly reorganizing front, shouting:

"Rally, comrades; Kaiuolani leads!"

They did recover; and with one sharp, decisive advance hurled the marines, Uhlrix, his pensioners and all, back upon adjoining streets, bleeding and torn and overcome.

Kaiuolani, fired and foremost, ran toward the flagstaff. A swarthy Guard hauled aloft the emblem of their country: the stars and stripes swung low, and the proud princess rising in the saddle and brandishing her sword whipped the hated rag into shreds at their feet.

"Long live the princess," rang out in chorus from a myriad hoarse throats, scarcely failing the hushed, hard suspense, till their leader turned to meet and face a more painful, deadlier conflict.

Young and the Rifles had come, and with fixed bayonets and double step bore down upon the rear.

The march had been continuous and the distance great, but the new and untried were eager for a chance and their commander waxed hot with revenge.

Norton had convinced him.

Having misled Uhlrix and stirred the Guards to ill-advised action, she, close pursued and eager, made good her disappearance and drove away to meet and surcharge the Rifles; arriving scarcely Gutenborj had reached and directed their reasonable necessities.

"But, I tell you, you are misinformed; or, perhaps, not at all aware of recent developments," urged Norton, to the surprised planter, with emphasis, in a last en-

deavor to convince Young, the three having met in hasty consultation.

"I understand the situation perfectly: all that we require is a safe, sound and conservative management of the Rifles—the queen is spokesman," replied he, quite positive and not the least argumentative.

"She is a prisoner and a back number, this very minute," declared their unsought informant, with crafty vehemence.

"What?" queried they, in breathless unison.

"The palace is surrounded, and Kaiuolani is chief——"

"That is false! If there is any such disturbance at the palace, depend upon what I say: Bender is at the bottom of it," interposed Young, unable to bear the contemplated accusation, particularly as he himself had encountered the two—both Bender and Kaiuolani—keeping close company, while riding on the avenue, earlier in the day.

"He may be a close counsellor: I shouldn't undertake to venture less, though I have no very apparent reason for predicting as much: you may know more about that than I do," replied Norton, her eyes riveted hard upon Young's reddening face.

Gutenborj weakened,—the possibilities were more than he could risk,—saying in compromising tones, to Young only, having ignored Norton entirely:

"Possibly we had best hold the Rifles in check until better advised. Let us keep our hands clean; Bender may be on top; I understand Uhlrix is susceptible—the marines are invincible: our interests——"

"Hold, man!" interrupted Young unable longer to

restrain his feelings. "Would you place property above life, sacrifice honor to save dollars?"

"Order is my religion; the laws subserve best who the powers heed most," answered the shrewd financier, with characteristic confidence.

"Fain reason never won fair laurel. Policy degrades: patriotism uplifts—go your way: Floyd Young shall do his part in deeds that ring true," replied the younger man, with a vigor that convinced; thereat, leaping astride his horse and flashing the steel that welds, shouted:

"Forward, march!"

Both Gutenborj and Norton did go their way, and the Rifles doubly quickened toward the palace; Young's indignation grew with each recurring memory; the distant crack and rumble of musketry hardened conscience, and barely the Guards recovered their front Kaiuolani met face to face her old-time champion.

Their eyes flashed determination. The one flamed and encouraged with the glow of success: the other measuring well the consequences of a mistaken conduct—how could they but alter the progress and change the course of a conflict in which they waged?

"Lay down your arms, Kaiuolani, and heed a more befitting usefulness," said Young, calmly, having measured well, as he took it, the probable outcome of a conflict.

"Then lay down yours, or prove the right to challenge," replied the princess, wholly unmindful of any possible inequality.

Kaluolani met her lover's gaze without a tremor; he flushed and hesitated,—the supreme test had come,

—then recovering turned to his command and ordered them advance with bayonets fixed.

Wheeling round and facing her men, Kaiuolani shouted:

"Charge, Guards; your princess leads!"

They fired, and the battle raged anew.

Twice the sturdy patriots forced the hungry oncomers hard upon their reserves, but each time those careless hirelings heeded a master's call and rallying forced admittance beyond the gates. But the Guards stood upon principle, and the voice of a princess brooked no retreat—the marines once again came into sight! they pressed forward in the distance!

"Trapped?" whispered the princess, half audibly—"No, no; not I; never these men—on with the battle! forward the lines!" cried she, charging fearlessly ahead, her voice ringing triumph in the ears of those she trusted, striking terror to the hearts of a ruthless foe.

The ground she gained ran red with blood; the moans of the fallen, the ghastly heaps of dead and dying did not stop them; Kaiuolani knew no halting short of a queen's deliverance, her country's salvation. She urged and directed: Young rallied and implored—but personal interests pitted against national valor proved a hopeless task: the Rifles weakened, became panic-stricken, and the onrushing Guards swept over them like a storm trampling the heavens.

The queen sat there, in her room, throughout it all, stoic and indifferent. The destiny of her cares had passed into other hands; the hopes and aims of a lifetime trembled in the balance; the aspirations of generations seemed crushed beneath the ruthless hand

of fate; centuries of development, and the highest and best at their disposal must abide the decree of a stronger will: Liliuokolani breathed easily, and at last placed her faith where kings and princes, paupers and producers alike find a living, unyielding consolation.

She set her foot down to stay. The place belonged to her, and no man bore the right to dispossess. Norton stole into the room. She came there as she had gone elsewhere—hurriedly.

"Fly, Liliuokolani, fly; the Rifles are crushed; the Guards are marching out, the marines advancing!" whispered Norton, eagerly.

"Why should I go? and who are you, to address me thus?" replied the queen, calmly.

Thereat Elmsford burst in at the door, and Norton as quickly left. He had gone there as a last resort to save the queen from possible capture.

"Come with me; it is your majesty's only refuge—the walls of my house shall protect you against harm. Come?" said he, earnestly and in good faith.

"No. I remain here, where I belong, even in the face of abandonment. Go. Save yourselves; Liliuokolani is immovable."

And they went—the victorious Guards, the queen's retinue, and all those in authority who sympathized—orderly and rapidly toward Diamond Head; though Kaiuolani did not know until long afterwards that the queen herself remained shut up and alone at the palace.

Those upon whom the princess relied for counsel knew better than she the futility of undertaking peacefully to induce Liliuokolani's going, and to remove

her by force had been an act of rebellion—so construed by both Uhlrix and Young in justification of their openly wanton and widely intentioned assaults. The two hard-fought engagements had so depleted the Guards that to stand ground against such odds had been worse than madness: the possibility of recruiting under shelter the necessary force to regain the capital and effectively establish authority outweighed in the minds of knowing ones: Kaiuolani was led innocent and the flight directed.

Sitting, however, in final council just outside the city, where a temporary halt was made to recover breath and prepare the march, their gallant commander suddenly arose and nervously turning her glasses upon the doomed capitol in the distance reeled, and shrieked:

"The flag!"

Thenceforth her advance became solely a matter of their prevision.

CHAPTER XXI.

Young quickly overcoming surprise gathered together his frightened remnant and in the absence of anything more definite or satisfying hurled them against the oncoming, but now sturdy marines.

Uhlrix met the young colonel in the open. The lines were drawn up, facing each other, between the two buildings—the palace directly in rear of Young's division, the capitol well behind the invader's strengthened force. The two men carefully measured chances. The stilled agony of defeat urged their respective commands on in the quest of thirsty revenge.

Bender stood champion at the side of Uhlrix; Harvenoiq's exploitations ended with the flag's first fall: his antagonist's word thenceforth augured the reliance a better judgment signified; the American commander sent the one to the rear in stricter confinement, called the other forward to direct better the movement that he had contemplated should forthwith deliver the drafted constitution where it of right belonged—directly in the queen's own hand.

Norton edged close to Young; her work still remained but partly done: Gutenborj's stiff-necked absentation afforded fresh occasion; Young yet believed himself capable of sweeping the land of a last unpatriotic showing, listened to the voice that stirred his fancy—conjured an only ideal.

Little did either think himself standing in the midst of a tragedy that should go, unheeded, perhaps, but none the less decisive, down through time unforgotten

as an epoch-building event—the one opening the long closed and self adjusting doors of a pent up and overwrought people, the other but attending death's last faint quiver; as a tempting morsel lingers, soothing the palate of some gaunt, writhing monster. Life to that pursued sacrifice, to those vain Islanders, had been as sweet, their hopes as grand, the struggle as earnest, as are the progressions of every giant grown thing that thrives to prey and devours that it may survive: fulfilling in the end an unchallenged decree, that to live all things must perish.

"Strike hard, my love," said Norton, whimsically, drawing close and assuming much.

The words fell cold and parched upon the overled colonel's fast waning conscience and surcharged patience. He knew that she had tricked him, for the stars and stripes floated high above them: no mean man placed it there, nor would the mecanations of, even, a titled dreamer serve to keep it aloft a worthy commander's head. Uhlrix, a compatriot, and fellow, must be rigidly in honor possessed—Kaiuolani had been driven to all but lost by the ready wit of a sister in kind, if rival of choice.

His own best endeavors had counted for nothing in worthiness, yet he believed her the embodiment of a truth that knows no higher, elects not to trifle with compromise.

Norton inspired him with the same kind of courage she herself had always displayed, convinced him again of the superior desirableness of doing things, and above others remained despite all that transpired the sole exponent of an innate conviction. Had bare faithfulness shunned better opportunity? misjudg-

ment frowned upon favor? the wanting sacrificed the willing? Momentarily the thought ran riot with the words, and then that higher self, which had never failed him in the end, perchance determined the deed, hearkened distinctly that hinder call, the siren-voiced ambition flayer, duty.

Young argued severely the right, but Uhlrix remained inexorable. Bender had gained his sympathies and knew better the wiles of policy: he had seen from a distance Young's failing stand for principle and witnessed Kaiuolani's ruthlessly wrought predicament—only were the Rifles under his command Norton could be made way with, the queen apprehended and Kaiuolani coerced. But how——

"The desertion!" flashed upon him like a thunderbolt from heaven. "I'll rid myself and incumber him. Here, General, why waste words with an imposter? a deserter from the United States army?"

"Who is a deserter? Show me the villain, or I'll make you smart for the trouble," growled Uhlrix, unexpectedly shaking with anger at so serious an affront.

"F. W. Young, the fellow whom you would confront," replied Bender, unflinchingly anticipatory.

"I? face a criminal? Out with the proof!"

"Harvenoiq will sustain me."

"D——d poor evidence; but, I'll hear it. Officer, produce the witness."

Harvenoiq, by this time securely impaled and doubly guarded, unwillingly shuffled forward. Bender attracting his attention and catching his eye spoke first; no risk should be taken now, that the perspiration oozed in dripping beads from the commodore's mighty

forehead and Norton eyed with cool deliberation and hard-tried patience the apparently senile proceedings.

"I have accused Mr. Young, here, of desertion. Do the records in your office verify the charge?"

The crestfallen minister looked his oldtime accomplice straight in the face, crowding a thousand serious memories into one short instant: the best and most satisfying of which undoubtingly urged further allegiance if not absolute acquiescence: especially that freedom proffered at the instance of an easily verified subterfuge.

Harvenoiq, though, did not observe Norton forward of the opposing ranks or he might have thought twice before venturng upon so hazardous an undertaking. Dazed and overpowered by Bender's stress he labored and stared, seemingly tongue-tied and wholly unconscious, till Uhlrix snarled snappishly:

"Well?"

"Yes," whined the bewildered fellow, apparently relieved for the chance.

"And I can fix the identity," interposed Norton, advancing with set, determined foot.

"Stop, woman," demanded Young, sternly but kindly.

Norton wheeled, and looked her arrestor inquisitively in the face.

Young colored with anger; whereat she replied, threateningly:

"You may have good need for my interference."

"Wayntro," said Young, addressing his under-command hotly, "relieve me of this woman's presence; when in need of a champion I'll call a man."

The uncalled-for imputation caused Norton little uneasiness, but just what should become of her champion's career under such circumstances presented a trying problem. To oppose were to estrange, to acquiesce to suffer him the pain of an avoidable accusation—and, still yet, would the princess listen to the explications of an accused? No. Therefore let him reap the chagrin his cold resistance to her own proffered friendliness merited. Time itself must work, in its own proper way, a just and reasonable solution of all his difficulties, and an humble acquiescence have raised her in the estimation of the very one she deigned to sacrifice.

"As you like, my good sir," said she, bowing and walking away, under the itching stare of Bender, who feigned to grin at a for once prospective revenge.

"Take it, and prove the charge," said Young, deliberately casting his sword upon the ground.

"An easy riddance of a useless appendange? Officer, place the good culprit under careful surveillance; there seems to be some trick behind this rather awkward if ready affair," replied Uhlrix, confused and puzzled beyond immediate comprehension.

In the lull that ensued Bender snatched up the discarded weapon and springing astride Young's dismounted horse dashed behind the bewildered but happy Rifles. A sharp, threatening volley burst high over their depleted ranks, but the flying bullets bore no significance to Bender other than to make good at all hazards his own escape. Nor did he get off entirely alone, for a willing soldiery heralded his return: the marines offered no resistance, were glad of the withdrawal, and the last conjured support to a

tottering monarchy promptly departed the otherwise deserted grounds; though Bender took occasion before quite out of reach to dismount and attempt a stolen satisfaction within what seemed to be an utterly abandoned palace.

"I'll surprise myself; the queen is gone and Norton—well, catch her if you can," said he, to himself, clutching tightly the now cumbersome constitution. "Kaiuolani is mine! and I'll leave the precious document anent the throne; where Uhlrix shall find it, and claim it, and defend it, till all America is content.

Striding through the quiet halls and in at the open door, no thought of encountering her majesty disturbed his rising spirits. The Guards had marched away,—there was no doubt about that,—and to try the great, high chair in anticipation of its future occupancy had been an easy matter had not the redoubtable Liliuokolani rose to greet his startled presence.

"You here? I thought your majesty a deposed hostess, not a mystic monarch," gasped he, trembling under the force of sudden impulse.

The queen made no answer, yet stooped to take from his hand the proffered constitution.

A grating and a slash—but Norton struck the fiendish steel from his treacherous hand.

"Foiled!" snarled she, drawing from her waist a loaded pistol which she held covering his face.

"Listen, cowardly villain," continued the roused woman, prefacing the queen's unequivocal declaration:

"Hear ye, all men and women: I proclaim this written constitution the sovereign law of Hawaii."

CHAPTER XXII.

Elmsford and his now disconcerted company had safely reached Lord Xenoav's island possession, the beautiful villa and estate at Diamond Head, where the British flag was made to do hasty service in protecting Kaiuolani and the Guards from immediate molestation. At sight of the obnoxious stars and stripes aloft the capitol building the over-proud princess had fallen in a swoon, but now that a short, swift march brought them into friendlier environments, where she beheld the raising of a trusted if not less objectionable standard, new thoughts and a promised deliverance rekindled severely tried energy.

The discovery of her majesty's failure did not in the least weaken Kaiuolani, only hastened the more a decision to make restitution, to survive a huge blunder; Young's downfall shattered the barest prospect of entreaty; a tyrant laid siege, and would batter down even the flag of truce to satisfy an ungovernable end: with what of hearing at the instance of friendly couriers and conjecturing from the cold caldron of resolute reflection the past loomed a dangerously contrived escapade necessitating thenceforth a stricter adherence to the settled requirements of conventionality's harsh ultimatum.

She had done what she did under the hot impulse of lone personality, paying little heed to the uncontrolled potentialities of superior force and conflict-

ing interests. Henceforth she must not only combat with evil, but lessen the gap between the deed and the occasion, consulting more the necessities, questioning less the right.

With resolving proper conduct and conjecturing a fancied means, Kaiuolani breathed fresh relief, but the look of the situation frightened her: obligation alone made it possible for her to do, even dare.

Pickets had been thrown out in every direction and the troops massed around the main buildings: the little coterie of disconsolate patriots earnestly engaged themselves with discussing behind secure confines the probable outcome of what now seemed to all but one an ill-advised if well-timed retreat. Kaiuolani's ardor had not cooled, as yet, with the elimination of dash, and the very thought of England and those upon whose hospitality she still survived encouraged strongly a secret belief. She ventured, even reasoned.

"You are risking a lot to save perhaps a very foolish princess, Mr. Elmsford—I wonder what Lord Xenoav might think?" said she, in reply to the artist manager's repeated protestations of unselfish aim.

"He would say it were not a bit too much: I should call out the tars if I thought it at all necessary; Elmsford is jolly game, you know."

"Possibly you shall have an opportunity, if we succeed in resting here until under cover of night I can reach the harbor; Ihoas suggests wrongly, and I shall want forthwith to visit the flagship before venturing toward castle Bairdsraith; this affair has not gone entirely beyond our reckoning, as yet, believe me."

"Quite right you are, Kaiuolani, but how is your

ladyship to make good the escape? There seems to be no end of pursuit," suggested Elmsford, deeply concerned; for just then word had come that advancing troops were to be seen in the distance.

"I shall not for that trust so much to luck as to my good friend Elmsford," replied the princess, less disturbed than resolved.

They looked from one to another, mystified and uncertain. Ihoas had urged Kaiuolani to take definite steps to influence Lord Xenoav's intercession, to bring Great Britain to their defense; that her own love should be so jeopardized was more than she had bargained,—Kaiuolani's reliance foretold Elmsford's availment,—yet rising above personal interests the deep, unfathomable princess resolved in silence and bade them speed their pleasure. To her life held a higher reverence than bare affinity: she would die for the gods, and a thousand years unbroken allegiance made easy the sacrifice.

Kaiuolani again buckled on the sword, and turning to her latest recognized champion asked sharply:

"Are you ready?"

Elmsford, twisting about, hemmed and hawed unintelligibly; just what should be expected of him under the circumstances had been fully gathered from Kaiuolani's conversation and answer; that Ihoas's proposal, however, suited him best there could be no question. Strategy should avail him in getting the princess on board a convenient Englishman, now lying in the harbor,—her own heroism to the contrary notwithstanding,—but would the lone attempt of a doubtful subject be sufficient to insure the secretly contemplated kidnapping?

Darkness was already coming upon them and the clouds ran thick and murky. Temporary command had been advisedly turned over to Ihoas, in view of Aokahameha's continued disability, and a feint in due course prepared. Kaiuolani had dressed for the occasion, and Elmsford stood ready to father with might and main the inwardly doubtful undertaking when, of a sudden, Norton—apparently out of breath and full in earnest—subtly shied herself into their presence, waving and ejaculating:

"Fly, Kaiuolani, fly; the Rifles, with Bender in command, and the combined force and friendly sanction of both Uhlrix and the queen at his beck and call, press hard upon you!"

Strangely enough the false, cruel makeshift impressed deeply those who heard; they knew, however, only too well the crafty minister's master ambition; and, perchance, had their withdrawal estranged Liliuokolani? the conflict convinced Uhlrix? Kaiuolani's eagerness exceeded the bounds of discretion, and Elmsford foolishly made manifest their unqualified intent—Norton had not only accomplished her purpose, but went away again, as mysteriously as she had come, the wiser for the trouble.

No such thought as to run away entered Kaiuolani's head, though to Elmsford's way of thinking and Norton's supreme delight it had saved the one a distasteful expedient and the other an artless compromise. They were surrounded, and the fire once more flashed from her dancing, dark eyes—she would mow down the foreign fiends as stubble falls under the sickle bar, but little Uena-O-Zan came modestly bowing and whispering:

"Hush, my lovely mistress; would you save life, bid Uena speak. The foreign lady and the great, top minister hold counsel. They are out, over the gate: some scheme they discuss to do. The flag he sees—my honorable mistress may yet escape; Uena hears much and fears not any."

"You are a dear, good little maid, and I shall truly heed you. Had you not come as a fairy the whole regiment should have fallen like the victims they are. Now that you have quenched the fire you may arrest the fiend. What shall a captive do?"

"Make ready to wait; Uena shall say for you where to go. Kwannon much do mercy."

The night grew darker, and Bender waxed mad with thwarted zeal and confounded advice, for that flag alone waved effective defiance and Norton, knowing her man, lost no time in the attempt at unmaking.

"Wayntro," demanded he, after a while, angrily, "here. Take charge of this business and hold good the siege till I return; it is necessary for me—your commander—to consult the English admiral, at once. Take care that none escape—I charge you at your peril; British arrogance never ventured beyond trade and bluff."

"And an Irishman's patience," put in the doughty captain, good-humoredly.

Bender galloped away, and the Rifles lay down to snatch a very needed rest. The captain, commanding, ordered a strict watch, and himself proceeded at once with the not altogether arduous task of enticing without the invested place an only, anxious sweetheart; for Wayntro possessed a heart—big and true—that, also, throbbed with love's own pulse beat.

"Be after resting snugly on your arms, and never a peep till Wayntro speaks," said he, significantly, as the tired sentries ambled toward their careless duties

"I am too very shy," replied a modest voice, but a moment later, within, as the captain edged close under the overgrown hedge at one side a convenient gate.

"Uena! Bless your two souls. I'd risk anything—brave these devilish thorns to get one more smack at those tiny lips; I do believe it's an age since I've tasted such sweetness. Do, now, be after letting me in; I want you so bad, I don't want you—what's that? Danger, duty: duty, danger—there's not a soul in there that would hurt a hair on Wayntro's head."

"Oh Joyce! How could they? You haven't any got."

"Come, Uny; that's not fair; no poking fun at long range, through the bush, nor over closed gates. Loosen the latch, deary; I can't wait no longer."

"If you'll not come, promise, till three I count, and close under the hedge inside follow, your lonely sweetheart shall so run——"

"Break it off, Uny; I'll do the whole thing as you say, and nary a quibble."

Uena withdrew the bar, as agreed, and her good-intentioned lover followed (none too expeditiously) the blind wake of her secret vigil; till, presently, a faint light lured him beyond their improvised cover and into the big, rambling barns near at hand.

"Now here you wait," said his enticer, extinguishing the torch and leaping over an empty manger, leaving the dumfounded captain to grope in doubt abreast

a deserted stall, "till Uena one thousand counts. Her sweetness shall then the uncertainty displace."

There was no getting out of that place, either with or without detection; so Wayntro waited, and Kaiuolani together with Elmsford, her secretly plotting gallant, escaped the plantation, deliberately drove through the listless lines and went their way, regardless if undecided.

Soon after an excited launch load of muffled bluejackets, prowling and peering hither and thither, stoutly hailed and roughly overhauled a dingy, frolicsome little dugout that cautiously creeped and diligently watched among the giant ironclads here and there casting their dull shadows at anchor in the dark, silent waters of an overcast harbor against the noised-up capital below. The miniature flag of England trailing defiantly at the little boat's stern bore no significance to those hawk-eyed sleuth-dogs; they were bent on capturing a prize, and heedful lest Kaiuolani escape would run down even the king's own craft.

"Let, go, bobby," shouted Elmsford, as a hurled grappling iron hooked their frail canoe, splintering it from stern to stem; "it's all a huge blunder; can't you see the colors?"

"To h——l wid y'r ruse," growled a burly boatswain, hauling hard fast the already sinking, waterlogged craft.

That voice and those huskies were more than Kaiuolani could well face, and dropping carelessly from her shoulders a loose-bodied garment the undaunted little princess slid overboard and into the deep, warm waters of the bay, where a trained eye and dextrous stroke saved her scarce a known identification.

Her trapped escort, however, fared less agreeably; snatching the flag abaft the sinking hulk the mortified Englishman permitted with something of persuasion his rude arrestors to haul him, wet and thankful, safely aboard their own dry, but detested deck; whereat he boisterously belabored and threshed in the face the most convenient flunkey at hand, boastfully asserting:

"Great Britain shall make you pay right smart for this: carry me at once to her majesty's flagship, the *Londoncan.*"

"My friend," said a voice in authority, "you had best take your medicine like a man. You are only guest here, and subject to a host's pleasure. Confess. Who was the damsel that just now so gracefully eluded me?"

"The queen——"

"What? Liliuokolani?"

Elmsford, on being interrupted, stopped short of what he had intended saying.

"I observed no perceptible rise in the tide," continued the American, facetiously.

"Nor shall you till you've landed me where I belong; the flagship's a safer barometer and—refuge, now that you choose to dally with opportunity."

"Pull away, men," shouted the officer; we'll overtake her, you bet; though these duskies swim like eels, if proportioned as whales."

Elmsford settled back in the boat's bottom, happy and content that each stroke brought him nearer the revered war ship, Kaiuolani's intended place of going, if not originally his own; knowing the princess of old he would chance her pursuit at such hands

with anything short of a harpoon, and once within hailing distance no vulgar bluecoat would do a British subject the least insolence; an Englishman demands first the person, then the controversy.

Passing, however, close under the big *Mariposa's* lee,—the English merchantman having, as usual, called at Honolulu on her regular run from Sydney to Vancouver, had already begun to weigh anchor,—save the rippling and rumbling occasioned by the corded chains, no sound or sight disturbed the stilled waters around. Elmsford would have given half his life had Norton and her Uncle Sam's blunt assailant come upon the scene but a moment later, for he too should have climbed the rope ladder dangling at that ship's gangway high above, as did Kaiuolani no sooner the launch that bore him captive had gone round the stern and away from discovery.

Presently the head on bell sounded, and the lingering heir to an unrecovered throne went out into a cold, politic world to fight her battle anew, but none the less inspired for the experience gained; those waters were to her as was the land she departed, and no base man nor arrant knave might arrest her progress upon or beneath the one's surface nor challenge unanswered her right to the other's beneficence.

Such environments and so vital an expression served but to adjure achievement upon a broader plane, to baffle sense and quicken the reach toward endeavors yet unrealized, and as she looked back upon the lore-rent castles of a slumbering people a deep gathering sympathy beamed from her dry-burnt eyes—the sorrows of depleted sway had long ago worked from the soul its crucial bitterness, and the

will, insurmountable, as it were, carried her beyond the bare vortex of failure and into the hard and fast bounds of an inexorable divine-striven energy.

"All things are for the best," said she, patiently, to herself, as she turned her back upon disappointment, facing again the hopeful, "and Kaiuolani shall yet ride justly recognized over the cruelties of failing mankind."

CHAPTER XXIII.

With a trampled queen doggedly clinging to an unheeded, hinderless authority and Kaiuolani speeding toward but a conjectured mission the long sown, potently dormant seed of restlessness quickly, subtly sprang into a veritable reality. The secretly compelling force of a self-adapting, all-pervading heterogenesis, however, suddenly brought out undeniably the new and existant, if undetermined body politic. Anarchism had supplanted organization, and of necessity more than prevision the occasion for some sort of provisional government inalterably arose.

Chaos reigned everywhere and there remained not an effective agency to stem the tide of disintegration: unrealized purpose stalked gloomily in the face of apparent disorder, and no man seemed able to marshal the courage of his convictions.

An abused heir and gauged correctly at the last moment Great Britain's probable attitude in the absence of positive instructions; Elmsford's slow attempt convinced her of as much,—though she never did guess rightly his blundering intent,—and if dogged away her escape, even at the cost of personal indignity, proved as confusing to those who would build upon her absence as it was gratifying to the admiral who winked at her going.

Norton had, as Isaacs had good reason to know, seen the Englishman first—Kaiuolani, Bender, Elms-

ford, or any other interested individual to the contrary notwithstanding—and the direction of her immediate actions more than proved the wisdom of his conclusion. There seemed to be no prospect of interference in that direction.

The marines had done all that lay within their scope or power and resting back in camp awaited further developments or speculated upon the outcome of Young's forthcoming trial.

Their commander waxed hot with borrowed indignation, but could not be induced to take a hand at bringing order out of an uncertainty occasioned for the most part by his own stupid gravity and soggy temper. Harvenoiq had been restored, it is true, to his questionable liberties, but shorn of Bender's support or usage his flabby conscience scarce ventured so much as an excuse. Here again no prospect gleamed to insure those whose fortunes tossed and buffeted at sea.

The Rifles and Guards played at hide and seek; Gutenborj awaited anxiously an opportunity to cling to some one; Varnum slunk at Uhlrix's indifference; Young remained a prisoner; Aokahameha lay wounded; and Bender dogged his pursuers—all were as babes, nursing their feelings or afraid of any kind of expression, yet Norton boldly but advisedly published a pretended call requiring those who might to appear on the morrow, at twelve o'clock noon, in the armory, to answer in person for the establishment of a temporary government.

It was a first deliberate attempt at wielding public influence, and, saving Young, no one knew or suspicioned the real purpose of her sudden activity.

"You shall heed me, though," growled Norton, in suppressed anger, as the colonel firmly denied her last request, upon departing his prison quarters, where she had gained an interview before proceeding to the editorial rooms, now besieged by anxious inquisitors.

Young made no answer, but stood reflecting the baseness of her proposal and the probable outcome of his own displacement.

"You shall heed me," repeated she, more savagely than before, her hand gripping tightly the knob in the still closed door.

"No; never," replied he, downcastfully.

"The nomination might change your mind."

"Not in the face of a constitution."

"What constitution?"

"The new one."

"There is none."

"Bender says there is."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

Norton slammed the door and went her way, troubled with a new and unthought of situation. That they two—Bender and Young—should, would or could have communicated with each other under the circumstances went beyond her farthest contemplation. Though she had misadvised Young as to Kaiuolani's situation, possibly sooner known to him at Bender's hand, she would not weaken, and with troubles doubled nerved herself for the occasion.

"Yes," said she to Gutenborj, but a few moments later, having received him privately at the office of

the for once respected *Ware Wizzard Wise;* "Young must be made chairman; it is our only compromise.

"He? A convict? With my support? The thought of it! I have been, I acknowledge, fooled these many years, but—not any more.

"Tut, tut! Vain wisdom outruns your good sense; he is only a prisoner, not a convict—and if I mistake not would be gladly released under shelter of the first pretext."

"I don't understand your philosophy."

"Nor shall you till made."

"The army is inexorable; he is an American, not a Hawaiian."

"Like pretty much all the rest of us; and, perchance, no more susceptible, if less cosmopolitan. Try him; the rest shall; they are helpless."

"My hands are clean. Let events resolve their own proper course; discipline is unavoidable and myself content."

"You may think well of retiring; the lion's share is tempting, but please don't forget that there are others who would share in the spoils."

"You insult me. I have nothing not my own."

"Did you ever hear of anybody's pretending otherwise? It ill becomes Kalakaua's best friend to fail of comprehension."

"Stop wrangling, madam; the sweep of empire alone inspires. Hawaii is doomed in the recreation of America."

"Along with some of its would-be conservatives. See here, Hans Gutenborj: if compelled, I can release Colonel Young in a jiffy. I may do so rather

than see him thrown down by the man who has profited most, and for years, at his expense."

"Gracious goodness, goodness gracious! As if his release would serve your highfalutin purpose. Really, you make me tired. I trow, Bender shall attend to the clipping of your wings."

"Bender! The one man, who—but there now; I shall not insist; they say a woman cannot hold her tongue; we shall see. I presume you intend being on hand, as usual, in furtherance of a 'safe, sound and sane' interpretation of 'law and order'?"

"If it serves my convenience, yes."

"Your fortune, you mean."

"Heaven save us! A woman's tongue is our readiest means—of undoing. Madam, premit me the privilege of an humble good-day."

Drawing round a rapidly waning apprehension still more snugly the cloak of security issuing as the result of a final installation of the marines the big, oversure planter, fat with knightly if debatable concessions quietly left the humble editress amid the storm of denunciation a last, intolerable straw had provoked.

Designing little but caring much Gutenborj walked leisurely round (only a short distance) to Uhlrix's ominous camp "Bonton," deliberately and newly established at the old historic villa where Liliuokolani herself had spent most all her childhood days. The once resplendent halls now resounded with the rattle and bang of heavier stalkings. A foreign force without leave or license had cold-heartedly appropriated this the most inviting place at hand to its own uncertain use and doubtful occupation; their puffed-up com-

mander vainly renaming it in honor of the ship they proudly manned. Their latest visitor, confident and hopeful, tendering his card, with compliments, at the gate, soon found himself ushering into the presence of the one he sought—but Norton had sooner anticipated his going. She too had been there.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Promptly at twelve o'clock, as announced, the doors of the armory were thrown open to the straggling few who ventured or ambled thither. These were, though, however reduced in numbers, deeply in earnest, and contrary to expectation consisted mostly of missionaries, a few disgruntled Royalists, and others still less desirable. In fact the leading element in all parties or castes, those upon whom the burdens had hitherto rested, made themselves conspicuous only by their timely absence.

Even Bender, who had regained so quickly and absolutely his liberty,—already going at will upon the streets and elsewhere without any danger of molestation,—was not there. Norton the original publicist and only proposer could nowhere be found, and Gutenborj, shut in and alone at his own private quarters, raged and fussed about "such nonsense."

Out at Diamond Head the Guards and Rifles already mingled upon friendly terms, for both Wayntro and Ihoas proved easily relaxing and in the absence of Bender on the one hand and some sort of controlled inspiration on the other the two forces agreeably and irrevocably interpenetrated in a search for individual delectation.

No collective tendency abridged their unrestricted bent and those once belligerent regiments, the nation's only defense, aristocracy's sole support and democ-

racy's last effective hope, joined hands in the humbler reliefs of an overworked and browbeaten man's permitted part.

A populace, those upon whom the burdens rest, devoid of enthusiasm or despair must only gape at opportunity's repeated offering. What could these do for the fate of nationalism or the prolongation of state? Neither sharing the law's benefits nor rising to social requirements they of necessity and of right stood back heedless amid the great unglorified: once relieved of the juggler's wiles settled down to the lone enjoyment of a vainly provisioned lot.

The ambitious alone, those eager to break down barriers, courted the extravagant, were to be found overstepping the bounds of sobriety, and as they fared they waged:

"Would you lie here a prisoner, in the face of humanity's call? Everywhere the people demand your fitting response. Be a man, Colonel Young, as I can and will obtain your release: you and I could annex these islands to the United States in a trice. Brace up my good fellow," urged Harvenoiq, his words burning with renewed self-anticipation.

"Me? Sacrifice honor? Lay opportunity at the feet of expediency? Never!"

"You may change your mind, as all great men do. It shall go hard with you here, and why not take advantage of a certainty? I know whereof I speak."

"If you have the right, then release me. If not, your assurances belie the reason. Come; out with it; what have you to do with my detention?"

"Your recently accepted friend Bender might answer that in a less dissatisfactory manner. I have

a more urgent business at the armory, just now; the missionaries are there, in force."

Scenting a fancied opportunity, yet to lift himself at the expense of another man's sincerity, Harvenoiq quietly abandoned Young to his fate and undertook adroitly to fasten his own flight to the tail end of another's forced if welcome obligation: the true missionary element remained absolved, had not shown their hand, and of choice or compulsion held in fact ultimately the balance of power.

These soldiers of the cross had led the white vanguard here, as elsewhere, and from the landing of Cook—and the Judds's arrival—made themselves felt, slowly at first, but effectively at last, in a friendly recasting of individual belief. Content, with inner regeneration, their soul enervating endeavors would not disturb the outer form: allowed spirituality best conserved by a natural adjustment of material requirements.

Their blood had long ago taken root and shorn, as it was, of mercenary motives resolved the beginning of a homogeneous admixture and tolerable assimilation, which might have determined in time its own attendant exaltation. The veins of royalty already coursed with an improved morality: no less did the interceding religion benefit by the superior infusion, and had not pelf (there could have been no other incentive) inspired a stronger agency's pursuit, lowered the scale of activity to the bare standard of commercial worth—who knows what their destiny?

Now that the two contending factions, the avaricious foreigners on the one hand and the dazed and tolerant natives on the other, stood motionless and

surprised, each at the blow stricken of his own weakness, the hitherto ignored and abused missionary and his natural born or truly converted brother once more arose, alone and unhindered, as the sole redeemer of a bereft and disordered people. They were few in fact, but loyal to themselves and fearless of any trial; uncertainty had driven the last doubting culprit from their ranks—Varnum and his kind had quietly but effectively decamped; the call was made, not at their instance, but as a better utilization of them, by those who dared not face the consequences of their own act; the empty building in which they gathered seemed to echo but a single responsibility; the little band unconsciously grouped in the center; a few disconsolate loiterers scattered here and there about the wide bare floors; presently one among the group, taller than the rest, more ungainly and less nervous said almost in a whisper:

"Gentlemen, the time has come for us to act; we must have a government, cannot exist without."

The speaker's words bore no bitterness, nor elation, nor self-imposed preferment. Cheer alone rang in his voice, and deep underneath heavy dark eyelashes a pair of small piercing eyes sparkled with determination and kindled their confidence.

Those who saw and heard believed "old man" Cole sincere, and in these times and under such circumstances small sincerity were worth any quantity of so-called ability. Don Dupont, their former sergeant at arms, a half-cast royalist of high descent, an old-time missionary's son and a lawyer by profession, climbed upon a handy stool and quietly placing him in nomination the Honorable Christopher C. Cole sud-

denly became without a dissenting voice the first chairman of the then barely improvised but afterwards seriously potent government of Hawaii.

These men and women who were by chance or strategy thrust forward supposedly to their doom, at a time when every other agency seemed politically dead, proved themselves fairly equal to the thankless task imposed, and as missionaries once installed all the wiles of Christendom could nor would jar loose the clutch nor break the grip of their tenacity.

Both Commodore Uhlrix, in command, and Colonel Young, his prisoner, thence had good grounds for the discernment of a new factor, rising boldly to harass and defeat each in his unquestionable part. The latter sank down shorn and forlorn in his cell; Xane Bender had just left and perchance the news seemed the more frightful. The commodore hastened to consult Liliuokolani, at last effectively deposed and possibly beaten.

Had Floyd Young then and there resigned himself to a fate that determines as surely as follows political fortune he might not have taken a step that could only prolong an ending as inevitable as just; bringing in the wake of its certain progress alike ignominious failure and deplorable disaster. Faltering, the threshold of greatness—his naturally destined scope—again slipped his reasonable grasp, and a law higher than his apprehension or man's making must unavoidably, though bitter, work its never-ending, changeless course.

All plans were doomed, their situations inexplicable, and in spite of Young's unseemly plotting and Kaiuolani's higher appeal, Harvenoiq's doubtful sup-

port or Bender's rabid opposition, a freshly gathering whirlwind enveloped and swept them, a regretful, drooping nation, always faster, still more artfully toward the lisping jaws of a larger born and stronger grown world-adjusting power. The newly begotten and strongly conceived empire of an overruling West swooped upon them, and her steel-sharpened talons and explosive-laden charge already rent loose the startled prey and held fast a tightening grip.

Hawaii hung limp in the eagle's clutch, and those who might have rescued the tiny victim, stilled of its liberty-stirring melody, her golden plumage ruffled, neglected that broader summons in the blind rush for individual shelter.

Only one man dared so forget the future as to provision the present: bore no interests contrary to the welfare of others, and that man rose up, as most final arbiters do, from absolute innocuousness and shamefaced insignificance. Run down at the heels and neglected by his friends, hard pressed at home and content in the world, his unencumbered ears tilted easily to the feeble sounding of wholesome fame.

Nor did ascendancy the least disturb his apparent equilibrium; rising steadily above the fixed horizon of its accidental discovery the fain controlling orbit of his rapidly coming-into-view constellation shed a warmth and brilliance and radiation that bespoke already and undeniably the lasting tenure and cohesive powers of his administrative capacity.

The commander of the marines, possibly more anxious to justify the report which he had already dispatched to Washington than to accommodate the new government, forthwith let it be known of his

intention to remain indefinitely at camp Bonton; and though there was no friendliness between them—Uhlrix indeed did not so much as deign to recognize the new chairman or his quasi government—the presence of an active though foreign army, all equipped and ready, was openly welcomed alike by those who feared either life or property and the ones upon whom devolved the responsibility of policing the new regime.

There was no other government, not another effective force. Hence by virtue of a certain indispensableness rather than insistence the one, though disclaimed, of necessity gained obeyance; the other, however delectable, they condescended to respect: the two, while antagonistic in spirt, together resolved an only safeguard to both persons and effects, which of itself made either agency supremely forceful, each in its own proper sphere.

Young paled at the outlook, and Gutenborj alone of all those possessed with ulterior designs and personal aims ventured an open declaration.

"You are the man for the occasion," said he, adroitly, to the chairman, deliberately bolting himself into an audience before any kind of organization had been fairly perfected. "Every schoolboy here knows of your integrity; and if, perchance, I can be of any service, call upon me. Hans Gutenborj stands for law and order: I need not advise you, as to that, of course."

The gaunt, respectful Cole, not unmindful of the intruder's motive and ability, paid no other heed than dignified answer to the pretended courtesy bestowed; and, proceeding as if no interruption had occurred, convinced possibly one interested spectator that at

least a man helmed the ship who could and would resist temptation. Nor was his policy and its effect less openly established; as the first important committee appointed and dispatched proved none other than one of annexation to the United States, and the proclamation presently issued, pronouncing the provisional government duly established, only redoubled anxiety in the land.

CHAPTER XXV.

The revolution had come and gone like an avalanche,—whence, no one knew; to what purpose, none foresaw,—leaving in the wake of its savage rush the bared intent and beaten hopes of but a few hours hence. An empire had gone down and lay shattered amid the heaps of debris that once served the felicities of a nation. Just why this had been, nobody knew; how done were an enigma: it all seemed so unlike reality; yet, an inspiration.

Looking out at the window, across the once respected but now invested lawns, a prisoner, Floyd Young's hard-strained eyes caught sight of Bender, coming in the distance, and his face paled with contemplatation.

"He seeks me out; I have committed myself to his schemes; what shall I do?—I have it: I'll adapt myself: the queen must rule!"

The door opened and Bender slipped in, calm and aggressive. Young's mind reverted to their last meeting, and then he thought of how easy it should be to comply with Norton's demand—Bender had advised it, and were not liberty worth any price, that he might serve the state, in undoing the tangle his own folly had wrought?

The outcast minister, however, pressed hard, upon this occasion, in another direction.

"The committee of annexation has departed in

earnest," said he, trembling with overwrought concern.

Young looked into space.

"Yes; they are already well under way, and you can be sure that a republican administration will not be loath to listen."

"Thank God——" began Young, unthinkingly.

"There is soon to be a change," interceded the visitor, presuming to anticipate Young's unspoken words.

"I didn't say so, if inauguration day is not far off," replied the other, coloring quickly.

"But you mean it; though the politics don't suit you; and, I grant it's hard for some to acknowledge virtue in expediency, however necessary," said Bender, ignoring Young's embarrassment and believing the germ to have taken root, forsooth, of its own accord.

Nor had either long to await the fulfillment of both predictions. Upon landing at Washington the committee found the retiring president ready to hear and recommend any measure that bore the ear-marks of national uplift, still more would the outgoing administration involve and encumber the incoming: their petition, therefore, received initiative in the appointment of a commissioner, Rand by name, duly empowered to proceed thence and investigate, thoroughly, on behalf of the American government.

A weighty mission this proved to be, launched in the worthy Rand's opinion ostensibly for the purpose of whitewashing the dubious acts of a featherweight diplomat, but in reality with a view to fixing upon an adverse administration the odium (if such the

public ear might descry) of having attempted to inaugurate a strange, new policy, as broad in scope as the reason lay deep.

March 4th came and with it a severely fashioned executive,—in the eyes of the committee,—ushered in as president of the nation and father of all its ills. A very great man, seemingly, and though they believed him as innocuous of harm as apt in desuetude their success for all they knew or could foretell depended upon none else's sanction.

"Grant us a hearing," they urged, time and again, upon the prophetic hesitator's attention, until distraction bore hard upon their patience.

"The president begs to inform you that he is not yet fully advised," as regularly came back for answer, at the hands of an over-polite and gaudily dressed secretary.

"Advised of what?" finally inquired the uninitiated committeemen, more indiscreet than republican.

"Of the expediency, I believe," curtly replied the president's spokesman, slipping the exuberance of a new-found assurance.

The chairman of the committee ventured to insist no further, at that time, believing discretion not the least part of diplomacy and tolerable forbearance no detriment even in the face of a new and unthought of democracy; and, what seemed more gratifying, had learned since his arrival at Washington that "expediency" under this sort of government could be made to cut both ways; especially as a subsidized press in the hands of a friendly faction apparently held absolute sway over both public morals and administrative opinions.

"Give this public expounder of private convenience time, only time, and his own strange politics shall have sooner, and unaided, wrought Hawaii's annexation. The people are approachable, if not their executive," said he, to his associate committeemen, in confidence.

This process, though, however flattering, proved difficult of ingrafting and slow with materialization: Kaiuolani wielded a readier weapon and, discreetly coming upon the scene not until the determined incumbent had of his own accord fully set upon undoing what a knowing predecessor of an opposing faith had subtilely launched, forthwith developed a more promising outlook.

The president had, only four years hence, ended a prosperous term and now looked upon his second election as little less than Godlike reverence. Having once served the nation faithfully and believing his renewed hold none other than prophetic the uncrowned veteran looked round for more satisfying fields of expression. Not in conquest, for age and circumstance dulled the heroic: he would that kings and queens pay their respect; the realms of these he held supreme.

"Convey to his honor, the president, Liliuokolani's best respects, and say that Kaiuolani, bearing assurances as well from her majesty, queen of England, begs the favor of an early audience," said Kaiuolani to the president, soon after, through a duly accredited spokesman, in consultation with the highly puffed and lowly bended secretary.

This would-be lordly underling's high-pitched

answer and hard-strained dignity rasped harshly upon the surprised messenger's delicate sensibilities.

"Yes sir," said he, "it is my duty, I might say privilege to inform you, on behalf of our most excellent and twice elected president to these United States, that he, in his official capacity, shall so soon as informed by me,—his very humble but widely respected secretary,—grant, with the greatest of pleasure, her royal highness, the well-known and, in America, highly thought of princess, Miss Kaiuolani, an audience."

The clean-cut Britisher, Kaiuolani's delegated friend and escort, a Mr. Jackson Best, did not tarry upon that occasion longer than necessary. He had been selected by Lord Xenoav and entrusted by the queen to accompany the princess on account of his especial fitness, and the bare possibility of encountering at the very outset of their mission such unheard of snobbery was more even than he, a hard-fisted merchant, had deigned anticipate.

They were there, however, to accomplish a purpose, and believing the president's word final and supreme resolved upon facing the consequence of a meeting at the designated place, anent the innermost cover of the White House itself.

"Be seated," grumbled the weighty executive, with a characteristic flourish of the hand and hard-fetched pretense at rising.

The startled princess responded as best she could, though at a significant distance, while her more dextrous aid and champion drew closer still to the would-be confidential host and otherwise determined patron.

"In behalf of a friendly nation, the princess thanks you for your splendid hospitality and magnanimous auspices," said the witless Best, getting down to business, in excellent form and better tact. "No more flattering guarantee or positive assurance could be wished. It is seldom one meets with such cordiality, even among kings."

"My mind is settled beyond peradventure on that score; no act of this government shall stand to mar the higher relations that I would internally and eternally foster and enjoy. Hawaii is a vested sovereignty, and the queen shall be reinstated, at any cost; though I would, without any—beg pardon—disrespect to Kaiuolani, the crown were a man's inheritance. Woman can best serve God and the under weal by rearing her children and mending a husband's pants: it is decreed, and so written. Am I not safe and sound there, neighbor?" queried the great man, quite unmindful of Kaiuolani's scarlet cheeks and faraway, conscious look.

Momentarily her thoughts ran back to the time Floyd Young would have crowned her a like queen, the source of a brood and mother of his convenience, and then she wondered if all Americans were of a kind.

"No," said she, to herself; "woman, too, has a voice, is as she ordains, serves a nobler God than man. I shall rise independent, and live as I would, dependent only upon a common fatherhood."

Kaiuolani, thereupon, went her way, more than pleased with the splendid success thrust upon her; though she had rather have attained the same end by

the aid of her own self-devised energies. There remained no doubt in her mind as to the president's intentions; all the croakers in Christendom could not pry from his head a motion once securely set. His hand she believed incapable of deflection—the monarchy as good as restored.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Anticipating Rand's report, and waxing eager with determination to do justice and serve his own restricted inclinations, the president duly appointed a successor, and began without delay the preparation of a message asking congress to undo the bold, unquestioned work of Harvenoiq, the nation's trusted representative at Honolulu.

The American minister's act, in contriving so serious a thing, as the intervention of the marines, could be looked upon, from an exalted viewpoint, in but one of two ways: as being patriotic or villainous. The president chose the latter; a cold, deliberate consideration of all the facts and circumstances as revealed in truth reasonably permitted of none other, and the forthcoming report of an opponent's duly accredited and dispassionate commissioner more than justified the conclusion.

Going upon the ground at a time when any sort of an excuse had been agreeable politically, the far seeing Rand found it impossible personally to pursue the veriest kind of partisan examination; the risk of contamination augured too vile even for a diplomat's consideration. Every inducement seemed consistently winked at by those in authority; lying resorted to by the ones most in danger; the stench excused by everybody who would attune his advantage to the deed: Rand, however, proved unpurchasable or con-

trollable, and went about his work with a deliberation and impartiality that brooked no speculation as to the final outcome.

With hearing the blandishments of intriguers, who hastened to welcome, then deigned revile; listening to the complaints of others wronged, yet unwilling to concede the inevitable; and searching for a common ground on which to do justice and open the eyes of the administration at Washington,—amid circumstances almost disheartening,—the hard-pushed and ill-adjudged commissioner soon found his task even more thankless there—where, upon the whole, they had reason to trust and encourage a truthful investigation—than the report should be unsatisfying at home, in view of a changed and fomented political situation.

"We demand to know the purport of your recommendations," ventured Gutenborj,—with the old-time audacity that he was want to employ,—heading a delegation of conservatives who threatened a final appeal.

Rand bore the last straw with such dignity and patience as under the circumstances a more politic man might be expected to muster. Neither disinterestedness nor a lack of sympathy prevented him from concluding his labors as begun: with honesty of purpose and faithfulness to the trust imposed.

Answering adroitly, the surprised representative of a supposedly indifferent people quietly said:

"It is not my province, good sir, to recommend: I am here only to report the facts, in so far as obtainable. I should respectfully advise that you address your request to Washington."

"That is just what we propose to do, when the

proper time comes; but, first of all, we as representative citizens insist upon getting you right. Do you understand me, Mr. Commissioner? If anything is lacking—well, you know, we are prepared——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Gutenborj. I have been advised by your good selves as well as others interested that the evidence is all in and the argument concluded. I have, therefore, only to forward proper findings. Please consider the matter closed."

Rand understood only too well his auditors, and upon their piqued withdrawal paid no more than respectful attention to the scathing rebuke and scurrilous denunciation thereat promised. On the contrary, having exhausted every recourse attainable, the result of a somewhat prolonged investigation was undeniably reduced to writing, signed, sealed and dispatched under cover of the strictest secrecy and most favorable assurances. The commissioner had done all that he could do fairly to advise his superiors, thence quietly awaited a reasonable recall and proper discharge.

Yet, notwithstanding every precaution, no sooner had the document reached its destination than were the coveted contents known in far off Hawaii. As if by magic those least entitled had been forewarned; hence Rand was duly maligned, and Harvenoiq proceeded as best he knew with clearing the way for an unannounced but verily known successor.

Bender and he were closeted in the latter's local residence: their recent differences had been forgotten or brushed aside as if unknown and unfelt.

"There is but one safe ground on which to stand,"

whispered the American, his face whitened, and withered frame shaking from head to foot.

"Young must be gotten rid of," answered the other, eager with anticipation.

"Yes it is imperative."

"And how?"

"Don't tempt me, friend Bender; you know my weakness."

"A prodigy, good Harvenoiq, to be taken opportunely. Shall I slip the noose?"

"Pray do; I lack only the courage, if hung."

"As an example? Don't predict yourself a martyr; the lure of guilt absolves only the doing, the deed the consequence. Act gingerly, old man, and let your knees be worthy a good fellow's confidence. You know that I am proof, the evidence is yet in your possession."

Harvenoiq had been fully convinced by Bender that little short of total annihilation awaited him upon the arrival of Langdon, his duly appointed successor, and the restoration of the queen, a consequence easily predicted. Had he known better or stopped to consider the temper of his own people and the possibilities of diplomatic dodging, all this pother about hanging might well have been saved; but Harvenoiq, in the tangle, had lost all control of self and come to regard with fear and trembling Bender's every suggestion.

On the other hand Young fretted more and harder under an ignominious restraint. He knew full well that nothing short of the most damnable perjury could in the end substantiate the charges laid, yet

realized that his apparent tormentors were capable of stooping to any depth to carry their point.

That murder stared him in the face he was wholly unconscious; his duty called him; there seemed no possible means by which he might induce a speedy trial; when tried, though, as he felt in justice bound to be, Norton must stand between danger and himself; she had not once failed under stress, and he believed her sincerely and unalterably bent; the forces that had cornered him must, before he lose, reckon with her, yet Bender's oily tongue entranced him.

It was not quite dead of night and the sentry on his dismal beat peered into the dark, moody fog that overhung the stilled rounds of his ominous watch.

"Who goes there?" cried he, his lone words barely rising above the levelled rifle's dull whack.

"A friend," answered a familiar voice, approaching with fearless, quickened step.

"All's well," replied the trusty, doubly relieved, while Bender strode on and into darkness.

Presently Young's accustomed ear discerned an expected approach, and two huskies retired into a welcome corner, there to snooze and snore till more urgent business roused them to a less tasteful duty.

"I thought you not coming; the hour is so late and the night gloomy," said Young, his heart thumping with renewed anticipation.

"Sh-h-h- don't speak of gloom; it's a gloomy business; everything is gloom, and the end shall be still more gloomy if we don't get at it and out at once. Here is a knife: secrete it, and use it if you would escape to-night, my boy. The devil is to pay, all round."

Young gasped at the thought. He had early enough accustomed himself to the use of manly weapons: this one sickened him. All his life he had shunned the need of personal defence or public offense. What terrible necessity had at last arisen, when all seemed so propitious?

Bender answered.

"I had it hard enough to get the documents——"

"Did you get them? Did you succeed——"

"Yes; I have them, here, securely, on my person; where, I take it, they shall——"

"Give them to me," demanded Young, gripping tightly the handle of the dirk, which he still held openly, if undecided.

Bender looked his man hard in the face. He had not contemplated any such turn, nor did he on the spur of the moment propose to yield.

"Oh, well," said he calmly; "if you think it best, here they are: take them. I have no doubt you shall find a way to save their falling again into Harvenoiq's——"

"Harvenoiq!" whispered Young, turning with bated breath to scan the bolted doors round about him.

"Yes, Harvenoiq," continued Bender, with subdued satisfaction; "and—I shall have need to hurry away would even I escape him. He is undoubtedly on the way now, and I thought possibly you might have enough to do to save your life, as against him. I, as a friend, unchallenged, should be better able to shield your honor—at least save the papers from certain publicity."

"What do you mean, man?" demanded his listener, almost choking with rising consciousness.

"There is no time now for parleying, hence listen: Kaiuolani and Harvenoiq were closeted at the legation house when I left to hasten thither. You may judge the risk I ran in obtaining the papers—I trust you do not forget, solely for your benefit—and understand my concern for your safety, both in person and honor, when I tell you that it is planned to kill you, here in this room, this very night, at twelve o'clock. Now then, perhaps you can see that your reputation and my safety depend upon my going: do with the papers as you like."

"Thieves can trust no one, if not each other. Take them; and, if it serves your own pitiful interests, protect my good name. If not, I still owe you a debt of gratitude for the chance to live. Go."

Bender hurried away. The very thought of holding in his own hand the only evidence that could possibly stand between him and any success lone ability might encourage quickened the unregenerate, ill-fashioned trend he would pursue.

"At last, an unfettered man!" rose in mind to plunge him toward the freedom craved.

"To the woods, the mountains, the undefiled! Only there—lies the spark that feeds on reality. I'll claim it, fan it into flame, send onward the crackling, thundering holocaust that rids the earth and purifies the doing. Bender shall survive: Kaiuolani but eke his exultation."

No man deigned hinder his progress. Ihoas, bent and sore, listened not reluctantly and saw with opened eyes. Together, they flew to the wilds; there to foster pretended rights, and redress a fancied wrong.

Presently, however, Harvenoiq's underhandedly ap-

pointed successor came hauling into port. With trumpet a-blowing and promises galore this half-starved political supplicant, from the interior, would neither listen to the one nor substantiate another of the party factions that wended alternately toward the fawning doors of contemplated recognition or expected rehabilitation.

"I'll do as duty bids me," said he, over-proud and uncomfortably explicit. "What care I for scant foibles and bothersome energy? Americanhood is topmost, and our intentions are no less expedient than privileged: when the flag comes down you'll know the reason. Coates R. Langdon, Esqr., may look seedy, but he'll bear boosting. Hie you, Gutenborj; make way for the queen!"

The Royal band played in the open that night, and native daughters, riding in oldtime uniforms galloped upon the streets. Sympathizers (many of them new ones) gathered round the queen in plenty. The Provisionalists slunk back or stood counselling one another, for Langdon's brusque deliberations nonplussed them. They had all, once upon a time, known something of Yankee aptitude, but thenceforth try as best they might nothing short of cold possibility stared them in the face; Kaiulani had captured Washington.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The president's instructions to his own carefully selected minister were generally thought to be unqualifiedly positive; so much so, that all factions and everybody closely identified expected thence to witness the hitherto undreamed spectacle of a monarch's being restored to power by a supposedly unsympathetic form of government, a republic, the good and great United States.

Hawaiians chafed under the yoke. They would to a man have had done with it, and confidence in somebody or in some sort of government fairly restored; but Langdon for reasons unknown or unsuspected took it entirely upon himself as they thought unduly to prolong the agony.

The delay occasioned, also, no lesser a disappointment at Washington. Nobody doubted Langdon. He, like his kind, should have been only too glad to justify in the estimation of those who had given him a chance.

"Why such dillydallying? unnecessary on the one hand and dangerous at the best?" asked everyone of himself and of each other.

Langdon, however, had suddenly risen to both place and power; and had they but known at all some of the accidents attendant upon his arrival, and considered better the underlying traits which in him only typified the vast, unmeasured sentiment whence he

sprang, there might have been less uncertainty at Honolulu and more subtle dispatch at home; for, without entire disencouragement, the committee of annexation remained quietly at work, and the aptly inclined overtaking minister had been, as well, met and advised by none other than the busy Miss Norton herself.

The charge laid against Kaiuolani by Bender, upon departing the closed quarters of Young, had so enraged the latter that he directly made bold to face any consequence and support with all his might the now tottering provisional government. Kaiuolani,—of whom his every love-thought burned deeper and more luridly,—though wholly innocent of as much as a hint at wrongdoing, still more the falsehoods concocted by a jealous suitor, was thence cast down and trampled as a thing unworthy his remotest concern.

"Away with love's infantile lure! Ambition is the nobler half: release me of woman's influence and I'll build aim's highest end," threatened he, half aloud, just as the big iron key began again to rasp in the door.

Like a flash, dread uncertainty triumphed over self-willed resolve. Bender's seemingly just warning had proven opportune, and fearful of consequences a kind of wierdly creeping realization pinned him coldly against the waging ironies of hinderless disadvantage.

"All is lost," said he, vainly clutching at the sharpened steel which lay hidden and helpless in the sag of his illy buttoned and carelessly donned waistcoat.

"What is the matter now?" asked Martha Norton,

with emphasis, as the looked-for gallant, turning meekly round, stared hard past and into space.

Young straightened up and slowly looked his tormentor humbly in the face. Underneath the dishevelled hair on his head an oozing brow disclosed a faint of red which, deepening into blush, revealed shamefully his innermost thoughts.

"I— I——" stammered he, reluctantly conscious of an unsurmised weakness.

"Oh, you needn't mouth it, Colonel Young. There's——"

"Pardon me: culprit, you mean; don't you?"

"No, foolish man; neither culprit nor victim. You thought me a forerunner of harm; whereas, I am only bearer of righteous news: you are a free man. Now then; how about your backbone?"

"How in the name of——"

"Tut, tut; don't ask vainly; you are at liberty, and that's enough. The queen is not yet restored, and that is better. But seek, cheerily, and I'll promise the best."

Surveying the situation under the force of striven conscience, Young's understanding broadened, and he should have thence ignored former resolve and courted occasion had not the heart held superior. Norton's words rang true to life, as he had found it, and of the Graces were not Thalia greatest? Shere womanliness had saved him from possible disaster,—Harvenoiq's skulking presence outside the barracks soon convinced him of as much,—and though none except Uhlrix and she knew exactly the manner of his release the logical sequence of forthcoming events dis-

closed plainly the reason: Norton still wanted a husband.

"My boy, you are foolish," reasoned Gutenborj, with greater heat than wisdom, in a personal endeavor to swerve Young to further accommodation.

"I'll admit that I have made mistakes, trying to follow as best I could your advice; it's not too late, however, to attempt amends."

"Nonsense! A broken dish is not worth the mending: restock with new, every time, young man, if you care to get on in this world or to occupy a front seat anywhere."

"Philosophy and practice don't always agree. Henceforth our paths lead in opposite directions."

"Oh, very good; I guess your old man has enough to carry him—I trust you shall do as well."

"Barring taste, I may."

"The queen's headsmen, you might better say."

Young understood fully the import of his oldtime employer's remark, and well knew that none quite so soon as he himself should or must fall under the restored Liliuokolani's ban. That the queen was ethically and morally entitled to all she claimed or that had been proffered by a cognizant and obliging president, he duly conceded; that she would or could be reinvested at his hands with any further or greater authority than that enjoyed by Americans in America he openly denied: in fact so impressed Uhlrix with the logic of the situation, if not the worth of his neck, that Langdon immediately found himself, under refusal of the marines, unable to do more than personally reason with the queen and officially await his superiors.

But Liliuokolani proved obdurate. She would not listen to immunity. These men whom Langdon plead to save had stirred the nation into disorder long before any foreign agency had found intervention either expedient or opportune, and whatever the occasion for her restoration the government must retain and possess the right to judge and dispose of its own disturbing elements or rehabilitation end in bitter failure.

No one appreciated the logic of Liliuokolani's position more keenly than did Floyd Young, himself: if not the more aggressive the most essential in the wreaking of their immediate downfall. Yet life to him suddenly became a sacred reality; especially as his very probable exit under the proposed regime portended anything except that he held dearest—the heroic. With his elimination not a soul in authority rallied to monarchy's support.

Kaiuolani had very wisely returned to England, there to reinforce the pressure she believed herself to have wrought upon the president.

Bender mysteriously dropped out of sight, and Norton egged the queen.

Patriotism inflamed America.

"What in God's name shall be done?" plead the at last discordant Gutenborj, whose miserly dollars tilted woefully in the balance.

"Await results," answered Langdon, coolly.

And they did more: they lagged with opportunity, breathless and stunned. In truth among them there was only one, if any, who rightly interpreted events.

The world, too, looked idly on; little dreaming that in that brief suspense the fleeting balancer of progress

should so gain with momentum as to thresh and shape without a break or jar such elements of empire structure as kings and queens yet were want to see.

Here amid strength and loyalty, an alluring spark still smouldering in the hearts of sturdy patriots was rapidly fanning into flame. Americans, in America, for the first time were in fact challenged to do honor in foreign lands. The fires once started spread with the fury of a cyclone. Congress turned a deaf ear upon tradition and respected the voice of a new moulder. The press, if fanatical, had doomed republicanism: an empire, though embryonic as yet, was building to save democracy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Everywhere throughout America men's blood ran hot. It mattered not that the rising furor's inception lay grovelling in fraud and deceit: whether the constitution forbade expansion or not. The cause quickly lost itself in the effect wrought, and men rallied to save their flag discredit.

What cared they for statutes, where law is no more or other than crystallized sentiment? How restrained when executives are made not born? When, where, and why break the divining wand of aggressive betterment? No; all the presidents, the constitutions, and the traditions of humankind or divinity could nor would restrain, if widen, one whit the bounds of collective regeneration.

The newspapers had stirred public conscience to such degree that of universal accord the nation rose to defend its position, no matter what the charge. With no thought at first of planting authority beyond their own shores, whisperings to the contrary at last gained credence, openly invited support. The big throbbing heart of untried America had gone farther than they would or knew; in denying the accepted right of inheritance elsewhere, they established the principle of progression at home. The empire, risen, would not down; spontaneously reproduced itself in the quickening mold of a larger if inopportune decay.

The president angered at the boldness, as he termed

it, of public presumption. He had been elected to do their thinking, inaugurate public weal, and frame the nation's policy. What of accident and the ballot he believed his tenure, however disposed or reigned, no less than divine.

"Stop this babble about Hawaii," roared he, to his ardently chosen but individually politic secretary of state, Arthur F. Doolittle, directly Langdon's official report and personal advice had reached its utmost destination.

"It is possible to control Langdon, but how about these newspapers? The people will read, you know, once they can."

"And vote—as privileged, I vow. Thanks to superior wisdom, that man Jefferson, we hear about, was throttled at the very outset of sanity. Let the mob howl, if it will; but, bear in mind, declarations do not constitute law: no more is this republic a democracy! I would have you bear in mind that rabbling ends and government begins at the ballot box, my good secretary. I am president. So take down the flag and return those marines; we may have need for them at home, before another election survives—the press is damnable, but there's a remedy."

The news strange to say once more reached Honolulu in advance of orders. Whichever way their resolute intermeddler turned, his intentions, however well guarded, seemed certain of anticipation; particularly where least expected or desired: thinking ones gathered round the apparently despised provisional government and made ready for a most blunderingly foreshadowed scene, while mistaken zeal and overwrought enthusiasm flamed afresh all patriotic Hawaii.

The queen stubbornly awakened, and Cole bided calmly striven opportunity.

On the Progressionist side a certain kind of forceful gloom verily worked toward a deeply conscious preparation. On the other hand an airy delight in freedom's humbler compensation carried its unsuspecting possessors hard over against the border line between feigned confidence and seasonable vigilance.

Cold necessity revealed time's continuous ebb.

"Would you of your own free will condemn these men to die?" asked Langdon, indifferently, in a last considerate attempt to gain the queen's clemency.

The great woman's eyes dimmed, while her heart throbbed and voice failed. A will stronger than hers, a duty higher than man's, and a being not of the flesh answered:

"Yes."

"Then devise the means; ordinary mortals are not privileged as gods, nor shall they at this day and under my nose presume to do the devil's own work. Please pardon the expression, my good lady; anything less emphatic, in my humble estimation, should certainly sound profane."

Liliuokolani laughed a low guttural laugh, and turning to her compatriots invited acclamation, none the wiser of apparent defeat. She and not mortality had in her estimation triumphed, for in a land where patriotism heeds no loftier aim than personal content, a thing promised is as good as gained. That there is no end to ambition's tempting grasp, she and her kind had not the temerity to comprehend.

The time had been set. America's emblem must be disgraced: right re-establish their own.

The day revealed a glorious aspect to those privileged with anticipation; the sun rose big and red in its accustomed place; not a cloud overhung the heavens; songs of joy wafted all around; the hush of night had left spread its own malignant germs, but the biddings and reliance of day looked up toward the promise of warmth and expectancy, with no thought of the mists and stagnation underhanging; where lurked and sloughed pregnant quagmires of despair.

Liliuokolani prayed that morning for the president and all others in authority. From her lips the word spread till low gratitude had stilled the half-roused nobler sentiment of yesterday. These people were born to do homage, and a filled cup served best their need.

From every part of the Islands they came, some blessed perchance with a little more than others, but all above want and none sunken to the declining level of a scrambled rectitude. Old rites were revived and new ones devised. Here a gorgeous procession did obsequies, as they presumed, to a dead and all but forgotten consciousness; some encircled the palace and there sang songs or strewed flowers; vast throngs of the more curious, but silenced, belabored hard this or that vantage point on the streets and avenues leading toward the flagstaff, but none felt or knew the significance of that they beheld.

The growing, seething, listless crown gorged indulgently upon disordered content.

A handful of whites marched down through the salf-making rent in the jumbled ranks. These bore arms reversed; they would not disobey, though a

charge filled each upturned gun: halting, and awaiting the scene that strong hearts humbly grieved, their heads uncovered and hands ready, a—courier rushed forward, the bugle sounded and a tumultuous noise rent the air; the mob had given vent to its only worth, and if ever might made right or an order lost its bearing those sturdy patriots in the face of that flag wrought a noble deed.

Far away, at Kanai, whence he had been spirited, the better to nurse a bleeding wound and revive an endangered courage, Aokahameha lay low with mending. A loved one's father, prince David, and Bender her accomplice, parleyed at one side the big lodge where she herself had romped and grown to maidenhood. The warmed winds from over the desert sands and off the tumbling waters in front lolled and soothed him into dreaming. Ihoas sat tenderly by.

"The gods be praised, for the queen is restored," said he, fully looking the conscious princess inquiringly in the face.

"Yes; we owe much to providence," replied she, evasively.

"No, no, Ihoas; tell me, are my words but mockery?" cried he, vainly attempting to rise from the pillow at his head.

"There, now; you must not take on so; your part is done—well; the queen shall yet tell you as much with her own lips," urged the princess, apprehensive, but knowing.

"I did ignobly. Let it stand that Aokahameha sacrificed honor, intelligence, everything, to pander hopelessly: let me suffer like the traitor that I am; Ihoas deserves a better love."

Sinking back again in bed, the big man's eyes dulled with far-off, unsatisfied comprehension. Presently Ihoas, clasping gently his hand and bending over in silence, heard him say, distinctly:

"Elmsford is Ihoas's; his eyes are open; Americans cannot be trusted."

Aokahameha's one prediction, upon that occasion, had sooner proven true, though to him it remained unverified.

In the confusion resulting from the president's well exposed, but half enforced orders Gutenborj deemed it advisable, in consequence of no other prospect, to place himself directly upon the queen's side. Kaiuolani had returned and bore the best of assurances: the hardfisted planter's interest above all else must be conserved, hence Young pressed into a new leadership and the crown princess reconciled to an old love; neither of which seemed a difficult undertaking in view of the queen's ready acquiescence and his own hitherto untouched resources.

Thus it was that Floyd Young had found it possible within short notice to raise and equip for hasty service a new troop of five hundred men. Isaacs had been stripped of everything to effect the other's release, and now lay bound and gagged by the marines as a convenient excuse, if needed, for delaying an idly questioned departure. Norton waxed more anxious than ever. The one that she cared for openly denied an only rival, and had he not barely escaped her?

"It is fortunate that I once befriended her royal highness," said Norton, to herself, with ecstacy, after

a first personally requested meeting with the planter king. "Me? A go-between? What luck!"

In the break, occasioned for the most part by Gutenborj's advice against Norton, Young had in his own mind completely relegated the once duly heeded philosopher. That he, in his present attitude,—cringing and childlike,—could personally render effective aid to either the queen or the opposition seemed a thing utterly behind the trend of latter requisition. Why not take advantage of a misjudged proffer to use his fortune?

"Press him as needs be, and I'll promise——"

"Your hand and——oh Floyd; how I have waited and tried for this!"

"I was about to say: an army. That is the first requisite. All delectation hinges upon accomplishment. Force of some kind or manner lies behind every privilege. You have earned the highest felicities at my disposal; but let me prove in truth a hand before you would deign accept on trial the heart."

Norton blushed; not with disappointment, but at the price exacted of an under-help. Man might reason himself superior, in fact make himself such, but sooner or later fate must resolve the equalities of patient endeavor.

"I'll build, encourage, and cherish him: Kaiuolani could but hate, retard, and destroy; she is impolitic, and policy lies at the foundation of all worldly appreciation: for all we know, or would, the heavens measure recognition with the same yardstick used on earth. Up and at it, then, with the grace of a kind," said she, to herself, bidding Young attend his part; as there should be no failing of funds so long as

Gutenborj reasoned; or, thought she, "obstacle in the way of my own attainment if Kaiuolani be the only rival."

The plan worked admirably, as they all thought, though the princess puzzled her inquisitor severely and provoked Gutenborj not a little from the first attempt hence.

"I love you, aunty, and am ready to die, if needs be, for you; but please remember that my heart is my own and that it will be not at all unlike me to choose the manner of sacrifice."

"What do you mean, child?" queried the queen, much disturbed.

"Give me the command of this proposed soldiery, and I shall put an end to strife hereabouts. Now, then; you have my ultimatum; what is your pleasure?" replied the princess, as Gutenborj emerged clandestinely from an adjoining room.

"Nonsense! Woman can better rock the cradle," proffered he, coming forward vehemently.

"Thanks. Others before you have said as much, but I still have a chance. Bender——"

"Kaiuolani!" interceded the good queen, unable longer to contemplate further possibilities.

"Very well," ejaculated Gutenborj. "But, I might say—if it can in any manner serve as an encouragement to you—that Young is in command and already holds, beyond dislodgment, the state house and all there is in it: possession is nine points in law, and sanity compels your humble servant to get and keep in line with order, every time, if I know myself, my good lady, so don't count on me."

Kaiuolani refused longer to parley, and politely de-

parting from the palace made haste to see and advise the still loyal, if indignant Elmsford.

"I am departing for America, on to-day's outgoing steamer," said she, after a little, wholly convinced. "Please see Ihoas, and advise her of my intentions and sympathy."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Upon arriving in America a second time, though absent but a few short weeks, it seemed as if some overpowering influence, something larger, more effective and evasive than humans could or should know and comprehend had seized upon and changed the fate of government.

All this appeared to Kaiuolani as in a trance.

At San Francisco,—her place of landing,—the newspapers set their headlines with type bigger and blacker than any she had theretofore seen. The shout of freedom everywhere arose from hardset lips. The very activities on the streets portended larger unrealized claims.

"In heaven's name, what sort of license do these people want? I know of no place on earth where men are not privileged to do right. Certainly at my small birthplace such a thing as bondage is unknown—never was. Then why this clamor about liberty? there lies a deeper wellspring than Hawaii," said Kaiuolani, half-consciously, as the vitally suggestive, comfortably appointed, pulsating train, in which she rode, swiftly carried her over land and water, across voiceless wastes and round unresponsive heights, toward an endlessly enervating destiny.

Answering to will-call alone, the newly inspired, perchance reasonably dissatisfied princess leaned back in the car seat, and looking out at the window con-

templated the possibilities of such a horde should ambition overstep the bounds of individual interest and self-contended place. To what purpose might not such a people awaken; or, in fact, heights attain.

The dawn seemed wrapped and fettered with an endless chain of unrealized possibilities, yet a faint light began to break the gloom as sometimes distant hope gratifies a stricken conscience, and Kaiuolani resolved to meet and determine as best she knew her little part and place.

"I think," said she, barely listening to the trend of an inner thought, "I deign fairly see America's rising orb—scarcely entering, boldly disclosing an inseparable, if inherited horison: no agency without or factor within appears to reveal an attendant magnitude or attraction sufficient to check or alter one whit her humanly transcendant march down through the welkin of a divinely provisioned nebula: thriving in a field as boundless as fertile, push has made him what he is, and the same energies, directed and inspired heroically, would drive his empire on and over the crackling bones of a pinched and scarce-knowing world's autocracy. Americans wax supreme.

What in the conflict might her own dire land do best? Better lay its hopes and aspirations as kindling to the spark that portended conflagration.

The serpent coiled, its forked tongue lipped, and fixed gaze bewildered: Kaiuolani stood motionless and her enticer willed his prey.

"I came a seeker: the matchless bounty that lures, claims me, rivets self a hostage. My God, what is the charm! Whence my haven? How reach the sublime?"

At Washington the streets were thronged; idle men lauded themselves into headless armies, marching from everywhere, apparently ineffective, upon the capitol; a few, with brows knitted or eyes beaming, gathered in orderly fashion—these Kaiuolani observed to emerge with pleasing expression; the president roared and backed, at bay: none bore him confidence, not a man or faction heeded his advice; the whole machinery of state seemed ready to break—Kaiuolani paused at the threshold, level heads adjusted the values, the old ship made ready to head-on, and the larger thought loomed in the foreground.

Away, back in Hawaii, where only a short week hence all the possibilities of life, as opened to her, apparently centered in a single purpose, Floyd Young hotly forged toward the same enlarged idea, though the craft in which he launched should prove a leaking hulk, already sighted and fairly prepared to sink and drift in the foremost runners wake.

At Norton's hands Gutenborj had furnished the funds and Chairman Cole the occasion to raise him to a respectable leadership under the auspices of a lingering provisional government.

Uhlrix became his friend—the need of it stared Young in the face: just what prompted the former to hold the marines at his beck and call, in the face of orders from Washington, they both seemingly intended a sophisticated public to surmise, if interested.

A few stragglers from the disbanded Rifles once more enlisted on provision of pay; there were some missionaries more enthusiastic than discreet, but the rest of Young's five hundred came from—no one claimed to know.

The little band stood organized and equipped. A strange signal sounded from afar, and their commander springing into the stirrups, as on another day, ordered the advance.

The American flag came down.

Strange pickets quickly surrounded the place, and those filled with the pride of country or inspired by reverence to deplore an abuse abhorred, turned their backs or hung the head in disgraceful accord.

The marines, attending the flag lowering, retired into camp, and Young grappled with opportunity.

At last he stood master; Gutenborj had for the first time committed himself; unconsciously assumed the aggressive: without intending as much had tied hand and foot to measures and responsibilities he would dodge; Young looked keenly deep into the situation, and drove hard ahead under an only too subtle advantage.

Cole alone, of those at hand whose station or interests warranted, dared offer resistance to the fired-up general's growing ambition.

"Would you make yourself dictator?" meekly queried the conscience-stricken chairman, confronting advisedly at last his newly risen adjutant.

"I would make you president, had you the courage to take advantage of a very great need," declared Young, candidly.

Slow of comprehension, Cole did not grasp at once quite the meaning of that reply. He had taken the relegated young colonel, of doubtful proclivities, into his confidence and as a progressionist reinvested him with both rank and authority, not at all in consequence of any particular respect for his personality

or hold upon the future, but solely because in him and through him he conjectured the readiest means with which to break down local antagonisms, discreetly or otherwise standing in the way of final annexation to the United States.

It was this latter thought, and that only, which had in the first instance prompted him to accept a chairmanship so fraught with possibilities: to that end and no other he would now make any concession, bend every energy.

"Very well," said he, after a time, having reasoned long but well the probable consequences; "I am at your service."

The intelligence wrung out of Young, apropos that final word, more than justified Cole's surprising concession; there was no alternative; armies rule.

That night a special issue of the *Ware Wizzard Wise* disclosed an astounding bit of intelligence, published a call for delegates to a new kind of national convention; Norton, too, had felt the hand of mastery, and begun to utilize the powers of larger love. Uhlrix ordered the last of the marines on board his flagship—there seemed no further need or advisability of their lending assistance—the whites, under the forced encouragement of Gutenborj, flocked to Young's support, and the constitution—an altogether new one—suddenly sprang into possible reality. Aristocracy had stopped short of restitution, and the Republic rose instead.

CHAPTER XXX.

Amazed and terror stricken everybody cowered or ran to cover under stress of Cole's surprising growth. Upon the floor or in the lobbies his will soon came to resolving their actions, and without questioning motives or denying the inspiration every man not in sympathy with stagnation found himself unknowingly and irrevocably bound to a single dictation.

The division seemed fairly made; with few exceptions the hopeful, progressive whites were rallied and driven as only progress demands. The natives still groped in darkness. Their Messiah did not materialize.

From behind an abandoned throne the queen feebly protested, but Cole read the new declaration aloud from the court house steps, and without a dissenting voice (none being permitted such, except he swore allegiance to the new regime) was elected president, and Young turned his attention to larger doings.

"This new Fourth of July only marks the beginning of my career," said he, earnestly but discreetly, to Norton, a few days after the date of their proclaimed independence.

They were sitting on the upper veranda, at the big hotel where Norton lived and chose to entertain. The deposed Royal Band occupied a stand in the foreground—they were now glad of a living and

played with energy, but the melody of an unforgotten past ladened each strain with yearnings that reached and touched the heart cords of defeated and victorious alike.

"I wish the management would dispense with that out-of-date music," replied Norton, purposely ignoring Young's remark; "I hate bygones, and these poor Hawaiians rouse unpleasant memories."

"You are too hard, altogether, Norton," remarked Young, concernedly. "Give them a chance—they are but finding their level."

"General, have you forgotten? It is 'Martha' you are addressing."

"Oh, yes; excuse me; 'Martha' it is, as promised. Well Martha, as I was saying, these people must live;—there is no occasion, that I know of, for their extermination;—and, as they prove their fitness, I have a mind to take them over."

"Kaiuolani, as well?" ventured Norton, facetiously.

"Bender shall attend to her—if he succeeds in escaping me: I hear he is leaving on the next steamer."

Norton made no reply, though Young, in a polite manner, stared her fairly out of countenance. He wanted Bender rid of, and knew of no better or swifter means than permitting or inducing a voluntary or devised going abroad. Once out, he himself should take care to see that he did not soon return, if at all: Kaiuolani would not; she had no reason for the doing of so rash a thing.

Presently a messenger ran up and, saluting, said:

"His excellency, the president, desires your presence at the mansion."

"Tell Cole that I shall be at army headquarters within a short half-hour."

"I may as well have it out with him, now," said Young, to Norton, immediately the messenger had gone.

Norton again denied him the satisfaction of a reply. Possibly she may have expected her turn to come next, but if so was most agreeably disappointed; for, admonishing a strict censorship over the press, and hinting the possibility of a speedy marriage between Wayntro and Uena-O-Zan, he arose and bade her a hasty good-afternoon.

The distance from the hotel was not great and Young chose to walk, as he was want to do always, with head down, when alone and burdened with thought.

Presently while rounding a deserted corner, about midway thence, the crack of a rifle startled him into consciousness.

The bullet barely grazed his head, and Young dropped as if dead.

Lying there, unarmed, the suspense drove hard upon him his folly. The ruse, however, availed him, and at the sound of retreating footsteps in the nearby brush the thoroughly frightened general scrambled to his feet and proceeding without further hindrance or harm toward the armory marvelled the experience.

There he found Cole, accompanied by Gutenborj, impatiently waiting.

"What is the meaning of your reply, to a president's message?" demanded his excellency, hotly.

"It means that hereafter Cole seeks Young, I take

it, upon reflection—are you agreed: do you understand, Mr. President?"

"That is, evidently, your interpretation; but, is it right, is it politic?"

"Under the circumstances, yes."

"Is our republic different from any other—the United States for instance?"

"I hadn't stopped to think of that: this one, however, is modeled after a pattern strictly mine—I am not particularly interested in the United States, that I know of."

Cole's spirit sank. He thought of the army—their government's only hope—and of how apparently every available recruit had hurried to enlist, and now stood ready and eager to do a risen comrade's bidding. The very consciousness of Young's tactics and his own feeble recourse drove cold the thought. Would or could the world learn to accept diplomacy and denounce the brutal exigencies of war? Gutenborj's frozen countenance sufficed. Man must regenerate. Till then, the cord is broken.

They sat in silence. No one dared answer. Not men, but ambitions were at stake. Young resumed:

"I grant we are only human, therefore let reason guide, if the will move us. You, gentlemen, each one of you, thoroughly representative, have your aims: I have mine. Who shall determine the right?"

"God," said Cole, reverently.

"And I shall endeavor to gain His decision: the army is at call,—I have no further need in that respect,—but I would have two first class assistants. Are you prepared?"

"For what?" asked Cole, interestedly.

"The building of empire."

"Where?"

"Here, in Polynesia."

"But this is a republic?"

"And but the means to an end—as all republics are," replied Young, with lighter heart.

"Good boy!" shouted Gutenborj, springing to his feet, enthusiastically. "I always believèd you should come to some great end. Where do I stand?"

"On the right; I must have funds, first of all: next, men. Cole is left—lieutenant."

"Truly said, and—accepted."

"You shall sit with the gods, for as men sacrifice they reap."

Here were three men planning the destinies of a nation,—of nations, as time should prove,—two of whom did as one willed. They were but flesh and blood,—as others are,—of about the same stature, mentally and morally. Born of conventional parentage, bred in the belief that all men are equal, inspired with notions of progress, they had in some unaccountable way converged at a common point, under favorable auspices. What should we call it?

Young believed that individual will power were enough to raise every man to any height—as measused by standards proportionately co-ordinating in accidental opportunity.

The world seemed good to live in, a prison had taught him severely the lesson of conscience, and with no other fear than failure he would drive hard the limit of a self-provisioned endurance.

The light that radiated round his little sphere served truly as a beacon at night.

But day dawned.

In America, where men's hearts aimed at liberty,—the master that heeds no other god than truth,—a force already builded, created opportunity, and willed not at all beyond the ken of presidents or leaders. Kaiuolani saw more and knew better than Young verily imagined.

CHAPTER XXXI.

There the whole populace appeared to have taken up arms against their executive; for a lowering of that flag in the nearby Pacific, had effectively turned pride into hatred.

Their countrymen had planted it, right or wrong, to stay: as evidenced by the native element's inability to prevent another's taking its place. Young's final coup had proven to all Americans at home conclusively the wisdom of Harvenoiq's supposed initial interference.

Designing politicians and interested spectators everywhere advantaged themselves and weakened the administration by antagonizing credits and curtailing investments. Another election loomed close at hand. Idle men crying for bread on the one hand, and patriotic citizens shouting the freedom of Hawaii on the other, cut short the president's oldtime influence. The would-be sage at the White House and attempted patron of autocracy roared defiant at the touch and take of inadvertent omission.

Kaiuolani purposely held aloof; a constantly increasing comprehension, in truth convinced her that neither kings nor presidents could nor should stay or deny the inevitableness of public will. Floyd Young might for the time being raise himself above the good of country, and perchance the president of the United States abuse confidence temporarily, but

in the end those who laid an ear most closely to the unmistakable soundingboard of universal sentiment should finally triumph over individual belief of whatsoever kind or import.

She lingered and Bender came upon the scene, clandestinely and—enthusiastic.

"You are wasting your time here, Kaiuolani. These people are not in sympathy with your cause, and their executive is bound underhandedly to the interests responsible for his election. It is a give and take proposition, and you have nothing to offer—except, perhaps, it were possible for you to accept and avail yourself of my fortune, which I beg the privilege of placing at your disposal."

"No; I had sooner take you—there could be no disgrace in that; now my rank is gone: my heart is stone; would you like me?"

"This is not at all a jesting matter, with me, Kaiuolani. I am serious, though you have had occasion to believe me wholly mercenary. There was a time when borrowed or, shall I say, married station would have satisfied me; but, I pray you, let me now prove my sincerity. I can put an end to foreign meddling, so far as we are concerned, and Young is ——"

"A traitor! Fie on him, and his kind. I hate him! God shall surely strike them."

Bender did not finish the sentence, though he really believed Young a dead man, and buried, too, at that very moment. Kaiuolani had, however, broken the spell and prudence saved him the consequence of an incorrigible blunder.

"You didn't think so, once upon a time," replied he, with returning confidence. "Had you reasoned

differently then—but in that case Bender might not have had an opportunity to prove his worth."

"A woman never reasons."

"She is right, nine times in ten, though—just as you were when you first declined, as you do now, my favors."

"I had rather you won than bought your spurs."

"Good. Now then: there is one thing you'll promise: poison Elmsford——"

"Against the republic? That is easy, if you are quite agreed."

"I can trust you."

"How confiding!"

"I haven't told you my plans, though."

"Nor would I have you do so—however much I believe you ought to begin with the United States, as you would have me influence Elmsford; American recognition might go a long way toward establishing Young's regime. Prevent that, and I shall believe you worthy of—well, most any old thing."

Having sooner conceived and determined a scheme larger and better than his, Kaiuolani inwardly shrank from seeming impossibilities, thus outwardly may have assumed an apparently astonishing attitude; for no other living soul whom she knew could or would serve as Bender should the means to a desired end.

They had both set upon Young's downfall. He, solely because he believed that were enough to win Kaiuolani—but she, in view of an ultimatum to her of larger consequence.

The wailings and the admonitions of eighty millions inspired her: Young heard and voiced only the askings of one little plea. Self had conquered both,

but the starting point of each had been as widely distant as the race is swift. Either would sacrifice anything, everything to win, and had Bender been as guilty as he believed himself Kaiuolani would yet lay even love at his feet to crush a foe and reinaugurate the liberties that gave her being.

"No, Bender," said she after a little, neither one having fully recovered the effect of her last remark; "I would not have you believe me always fickle. I too desire to do a real woman's part, but before you and I can think of our little selves we must attend to striven duty. Go back to my people and tell them that you do not falter: the influence that I alone may exert at Washington shall make you possible. You know thus far my plans, and I yours. What the future holds, let truth itself unfold."

"I believe I understand you," replied he, truthfully. "I came here to reveal an undertaking that you have sooner anticipated. We are agreed in everything except its inauguration. I had desired bringing the administration,—you know money talks in America,—but as you have conceived wiser I shall return, as you suggest, and trust me, Kaiuolani, there shall be no failure thence—true chivalry lies deep in respect."

Upon Bender's going, as he had come, Kaiuolani brightened with fresh encouragement. She believed him capable of playing his part, and well; and now that so much depended upon her she directly turned all attention to the big gnarly president, her only hope.

On the other hand the newly found champion sped returning toward Hawaii, the place whence, but a few days ago, he had departed, yearning and un-

certain. Kaiuolani's assurances now displaced doubt and possessed him with a better courage; nor was his withered conscience wholly devoid of character; he should have in turn relieved her of further duties or burdens distasteful had he not foreshadowed a danger—and Bender courted success at any cost.

Landing at Honolulu in confidence bolstered with connivance, the police grabbed their intended victim. Young was on the lookout, and before Bender could realize it or comprehend his escape, another had been thrust into jail, heavily ironed and doubly guarded.

"I have got you now," said Young, confidently, upon entering the darkened cell, late that evening, alone and unobserved. "You thought me dead, but you see me risen. Yes; alive, as a result of your bad marksmanship; and, I am going to kill you!"

"No you're not; Floyd Young wouldn't kill anybody, much less one in irons. Come, what do you want of me?" replied the prisoner without a quaver.

"Those papers, you undertook to guard, so graciously. Where are they?"

"Norton can tell you that; she must have them by this time."

"Liar!"

"A pretty speech—for a gentleman."

"It is in vogue—and, virtue abides recognition, I assume."

"When questioned?"

"The underdog is disbelieved—I can give or take."

"Strike, then!"

"A woman? Not I; yet I have a mind to unmask you."

"Floyd! I couldn't help it."

"And you have served me, though jealousy prove the means of our undoing. I'll not ask the reason. Let bygones be such, and—well it is that Kaiuolani had not played me the trick; I could never have forgiven her, as I shall you."

"Nor love her as you do me?"

"No; not as you; that would be impossible. But, have you the papers? We must quit this place; Bender is at large, and Kaiuolani—what of her?"

Norton boldly walked from her cell, disguised and in company with Young, her ready protector, notwithstanding the incident soon reached and roused Cole, their astonished president, if not some others less in authority.

Love knows no alternate.

As Kaiuolani, too, had good reason to exemplify; for out of anticipation there arose silently but forcefully a success gentler, more fanciful than lone realization had ever brought: base gratitude worked its pitiful compensation; and in her mind Bender soon glorified by deed a just if bitter appreciation.

Surrendering wholly to the demands of conscience and believing herself obligated inviolably, body and soul, to the man who dared brave death that she might attain the half she really conceived, Kaiuolani faced round and turned progress with a confidence which comes we know not whence or how, but evolves solely within the driven reach of stern responsibility alone.

Her associations at Washington had been most confidential and agreeable, secretly placing her in a position to reach and influence the president without its being at all necessary for her personally to intrude

or suggest a wish—very happily so, as all thought and every expedient supposedly must originate within the halo of his own masterly comprehension.

There should, however, be some apparent ground upon which he might base a reasonable presumption: Kaiuolani pondered.

"I shall draft a letter, submitting to congress an impossible appeal. My personal grievances and their innate helplessness should rouse the president's sympathies. Some friend may suggest a remedy. He must refuse Young recognition, and Bender shall do the rest," said she, to herself, bursting out with exuberance.

Losing not a moment, the conjuring elements that should resolve a last triumph had scarcely rippled the surface before American interference ended and the *U. S. S. Bonton* weighed anchor for home. Their president did as Kaiuolani willed, and the republic failed to gain recognition.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Thus the new thought rooted and spread as Kaiuolani had foreseen and chosen. That the giant forces within its provisioned reach should drive and take where least resistance held, science clearly demonstrated. American expansion throve and grew incarnate.

Young halted at the brink. Not to hear and heed, though the roar and din of ordination across the seas had warned him timely; nor as a test in the crucible of conscience, but Kaiuolani had bidden him do, and if she no longer bore any relations to his actions her words seered deeply the soul.

"I am destined leader," said he, to the rallying elements, standing ready and observent, "and no sordid interests shall stay or deaden the wellspring of lofty citizenship. Rise Polynesia, courage countrymen, to establish and defend your home!"

They swore allegiance, and the frail Kaiuolani five thousand or more miles distant mocked defiantly the spirit wafting thither the message.

"Hang he shall!" declared she, boldly speeding toward her home, the land that he would claim as empire.

"You are my prisoner," whispered Young, as the startled princess gravely tripped the gangplank at Honolulu, her chosen place of landing.

"Yours? No. And you are a vagabond, with

neither heart nor hand; God forgave you the one, a power higher than man shall save me the other. Do you hear me?" replied Kaiuolani, with no thought of the consequences.

Self-accused and smote in will the strong man at last wavered, and chose to have done with strife; the trees, the birds, and the air around essayed to call forth freedom's way—Kaiuolani's eyes danced and freshened with the glow of inordinate being; but Norton saved him.

"Shackle her," snarled the editress, confident in her hold upon escheated love.

Having come into their lives at sympathy's door, none harbored feelings as dead or deeds as fickle as she. Kaiuolani had fallen at her rise, and the dip of exultation kindled hatred, like dregs fire an unsatisfied thirst.

"Shackle her!" repeated Norton, gloating to taunt an abused sister.

"No, no. I will not," cried Young, pathetically.

Kaiuolani raised her eyes from the dread ground, whence she had fervently implored the spirit of old Kamehameha. Young flushed, and thwarted her gaze. She advanced and he backed.

"You are a coward and cannot," said the princess, coldly cognizant.

"Then I shall," replied Norton, unexpectedly authoritative. "Men, I command you: arrest this person and hold her prisoner at the palace."

Cole forthwith very gladly and wisely sanctioned her commitment; whereupon the proud princess, overwhelmed and checked, was haled into a confinement that, strange to say, not only gave her the freedom

of the one place she, most of all, just then sought, but brought her into an otherwise, at that time, impossible communication with the queen herself; Liliuokolani had sooner been—fortunately, as it proved to be—accorded a like untimely treatment.

The two women met, rejoiceful, and eager, but did not embrace.

Outside, a murky haze hung low, and thickened under apparent pressure; whence, none knew or questioned; but Liliuokolani's eyes enlarged and peered significantly.

"Hearken, daughter!" whispered she, fearfully looking about, the while clasping tightly Kiauolani's two cold hands.

"Yes, aunty; there is a storm brewing; but God shall protect us."

"Do you still—believe?"

"The times are ominous; yet—He is our saviour."

"But the jewels are stolen. His coronet is gone. Our land trembles with profanity. The gods are disturbed!"

"Yes, dear; but our God, the one and only God of all gods, shall proclaim peace—in the great hereafter."

"But now; Kaiuolani, now!"

"Faith, aunty; have faith."

"In Kamehameha –at my age. Hero of battles, thunder your warnings; my trust is in Kilcaua: no stain escapes there, and—Pele! O, Pele. Let me again behold your wonderful tresses. I feel them now, as combed in heaven. Pele!"

They sat quietly contemplating; the princess would not profane things picturing immortality, with any

answer the world had yet seen fit to reveal. The gods now battled; and her idol lost consciousness in the splendors of an unrestrained conception. Kaiuolani drew close to the brink, awaiting breathlessly the light that should beacon her safely into the reach of a glorious past.

The heavens grew darker, and the atmosphere heavier. Everything seemed as if chained, and doomed to the treachery of fate. No man there could do or discern anything.

Presently the earth rocked, as if rent in two. The light flashed, sounds afar were heard distinctly, and every person and thing sprang up.

"It is true. I see with my eyes. God. Mauna-Loa. The Beautiful!" cried Kaiuolani, eagerly looking from the window, at the fire-lit skies around.

"My prayer is answered," said Liliuokolani, "and I welcome Kileaua; would die to live again; sacrifice myself unto eternity; depart earth as the lowliest things are crystallized into rarest diadem. Let me go."

The grandeur of a truly living present startled the stronger of the two into a secret consciousness of a dead and possible past. That all these things had subtilely and effectually borne their proper relation toward the ultimate regeneration and enlightment of man made the bare thought of present-day remission the more frightful; but the other one had lived out the fires of equanimity: the charred embers symbolized a deeper glow than reflected in merely the passing.

"No, no; you must not leave me; God can yet do quite well without you: I need you. Stay and encourage me—Kileaua is a hot place!"

"An old woman's only consolation. Temporal sacri-

fice had been less trying. Faith, and want; hope, and serve; give, and—take what you can get, bids the new order. I should prefer more of liberty."

"And if Kileaua made it possible, would you take it?"

"How can I? Men do with me as they like."

"Look aunty; the gates are open, the guards fly; terror seizes even those who frown at things we know. God has answered your prayers: let us go."

"No; I'll not budge this place. You can fly, as you once did before. I am queen, and finite; God or republic."

Kaiuolani forwith left the queen at her post,—consciousness told her she could avail nothing there,—and walked out, alone and unmolested; the old regime had failed her, but did more: it opened the way to present if not ultimate freedom.

Everywhere men hurried under shelter. Believers foretold the divine, and no Christian dared brave that catastrophe to barter with or hinder lowly man. The bars were thrown down, and everybody went his way, as an awakening god-self at last provisioned.

The natives—reclaimed by proof positive, as symbolized in a phenomenon openly witnessed—attributed the unexpected disaster solely to Young's shortcomings. He had made himself god of them and theirs, and they held him alike responsible, be it volcano or misfortune that disturbed their peace.

The army mutinied; their commander's display of weakness in the presence of Kaiuolani, the one person above any other, whom they feared, had shaken their confidence, and the demoralization and uncertainty attendant upon the withdrawal and denouncement of

the native element lost him his grip: only for Cole's timely interference, and the most heroic measures, Young's whole force had disbanded.

The little republic of Hawaii, already tottering under the weight and influence of its creator's unbridled aspirations, thus found itself suddenly confronted with a new and unthought problem. One that should sooner or later rent or strip it to the foundation: like the avalanche, rolling and beating toward its shores, so surely portended. Did they as men merit the conflict?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Back in the mountains or out upon the plains the same spirit (if opposite in form), that under-lay America's advancement urged a simpler minded, deeper wrought people to gather and organize in defence of an equally inborn prerogative. Hawaiians of old had looked traditionally and knowingly upon Kileaua, and in the thundering, blazing elements discerned the voice and will of Kamehameha.

Answer, they must. And whether confronted by the lone machinations of individual schemers or threatened with annihilation underneath the juggernaut of advancing empire, mattered not; content once roused knows neither fear nor limit. Heeds less, Christianity.

Kaiuolani sought protection at home; there she believed her father, a citizen and patriot, supreme.

In this however, it was as soon discovered that she had reckoned, in one particular, at least, without her host. Sir Charles had already been influenced by Elmsford; who, conceiving the notion of fathering an Utopia of his own, found it quite convenient, upon Uhlrix's withdrawal and the shifting of fleets, to form a satisfactory coalition with the hard-pressed Cole and his ever-urgent missionaries. Castle Banyan had become their fortress; sheltering alike the disgruntled

and the ambitious: having thus inadvertently trapped herself, the princess for once invoked a deliberate, if confusing expedient.

"I shall not surrender, neither disobey; but, mind you, it is a false judgment that holds not until verified," said she, in answer to her father's impatient provisioning.

"Silence, Kaiuolani. Do you forget the place?" replied Sir Charles, sternly.

"The castle is yours, I believe, under existing conditions. Pardon me."

"Elmsford, come here," continued she, addressing the artist manager, who attended cautiously, in a conveniently nearby room.

"Yes, Kaiuolani."

"Remove me from this place."

"Yes, Kaiuolani."

They were not long in reaching Diamond Head; Elmsford was in her power, and there she set up housekeeping as prisoner in a way as convincing to him that she knew her place as it was provocative elsewhere of the belief that she held in her hand effectively and irredeemably the destinies of them all.

"Go publish the news, broadcast," demanded she of Elmsford, her slave, before Sir Charles had fairly recovered the shock.

"What news, Kaiuolani?" asked he, meekly.

"That you hold me hostage. I shall have done with this tangle, in a jiffy."

"And then?"

"I'll make no promises."

"By jove, I like you the more, for that. And, don't forget, Elmsford is no 'peach.'"

"Hist! No slang, if you would serve me."

"Yes, Kaiuolani."

Norton published the notice, on the morrow, in the *Ware Wizzard Wise,* under double blocked, full page headlines, and Wayntro, her employer, in anticipation of consequences, took Elmsford's little messenger thence unto himself as wife. Uena-O-Zan had served again her mistress, whom the flag of England once more saved from molestation.

The news spreading like wildfire, drove consternation into the hearts of all Hawaii; as expected and planned by Kaiuolani. Cole and his element believed themselves tricked into a British coup by none other than Elmsford; Young, with better reason, conjectured it a scheme, of Bender's, to wreak his downfall and, in consequence, sought to heal the breach with Cole: conceding the latter all administrative functions, he reserving only supreme command of the army; the natives fired with determination, and flocked to the support of Bender; who, by this time, had implanted himself firmly as their true god and rightful deliverer.

Having successfully connived the evasion of Young and imprisonment, upon landing at Honolulu, a short time hence, the old spirit seized upon the ranger culprit and carried him well back into the reach of an alluring past.

He had had his try with conventional freedom, the tribulations of bolstered supremacy, and would thence hearken the voice of nature's own being; let the red

blood coursing its way alone speak for glories attained; go down into the wild and rise again by deeds more valorous: Ihoas listened, and together they hastened with importuning a deadlier endeavor.

"Would you sit here and see our nativity swept into the seas?" asked Ihoas, of her father, Prince Kenlikola, in the presence of Bender, who had accompanied her thither, to Kauai, in the hope of planning some reasonable support, elsewhere than within his own imagination.

That these people were slow to comprehend a danger and loath to exert themselves in defense even of an inborn right, Bender well knew; but he also understood the secret of their complacency. Only touch the wellsprings of patriotism and content were a thing as quickly forgotten, the religion of a bygone should burst out again in perfect frenzy, while for their leaders and their gods they would stand ready to fall at the stake.

The prince started at the import of his daughter's plea, and recalling a former conflab with Bender pondered well the situation. The warmth and heaviness of a tropical environment belied the energies so mildly rising to mind. Here no intrigue had penetrated; satisfaction and plenty reigned everywhere; the very heavens proclaimed peace, invited their enjoyment:

"Why encourage hardship?" asked he, half-weirdly conscious.

"The gods, father. Do you forget—our ancestors?"

Kenlikola looked from one to the other of his auditors. There appeared no likeness between Bender

and those he had pictured in the galleries of an indefinite past—yet there grew and throve a liking; others of the court supporters, less removed by consanguinity, had done more to disturb the slumberings of old Kamehameha. The air grew hot and stifling. Ihoas came close. Kileaua flashed the hidden fire, and Kenlikola bounded up a living torch:

"To war, men; the gods do lead!"

Thence there was no halting. Men that hitherto had shunned the bare thought of conflict now sought martyrdom in the ranks. Kenlikola led them, in the North, slowly but determinedly toward Diamond Head, the agreed field and rendesvous, while Bender hastened into the South.

Here the whole populace stood in awe; not that they feared or regarded Honolulu,—the fate or stress of government seldom touched even lightly these far-away, unchanged believers,—but the wonderful forces unbosomed within Kileaua itself portended a returning of the Messiah.

Bender knew them, and proclaimed:

"I am come to save you."

They gathered round him, kneeling and wailing in fervent supplication.

The pressure remained heavy, and all about them the lavas crawled and crumbled toward the seas. No man's footing held against the awful insecurity there experienced, and a demon lurked in every crystal formed or pool that congealed, reflecting the crater whence it poured out.

Hard pressed and unrelieved, the natives became

alarmed and grew more insistent. Some of Bender's own men began to doubt. Their eyes enlarged, and they made bold to ask:

"When shall the white man make peace with Kileaua?"

Ihoas heard them, and marvelled the outcome.

Shut within the deepest and darkest confines of the sacred old nearby temple, Kaile, she welcomed a newly found idol and willed him place. Her own father had sent her thither, as an inspiration and a help: Bender fell a victim to the wiles that won him recognition, and when pressed without he too entered the sacred chamber and there adjured liberties that heed neither gods nor destruction.

Here no restraint hindered his own free will and called-up fancy. The walls were thick, and rites as supreme as ancient barred every door. Hoary priests babbled strange melodies or admonished remembrances not of earth; and angels hovering in the mists or crowding fain comprehension quickened the sense and dulled dispute.

The fathers had taught well Ihoas a lesson, and tradition denied her disobedience.

"Fate sent you to me, Ihoas—an inspiration, a fitting rebuke. Let the world rumble on; I am content; Ihoas is sanctified."

She had placed her trust,—it seemed so very like her,—and all nature at once responded to the parched and withered desires of restricted womanhood. The beauties of creation unfolded within the discarded

bounds of an imagined halo—the gods willed it, and Ihoas lived, foretasted heaven.

Outside, a whole populace begged deliverance, and the slumbering princess at last awakened.

Bender bowed submissively before her; the fires had burned low and there appeared no means of escape.

"Save me," cried he, "save me."

Ihoas looked the would-be traducer straightway in the face. He had set himself over woman and defied man. Questioned the superiority of wisdom, and sought to make of procreation a convenient plaything. Why such inconsistency? The tenets of her belief made answer; the princess had not yet learned to deny herself the saving privilege of worldly sacrifice.

Then word came of Kaiuolani. Had a like temptation befallen their revered one? If so, her God might with remission cleanse the heart accordingly: Ihoas's revealed no way so easy, or—uncertain. For grace there must be some atonement.

All around them men and women fell prostrate, imploring the gods to release Kaiuolani.

"Save her, Ihoas, save her," cried they, with one accord.

Bender had become an outcast; none heeded longer his presence. Their princess sat with downcast look. Had she, too, misjudged him? fallen a victim to the woes of misplaced confidence? Her heart grew with heaviness, as did the atmosphere she breathed. All the elements of nature seemed battling against darkness. There must be some vent, an escaping of pent up forces. Light awaited surely an awakening of the spirit world. Should atonement of individual sin

relieve universal doubt? save the world from awful catastrophe? The angels betokened finite gladness. Everybody seemed turning toward her; conformity predetermined the fate of Ihoas.

Sitting there, shut in and alone,—her enticer had long ago retired,—the glories of eternity unfolded certainly and pleasantly within the thought wafted over by a thousand, thousand years of unbroken, loyal condescension.

Were divinity asking too much?

Not as Ihoas saw. It seemed a pleasure to appease wrath: serve humankind. And the grandeur of passing! The beauties of purification! The joy of nothingness!

"My God, I am saved; there is a way; I know it now—Pele, Kamehameha, Kileaua!"

The slumbering, grumbling, grinding earth lay inert and restless at her feet. Ihoas looked out at the jagged, ragged cone just above. A dull red underglowed and paled against the black blue clouds hanging heavily over the gaping crater, now yawning and persuading within a finger's reach. Only a drop, and the troubled elements had electrified the earth and cleared the skies.

Ihoas breathed more freely, and no sound escaped her lips or thing of any kind hindered her fleetness of foot: presently the forging heights were scaled, without disturbing anyone or apprising them of her intention, and she stood complacently at the brink.

Far down beneath her, perhaps a thousand feet or

more, spread the molten seas, whence danced and fretted little green and yellow wavelets amid gusts of purplish, grayish cloudlets tumbling and vanishing into space. Never had another sight seemed so placid or inviting; and now that consciousness had fairly dawned everything appeared to move or tend toward the center, where a pool of many colors rimmed up and swirled down round endless hollows.

"How sweet to contemplate!" cried she, tiptoeing and balancing at the highest pinnacle around.

It seemed as if she must soar away, and there came to her a winged fairy, wearing at the brow a wreath of coral, who carried in one hand a twig of olive.

"Come," said he, taking her hand in his, thence leading the way toward such happiness as Inoas had not yet anticipated.

Only a flit, and the princess, too, had swept into the awful vacuum. In the twinkling of an eye its thirsty elements gulped down the tiny offering, and spitting forth a mighty wave, purging the heart and clarifying the atmosphere, wrought a living, self-explained transformation.

The liquid light shot high up, rending the clouds, percipitating a calm: against the glowing heavens there stood revealed a face. Ihoas smiled back upon a startled world: men with gray and women past usefulness, both the young and beautiful arose from their knees and putting darkness behind them worshipped thence the goddess they beheld. Ihoas had risen, unveiling truth again.

There remained, among them all, only one whose

withered conscience and blind philosophy betokened some scientific explanation or begged an unearned forgiveness. Bender skulked off, toward Diamond Head, alone and unreclaimed; though time awaited only the paltry accident of a more rational happening to wreak a lesser change.

American expansion bore hard and fast upon Hawaii's fate.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The last note in Bender's discordant life had fairly sounded. The awful visitation left him a wreck: a doubter in man himself. All the things of earth that he had been able to muster crumbled at the beckoning of an impossible love—and were she really a goddess?

Half crazed and abandoned, the now thoroughly repentant man hastened toward Diamond Head, alone and unarmed.

Everywhere word had gone in advance of his coming, in consequence of which none heeded him and all revered her. Why Ihoas condoned? What terrible thing had he done to merit their contempt?

"I'll do more than she," said he to Aokahameha, who alone, and without hindrance, importuned of him both respect and submission; "I'll surrender no less my honor than fortune to end this senseless, cruel misunderstanding."

"Then you shall have need to lose no less of time than effort, for Kaiuolani and Young may again face each other in the field."

Having sooner heard of Bender's perfidy, and surmising the fright Ihoas's transition must reasonably produce in the minds and hearts of uncontroverted Hawaii, Kaiuolani forthwith called upon Kenlikola to enter with his now frantic army the gates at Diamond Head.

The prince, bowed with grief, and overawed by the

superstitious wrangling of others about a daughter's ascendancy, made haste to obey; there was already much clamoring, in the ranks, for bloodshed; the peace of Ihoas, too, must be rendered, by timely sacrifice, and none would spare the hated foreigner.

Young faced the situation unfalteringly, and with a fortitude hitherto inexpressed; he had grown with experience, and notwithstanding the government's uneasiness—and an only too apparently flagging interest elsewhere at Honolulu—marched his now thoroughly sifted and carefully drilled little fighting force out of the city, and toward the enemy, with all the vim and confidence of a winning hand.

"The odds are against me," said he, to Cole, upon departing the capital, "but as Bender is safely overcome in the South, so shall Kenlikola fall at the North; shot and shell may be less fantastic, but it is more effective than earthquakes or volcanoes in determining the faith of men. As it has been always, it shall be, here, to-day."

The roads were muddy, however, from the the outskirts thence, and progress became slower as they neared the scene of expected action. Scouts returning from the field continued reporting, "No enemy in sight," and night came upon them.

Those gates must be reached and guarded, for these men, whom they would face, prowled by night like cats seeking their prey.

"Double, quick, forward!" ran along down the lines from head to subordinate in a whisper.

It was dark now, and Bender lashed round them in the distance. An accomplice urged him on: he neither knew nor cared much where or for what purpose.

After a hard-forced tramp over treacherous grounds, and much consultation among the heads of staff, the government's sole available troop approached cautiously and with rising apprehension the main entrance to Lord Xenoav's private estate at Diamond Head. The place seemed deserted. Not even a lone picket stood guard, and the only significant thing Young could descry, there in the darkness, outside the walls, appeared to be nothing more nor less than a huge pile of loose timbers, stacked directly in front of the closed and made fast front gate.

Wayntro had heard of such devices, through Uena-O-Zan, of course, and cautioned his superior accordingly.

"Fall back; line up; rest on your arms!" commanded Young, quietly, but without a tremor.

The halting columns obeyed, though consternation rankled in their hearts. These men had fought unerringly in the daytime; but the somber shades of midnight called to mind another and a deeper concern.

"What is yon heap?" whispered Johnny, of his next, less agitated, comrade.

"You can search me," replied that one, none the wiser.

"Doan yous know, what dat am?" cautioned a husky voice from North Carolina.

"No; tell us, Sammy," came back in unison, from those who now huddled about or craned to hear.

"I's doan like to befrighten yous-all, I doan," replied he, in a mysterious tone of voice and sore-belabored manner.

"I'll give you a big chew of t'baccer, if you do," intercepted a nearby listener, confidentially.

"Make it two, and I's gwine to do it," agreed Sammy, doubly conscious.

"All right," put in another, less prudently inclined.

"Dat am a funeral pyle, boys; dat am so," replied he, with deep satisfaction.

"Get into line there," commanded Young, sternly, the while tapping those most venturesome upon the back with his sword.

They all fell to and resumed quiet, though some may have wondered at the temerity of their general in expressing himself so flagrantly to encourage stability in the ranks. That pile of timbers disturbed them not a little, and that none other than Young himself should be the first to quench its thirst became a deep-seated conviction on the part of many there breathlessly awaiting.

Presently a dull, grinding sort of noise at the "pyre," as if some loosened part had settled into place, attracting the attention of all, drove terror into the hearts of not a few.

"Wo-a-ough!" shrieked Samuel, who, dropping to his knees, on his gun, sat mute and transfixed.

"Fire!" shouted Young, without a moment's warning.

The roar and flash of musketry broke weirdly upon the still, dark surroundings; while splinters flew thick and fast from the tumbling, tilting logs in the foreground.

Bender groaned underneath the falling debris, and Norton rushed from the background, pushing and making her way toward the front.

"My God!" exclaimed she, as Bender's possible death dawned upon her.

"The papers?" replied he, wounded, and unable to rise.

"I'll take them," demanded Young, as he came up, observing her to possess a familiar document.

"You shall not," retorted she, levelling a pistol in his face.

Young backed away, and Norton followed; first tossing the roll to her confederate, who lay jammed and dying beneath the jumbled litter.

Bender feebly fumbled in his pocket for a match. He had fallen, the victim of misjudged endeavor, and whatever the consequence he proposed now that he still possessed strength and opportunity to destroy once and for all the evidence that had wrought alike his fortune and his doom.

Striking a light the flames shot up like an avalanche. Kamehameha's worshippers fixed well the pyre, and combustion did what Bender had failed in the doing: Young had made Norton a prisoner, and returned in time.

The dying man smiled, and the living brushed hard at the flames.

Weird sounds within the estate-walls froze cold the blood in Young's command. Yelling and leaping, and clambering over gates and fences, everywhere, the foe quickly surrounded him. Uena-O-Zan ran into the open, and Wayntro ordered a welcome retreat.

The flames roared and drove higher and fiercer; the little republic furnished the fuel with which to waft homeward its own determinate message.

CHAPTER XXXV.

With Young's capture and Wayntro's retreat the already toppling government awakened to fresh dangers and sought to invoke a last privilege: martial law was, therefore, promptly declared, and Aokahameha again placed in command, sent posthaste after the rebellious natives; his policy had, vitally if not happily changed.

Two years of dubious warfare and hotly contested intrigue convinced him that it were futile to attempt any sort of restoration. Cole, as well, held himself free from taint, and stood ready to sacrifice individual welfare for the good of a bettered whole. There were, also, elements at work antagonistic to both friends and foes; and, had Kaiuolani apprised him of what she the sooner divined?

"I shall put down this rebellion, as enabled with such force as can be mustered. Liberty is a birthright and loyalty its only safeguard. Whatever the manifestations,—whether robbed of our queen or blessed with a president, though it be Occidental or Oriental,—sovereignty must obtain. Unity is ultimate, and reason but a consequence: please bear me witness," said Aokahameha, candidly, to Cole and his cabinet, making ready to go after Kenlikola and his too rabidly inclined following.

"I am pleased that our friend Aokahameha understands so well the present: though his after-theory be

at fault; liberty is rather the product of reason," replied Cole, constantly doing and trusting—the very incarnation of belief.

"Philosophy and practice are not necessarily antagonistic, as I am taught: our religions are but one, not rightly understood. Enlightened as well as endowed, we may yet teach you to live; Orientalism is founded upon things we know," suggested Aokahameha, not the least perturbed.

"And dies, only to live!" shouted Kaiuolani, flitting into their midst, unheralded if tolerable.

Not they, nor Cole, would dispute, or thought to restrain her. Some vital potency lay behind the princess' sudden though elusive demeanor, and they were only too glad that she chose to let them proceed with the business of ordering a hopelessly shattered entity.

"On with the work," continued she, "and I promise a just retribution. Like for like, and the dread waves take me should I deign fail."

Aokahameha did go,—he appeared not to understand or heed,—and a rapid advance soon brought him to the foothills, whence Kenlikola's command had flown. They fought valiantly, man for man, and until Aokahameha's superior generalship outdid the enemy there seemed no certainty of victory on either side.

It was the often repeated story of gold against God, and truth prevailing God had won—but, as ever, strategy outwitted, and the valient hosts of a passing day scattered and ran pellmell over the hills and into byways scarce none but them exactly knew.

Kenlikola escaped.

A secret growth of twisted pine and low *koa* fringed the lower edge, reaching at places far up into rugged canyons or along sloping ravines, severely impeding the progress of men less accustomed to mountain climbing or service dodging. There should be no halting, however; though another reason had saved all except the ringleaders from an otherwise immediate capture.

Aokahameha pursued them.

An ominous mist overhung the ragged sky line higher up along the broken, precipitous coast at the opposite side of the mountains. The sun blazed weakly in the west, or let fleeting shadows dark and weird against the somber woodland at places covering dreaded tangles.

Here and there in the far-off open might be seen now and then revered heads, carrying in their arms from shelter to shelter mysteriously wrought symbols, sacred and inspiring to those retreating.

White mice gamboled near by—then hid in the reed grasses; they had survived the ages immune to all save princes—these men, in quest, seemed strange to them.

A lizard crawled into its hole, and knowing ones sighed.

Aokahameha reflected.

"Dispose companies as directed," commanded he (addressing Wayntro), having theretofore reconnoitered and determined upon some sort of a round up. "I am going to climb old Punch Bowl,—the call is resistless,—and when you have returned I shall be here, our most convenient place of rendesvous."

The captain, ordering, shouted:

"Form for attack, forward, march!" and the ragged lines breaking into squads waged hard upon the trail of Kenlikola's confused and disordered rear.

Facing the mists, Aokahameha walked briskly up the gradual incline and on, to Pali, the highest point, overjutting out and away toward the bewitching, coaxing waters far down at the ocean's tumbling, heaving level. A long narrow hogback, worn deep with uncertain stepping, led the way. The sands gave and sank underneath his feet, as if to threaten and retard his going; but some misshapen impulse lured him on, and he would not stop.

After a while the broad, tinted valleys, with their many diversities, lay spread and stretching afar at his back. He did not turn, neither comprehended them. In front, a more subtle, inviting aspect opened to view. The fog hung thick and black before his eyes, but just beyond, nearly a thousand feet below, the blue seas adjured a sight that penetrated even darker things.

The path grew wider now, and easier; Aokahameha quickened step, and suddenly someone appeared, as if entranced.

A human being had risen in front, and wishing to know who might be there to disturb him in his right, the thwarted man called loudly and ran fast after: only stillness answered; a splash and his echoed voice alike took wings and flew with the winds that howl and moan their doleful eternity at this fated place.

"Cheated!" whispered he, leaning low over the edge and peering dizzily down through space vaulting with a taunt its wanted rest.

The sun's height saved him; it had been desecration to disturb the peace of another; night must pass and day come again before he might now make the leap.

But who had thus escaped him?

The thought burned deeply into his growing consciousness, and drawing back a little, over the slippery, declivitous stones, himself puzzled and gainsaid, Aokahameha made fast his hold upon a projecting root at one side the wind-swept, deep-cut roadway, where he lay for a long time marvelling the consequence of living.

"I'll return to my post," said he, to himself, in due time convinced; "the sunshine is more of than rain: the world is a better place, than hence we know not."

Composure quickly followed. A new life suddenly dawned, and bounding to his feet Aokahameha scrambled back over the short, steep incline, thence tramped down the hill, toward whence he had come with a resolution as firm as hitherto wavering.

The skies seemed to twinkle with freshened meaning, the earth beneath his feet resounded a goodlier trend, and from his heart there sprang a yearning that before only had lost him the opportunity.

"Ihoas is dead, but—Kaiuolani lives," rose to mind, and did not cease, till he had once more resolved.

Reaching again the field of action, Aokahameha found that Wayntro's disappointed scouts were already fast returning; these untrained and driven men could or would not scale the heights as did those in retreat. Kenlikola escaped, and the major portion of his defeated and scattering army made off through covering of the mountains hard again toward the northland. A few, however, less fleet than discreet were really

overtaken and brought proudly back: offering, as they did, something of an excuse, if not purpose as intended, the chase was abandoned and some sort of reasonably plausible returning begun.

"And where are the prisoners?" demanded Cole, upon the appearance of Aokahameha and his half-deserted, illy paid and grumbling command.

"Here, sir," replied he, lining up a dozen or more indifferent duskies.

"Kenlikola—is he gone?"

"I am not advised."

"Have you Elmsford?"

"Had not thought of him."

"I don't see Kaiuolani?"

"She was here the last I knew."

"I presume it hardly worth while to ask about Young and others of our friends, is it, my poor Aokahameha?"

"You see here, with your eyes, all the fruits of a ready victory: the price, I take it, shall come next."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The trial and punishment of Aokahameha's prisoners conceded, finally, to range within army provinces alone, the administration set about casting its net for a really more commendable example. A great rebellion had been effectively suppressed by their twaddling government, and the law's penalty must be meted out to someone as instigator.

Cole and Gutenborj sat quietly discussing the matter at executive headquarters; the latter had come naturally to be the president's, as he had been the queen's most substantial adviser.

"What do you think of him, anyway, friend Gutenborj?" queried Cole, after the matter of Aokahameha's apparent evasion had been threshed and winnowed as far as understood or understandable.

"Oh, he'll do—just give him a chance, and a bit of coaching; these Hawaiians are susceptible, once you get their confidence," replied the planter king, unguardedly, basing his philosophy upon a lifetime's experience.

"It's a pity somebody didn't think of that long ago."

"More is the pity they did. Were I as sophisticated as you, I might have owned these Islands, natives and all, before now."

"You seem still to be in a fair way of doing so."

"No, thanks; there is too much authority and not enough certainty, in these days, I trow."

"Possibly the queen had suited you better; she might have been more—susceptible."

"Come, now; I am in no mood or position to quarrel. Liliuokolani's head must come off. I want it."

"How so?"

"She is the only one in or out of authority who fully understands the situation. On the throne, I am at bay: off, and there is no protection. Make way with her, I say; she's the best sort of example."

Cole twisted in his chair, meditating long the moral of Gutenborj's red-handed proposal. Since the good queen's overthrow she had lived the life of a recluse,—a model sort of way, so far as their government was concerned,—occupying the palace (as she had said she would), sitting upon the throne at leisure or mending stockings at times for want of a better occupation.

No one had raised so much as a finger against her; the property was hers, of right; she possessed an income, privately, beyond the need of apparent requirements; the home had come to serve her every want, and Cole believed it both cruel and unwise to disturb that peace, thus endangering their own security.

Gutenborj, however, proved unrelenting. Those excessive plantations which he had successfully wheedled out of Liliuokolani's predecessors stood him in want of cheap and tractable labor. Should their state fall into the hands of a foreigner, especially the United States,—as he believed quite probable, with Liliuokolani at large,—the natives would not only rebel against illy paid servitude, but another means of supply, recently developed, might necessarily be restricted, or perchance entirely cut off. With the government in his own hands, the Orient lay spread at his feet.

"Come," said he, in a commandatory manner, "you know full well the reason of my support."

"But I do not, however, quite comprehend the source of Kenlikola's supply; possibly you may know—something—about that; the queen is certainly innocent?"

"Bother the queen! Let the court determine its own true verdict—you did well in making Onslow chief justice, and Faneuil is, after all, not so bad, as attorney general. The evidence shall be forthcoming; Ah Mla shall attend—you may understand——"

"Yes; I do," meekly replied the president.

"Then what?"

Cole turned ashen: his conscience cried against injustice. Yet some unforeseen deliverance might arise, and were it right to jeopardize security in the saving of an individual? The reverend statesman prayed—and hesitated; then hesitated and prayed some more.

"Speak out," growled the master.

Cole looked up imploringly: Gutenborj avoided him, whining significantly in his face:

"Coward?"

"Very well," snarled the other; "I'll issue the order!"

Liliuokalani answered the summons, thereafter duly served, by closing still more determinedly the palace gates. Nor would anybody, who could, open them; their queen waxed invulnerable, and Ah Mla, plying his trade, supplied her only with the customary white man's weapons, consisting in all of scarcely a dozen pistols and half as many rifles; which, owing to the good woman's own dread of fire arms, were never

unpacked, much less distributed; as afterwards revealed by disinterested witnesses a-plenty.

She may have surmised, also, a better protection, for Aokahameha as commander in chief, under the new order, became as well head marshal of the Islands.

The trial, therefore, progressed as rapidly and fairly as occasion and the circumstances would permit. A grave matter this seemed: questioning the faith of a queen: solemnly provisioning the hope of a nation. Gutenborj busied himself, as usual, at a distance, while each added stage brought Cole one step nearer the climax.

A large number of witnesses, some for and some against the state, were examined; testifying to all sorts of ocular demonstrations and circumstantial happenings—shaded and shaped as public sympathy or private fortune demanded; weight and authority determined, as measured against right and wrong, that justice might be done.

This one saw a suspicious looking dray pass in the streets, when the queen was nowhere to be seen; that one heard her singing lulabies, at a time for prayer; another smelt gunpowder in the vicinity of Honolulu, while doing an errand at Diamond Head.

The attorneys for the prosecution laid stress upon the law, in such cases made and provided, surmising that the defendant might be implicated: establishing the fact, as adduced from the testimony, that treason and motive are not necessarily unallied.

The court charged the jury to heed well the law and seal their verdict.

A great and sacred right was then performing.

Twelve men yawned in the box. The clerk, bald and pale, arose in his place, calling aloud their names.

"Here," echoed back, each time in newly spun, deep-fetched, or highly pitched tones.

The big room was packed, and the audience waged breathless. Only Ah Mla remained composed, and transfixed. Sitting alone, in one corner, no one had condescended to notice or found it necessary to call upon him; but, studying every expression, observing each move, and deciding for himself both the law and the case, Ah Mla awaited but an opportunity to fling at the hated white man his own true story.

Suddenly quiet reigned; the jury should retire now: Ah Mla jumped up, and clipclapping down the aisle, toward the bench, singsonged aloud:

"Ah Mla now spleak!"

"Order in the court room," demanded the judge, sternly, and with no intent upon recognition.

The bar sprang from their seats, both amazed and chagrined, while a ruddy marshal hustled their ungainly, presumptuous intruder once more behind the closed and made-fast railing.

"Melican man heap big fool: Chinaman velly much abused," muttered he, as the jury, broad-faced and relieved, marched forth to deliberate and return.

Cole, however, had witnessed the proceedings from beginning to end, and instinctively associating Ah Mla, a confederate's good-intentioned attempt with Gutenborj's studied absence prepared himself at once to act officially upon the final judgment and decree.

The jury filed in; there was but one verdict to find.

Onslow faced them, demanding, with great satisfaction, and no less of pomp:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you ready to report?"

"We are," replied the foreman, promptly and knowingly.

"Let the verdict be pronounced," commanded the court, addressing the pinched-out clerk; who, breaking the seal, read aloud:

"Guilty, as charged!"

A hush spread over the place.

"It is the judgment of the court that the defendant be fined five thousand dollars and imprisoned for a period of five years," declared Onslow, to the utter amazement of everybody there.

"And I as chief executive do hereby and do now remit the fine and release the prisoner," put in Cole, before either one or anybody had time to regain his breath.

The queen thus stood vindicated, and Cole more than justified, even lionized. Another veiling, hiding the hand that played them both fast and loose was torn from the face of Gutenborj and cast at him, the rag that he deserved; while the little republic staggered to its feet only to stem but briefly that larger tide already set into world-wide motion as a result of their own baser weakness.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"This treaty shall not fail; it must be ratified," said Cole, in private, to Aokahameha, some little time afterwards, while sitting together, at one side, in convention duly assembled.

Hawaii's commander in chief did not answer at once, but fingered nervously at the officially printed copy of the resolution held loosely in hand.

Perhaps he reverently contemplated the will of Kaiuolani; or, doubting, earnestly looked forward to an apparently last and only recourse; more likely a recently disclosed conflict—waging, one against the other, by two predominating influences—disturbed him most. Whatever the thought, the mood served his purpose, for as between these two overtowering combatants their people and the government must then and there by representatives for that special reason convened irrevocably if inconsiderately choose to determine.

Ah Mla's feigning to expose someone, as it seemed, at the trial of Liliuokolani, had, on the one hand, brought Gutenborj to his senses: forcing a coalition that threatened to invest the shrewder Oriental with a kind of ownership or mastery of all labor in the Islands; guaranteeing to the latter outright possession or control of pretty much everything else there at all worth the trouble of a monopoly.

These, thwarting the opposition, bade certain to

continue republicanism, as best suited to the requirements of individual domination.

On the other hand America had extended an unmistakable invitation to them to lay down their autonomy.

Tiring of unprogressive administration, the Americans had elected to office men who believed it their province to serve, not to dictate. A lowering of their flag at Honolulu had roused the nation. Expansion reverted from danger into a public demand, became an administrative necessity, and the incoming president only voiced the sentiment of a stronger, less easily controlled element in recommending that congress take immediate steps to regain their fallen prestige.

This, the proposed treaty,—but evidently more a demand,—lay before the Hawaiians, now hopelessly divided and utterly unable to resolve compliance.

What were they to do? What could be done without the queen's sanction?

Aokahameha continued reflecting, and the delegates wrangled. Cole grew impatient and again continued:

"We are losing valuable time, Aokahameha."

"I was just wondering how we might gain needed time," replied he, not at all disconcerted.

"Try an adjournment; it should test the opposition's strength, and if carried—well, I for one should like very much to see our good friend a benedict."

"If lost, though, our weakness shall have been prematurely exposed."

"There isn't money enough in all Hawaii to buy the queen—everybody knows that."

The motion was made at Aokahameha's suggestion and the debate closed.

All day long the two factions had fought over the question as to whether or not a Kamehameha had once proffered to the United States friendlier auspices than to any other foreign power: the one side affirming the other denying that annexation were an act of conquest, everybody welcomed a chance to vote upon something.

The motion failed, and Cole and his followers turned pale at the prospect of defeat. It proved a first warning, and the opposition shouted for the main question.

Aokahameha alone remained calm, and seemed to understand the situation, saying:

"Politics lead but to empire; statesmanship alone conserves democracy; let them vote, if they would."

And they did vote; but not until revolutionized by an incident little expected.

Supporters of the proposed measure stood dumfounded, and totally unable to recover the shock of apparent defeat. The opposition, on the other hand, waxed strong and careless with the first blush of supposed triumph—no more tribute or parleying or delay, now that their opponents seemed routed; they must press home their victory, and enjoy the spoils.

Isaacs sprang to his feet demanding an immediate vote upon the resolution as offered; a weak voice from Kahulani seconded him; Elmsford twisted in the chair; Cole motioned him "Put the question" and a pin dropping had disturbed their quiet.

No one should venture a farthing upon the chance; but suddenly Kaiuolani burst into the room: tripping lightly down the aisle, everybody turned to look, and not one would bid her desist.

"Her majesty's abdication, and hearty support," said

she, to the surprised chairman, the while presenting him with a carefully written, signed, and sealed document in evidence.

Had a thunderclap stricken them no greater pandemonium could have prevailed. Annexationists fell to hugging each other, and the roll call began.

"Aye." "Aye." "Aye," replied everybody, excepting those who skewed into a distant corner.

"The ayes have it, and the motion is carried," declared the chair, amid profoundest confusion. "What is your further pleasure?"

Aokahameha arose, saying distinctly:

"I desire to nominate the Honorable C. C. Cole for governor of Hawaii, the first principality, duly annexed, to the United States of America, and move that we proceed to choose by acclamation."

"I second the nomination," cried a hundred voices throughout the hall.

"And as governor, no less a man, I congratulate you," said Kaiuolani, for the first time shaking the hand of an humbler equal.

"Long live the Republic!" shouted someone in the audience.

"Make it Empire, and we'll all join with huzzas!" replied Gutenborj, who had come in expecting otherwise to congratulate what now proved to be a sadly routed constituency.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Like magic the new Territory settled into a veritable workshop. Lofty ideals and heroic attainment lulled and languished under the sordid quest of political preferment and material splendor. No longer did the gods claim or disturb them: their food the inspiration and gain a watchword, fraternity burned lower in the bejeweled candlestick of fancied worth.

"Where is this deserter and delinquent, F. W. Young, of whom you speak?" asked General Takemeback, candidly, of Mr. Langdon, the at last out of a job successor to Whilom S. Harvenoiq.

Takemeback had been sent out by the United States authorities, in advance of annexation, to establish an army post and naval station at Pearl Harbor,—a reserve provisionally gained as an indirect result of Harvenoiq's bold lone break,—and in consequence, upon the final passage of the act of admission, assumed a sort of general supervision over things military thereabouts.

The records in Langdon's discontinued office were plain; someone by the name of Young, bearing the Colonel's initials, had deserted the regulars at Governor's Island; he should be haled directly into court: the information of right belonged to Takemeback.

"I am not even convinced, much less advised," replied Langdon, no more certain than interested in either phase of the case.

"Deuced queer circumstance," retorted the general, emptying his glass again, and resting back in the chair, anticipatory of further enlightenment.

"No more complicated than delicate, I should say. Some of the governor's 'best' might prove to be implicated were the searchlight turned too squarely on, as I understand it," suggested Langdon, bantering discretion.

"Not Aokahameha, I hope?" queried the listener, somewhat enlivened.

"Here he comes, now: I should rather you judged," replied his informant, a bit reluctant.

That Cole would be elected governor, with hardly a disenting vote, at the coming poles, there could be no reasonable doubt; not even Harvenoiq disputed that. Neither did anybody question Cole's preference or Aokahameha's rights concerning the commandery of a territorial militia; but there were some who coveted the place—less scrupulous, perhaps, than these were anxious about the public weal.

Aokahameha seated himself at Langdon's invitation, quietly joining as needs be in the conversation.

"We were just discussing Colonel Young, and his probable bearing upon the future of Hawaii. How do his chances affect you, friend Aokahameha?" queried Langdon, immediately.

Takemeback reflected; the host's queer tactics had aroused in his slow mind something resembling surprise.

Aokahameha reddened, then turned white in the face. He had not thought of Young since the fated night at concerned old Punch Bowl; not that he valued any less his once-upon-a-time friendly compatriot or

harsh antagonist, but he had turned a new leaf, and would let the gods be gods. Young had passed out of his conduct, and bare consciousness alone conjured possibilities undreamed.

"A good man he was, and I wish that he were here to-day," reflected the opportune commander in chief, after a little, wholly unconscious of either listener's self-originating meditations.

The subject thereat changed, and presently all three went their way: Langdon immediately sought out Isaacs; Takemeback stamped off toward headquarters; their accidental friend lingered upon the already deserted streets, and none seemed the wiser of another's doing or intent.

A stroll in the open and a good night's rest brought Aokahameha to a final determination: Kaiuolani must be seen and understood without needless delay.

The shades were already lengthening and reaching toward Castle Banyan in the foreground when her suitor, gallant but earnest, rode through the gate in front, only a few days after, dismounting lightly at the door.

"Who comes oftener than I," bantered he, of Sir Charles, who himself hobbled down the steps to greet and ask him enter.

"None is more welcome, I assure you, good Aokahameha; nor half-told as modest," ventured his loyal host in return, approaching unsteadily and with apparent effort.

Proffering assistance, the younger led, now into the hitherto familiar den, where other scenes more exacting had dragged the elder down, forcefully

against better promise, till life itself seemed but a vast unrealized suspense.

"Whither are we drifting?" asked the broken down father, half-consciously vague. "I hear of nothing now-a-days except the governor's ball, silks and beaux, plans and coquetry—oh this scramble! Why thrust upon me so near death's claim? Promise, Aokahameha, that you will do what I have failed: insure my daughter's happiness; I am done."

Aokahameha agreed in silence; soon finding himself in Kaiuolani's presence, unable to counsel, much less govern her; but the descendant of a Kamehameha knew no fear, and looked into mood if not motive with keenly discerning eyes.

"I shouldn't bother at all about that," replied he, to her chatter, as a first attempt at reconciliation. "Perhaps Norton is right after all; you may look quite as well in white, or blue, as in red. It's the effect that counts for most."

"Upon whom, I should like to know?" queried she, indignantly.

"Has Norton really returned?"

"Yes, she just this minute left the door."

"Then Colonel Young will be there, if none else; you may be sure of that, if I am any kind of judge."

"He shall sooner be in jail, where he belongs. That is about as near as you have guessed the truth. And I am glad of it. Nor shall I wear red. Now then; you have my mind, just as you deserve."

Her would-be conservator made no further attempt at disagreement or conversion, but in that brief sentence read deeper than Kaiuolani had dared to do or intended that he should. Thence he knew full well—

if she had failed suspicioning—the bitterest truth in life; and bidding her a friendly adieu hastened toward the city, where the hardest trial that he had known awaited only his coming.

Young had been court-martialed, and there stood face to face with seemingly certain conviction.

"It shall not be," said Aokahameha, to Cole, the day before that set for trial.

"The law is explicit, and the evidence conclusive, so I am told," replied the now duly elected governor, coldly.

"There is a truth that heeds neither law nor evidence. Beware of justice, my dear governor; this man you need, and I herewith tender my resignation in his behalf."

Norton sat by without saying so much as a word. She had come in, earlier in the day, to urge the governor's intercession, and would not go away. Cole, in consequence, had grown as obstinate as uneasy, positively refusing her, upon the ground of non-interference. Thus remaining and hearing, the possible outcome of Aokahameha's warning bore heavily upon her conscience; whereat the repentant woman arose to go, saying heartily:

"I thank you, Mr. Cole, for the privilege of this overhearing: to you, Aokahameha, I owe a debt of gratitude infinitely beyond my reclaiming."

The day after brought the accused, pale and wan, directly into court: Young heard the charge, and faced his accusers; he had grown listless to human weaknesses, and scoffed at falsehood's hardened attempt.

Exiled to an unfrequented island at the instance of Kaiuolani,—upon his capture, theretofore, at Daimond

Head,—he had lost every confidence in civilized trust. There was no means at all of any outside communication. Only Norton had found him out, thence intensifying his disgust by enforcing her attention. Failing to win fairly, she would woo compulsorily, and when Isaacs came again, as arranged, to carry them home, husband and wife, as designed, Young rebelled and threatening to withdraw into the solitude of that lonesome islet vowed never more to lay eyes upon his kind or to share the lot of woman.

Langdon, however, decreed otherwise, and before Young could make good his retreat Takemeback's scouts ran down and brought him back to that sense God intended better used.

"Stand up," sternly demanded the courts-martial, frowning at the merest thought of anyone's outranking obedience.

Young reflected: an orderly pushed him forward; no compassion obtained there; the breaking in of mind and body, directing thought and action, cowering mood or inducing morals—duty were an only virtue: mercy, denial, or intervention standing without the pale.

"I am innocent," replied Young, considerately.

"'Er ugh; 'er ugh," growled the court.

"I am innocent," repeated he, still more kindly.

"How dare you speak till commanded! Officer, proceed with the trial," shouted Takemeback, maddened with insult.

Their testimony was all against him, no one deigning or caring to appear for the defendant. The doors stood closed, and there appeared not the slightest chance of truth's obtaining.

The records were entirely introduced, marked this

or that exhibit, and regularly filed. Langdon had sworn to all that he knew favorable to conviction, carefully suppressing every hint that might in any manner tend to influence an acquittal. Harvenoiq now took the stand; the culprit seemed convicted beyond all doubt, lacking only the very necessary and properly connected identification.

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner at bar?" asked the interrogator, methodically concerned.

"I am," replied the witness, fully confident.

"Do you know of your own knowledge that he, the defendant, here present, in court, is the identical F. W. Young charged in this case with desertion, from the United States army?"

"I do."

"Is he the same individual described as one F. W. Young in the records (tendering for identification purposes exhibit 'A') of your former office as U. S. minister to the now defunct, but formerly existant republic of Hawaii?"

"He is."

"You lie!" shouted a regularly supposed orderly, springing forward with outstretched arm and extended finger shaking vehemently in Harvenoiq's rigid face.

The court gasped for breath, Langdon bounded up, and the witness stammered inaudibly:

"Who—are—you?"

Tearing off a mask that shielded a haggard countenance, and facing him squarely, the court alone heard, others understood:

"I am Martha Norton, and you are a villain!"

Those in authority, recovering from their astonish-

ment, demanded, to the surprise and satisfaction alike of everybody, an immediate and full explanation.

"Here is the proof, your honor—under his own hand and seal. I shall entrust you alone with the document."

Whereupon Norton, blushing at her own disguise, turned once more to the witness, saying:

"Tell the court what you know about this case. I command it!"

Young was, in consequence, released, and commended for his faithfulness: the same day an executive order made him Lieutenant General, commander in chief of the Hawaiian militia, and no one disputed him, just or right.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The militia, at last a sole charge, became the one all absorbing interest that Young would encourage.

Love had passed from his reach, as a thing beneath him.

The elections, now close at hand, were of no moment; Cole had selected his man, whose broadening comprehension and settled opportunity fired ambition with larger aims, conjuring a grander, more comprehensive union than theirs had in fact foreshadowed.

"War is vital, peace an ignoble thought," said he, in reply to Cole's friendly protestations. "True we are Americans, and our governmental institutions are founded upon the principle that all men are equal, but—excepting only the most trivial circumstance of birth or death—this is no less false than just. It is with the living, life, that we have to do; and not until mankind, not men, is enlightened can the ideal attain reality; art alone equalizes all things accidental: that we are moving in that direction, the works of man speak in no uncertain tone, but—the force, with which we advance, whether industrially, socially, or spiritually, is war."

As a compromise, Aokahameha had finally consented to stand for election to the lower house in Congress, their duly allotted representative at Washington,

and when the poles closed and the votes were counted, Kaiuolani truly rejoiced.

Her ideal lay deeper than state or fancy, hearkened the voice of love.

Nor was Norton oblivious to the new, that hers had perished. Duty called, and was she in turn justified?

The inauguration ball approached with a brilliancy that dazzled even those who had witnessed the old-time fêtes at their best. Cole's election had stirred them to loftier thought and a better appreciation. They would now do honor to their chief, and wealth nor show, culture, refinement, modesty or sincerity ever proffered heartier representation.

Kaiuolani at first rebelled against the growing spectacle.

"Democracy, the kind that I foresee," said she to Aokahameha, whose every effort was putting forth to win her over, "does not abide where pampered worth obtains; it is elemental within every human heart, and real beauty conserves better a more harmonious adjustment—the real and the ideal shall sometime marry, and forsooth joy shall truly reign."

"And America is the span over which that civilization shall pass but to merge with the greater, if silent Orient. Let us, then, be doing; the time draws near at hand, and I promise I cannot be happy, at the festivities, unless you too are there."

"Then I shall go," said she, with the sweetest possible assurance.

Young, too, declined the privilege of attending in just the manner that Norton had planned.

"It is revolutionary," said he, in reply to her anticipations.

"What of that?" queried she. "Each revolution places man on a higher plane of civilization and opportunity: then comes the slow process of legislating or lapsing his rights and liberties away. You would not rest oars at mid stream?"

"Conquest makes toward larger accomplishment—however, I shall not deny you; I but serve your pleasure, Martha."

The night came on, under the starriest kind of skies, and all nature seemed like to make this a fitting finale, as well an auspicious beginning. Rich and poor, great or small, the new and the old, were there in one sympathetic accord. No expense had been spared to make those halls and that scene a brilliant setting. On the outside, flowers and bunting stretched away to the humblest cottage or grandest palace, and everywhere the stars and stripes waved a glorious freedom.

"Liberty? No," said Cole, looking out at the stirring scenes around him; "freedom and liberty are antithetical: continuance of the one necessitates restraining the other—it is, freedom!"

The governor and Mrs. Cole led the march down through the long, pillared and arched-over halls. Visiting dignitaries and ranking officials followed, with Norton and Young arm in arm abreast the procession.

Pale and severe, Norton heeded anxiously every word so earnestly or kindly spoken. Her simple dress and plain adornment contrasted severely with Young's elaborate regalia. These were serious.

After them, statesmen and representatives lined up, in order. Kaiuolani leaned gracefully upon Aokahameha's arm. He tall and genteel, she gowned in purple and gold, they were the admired of all who chanced to look or fashioned themselves to learn and know the sequel to these long and arduous friendships. This two chatted in livelier vein.

Perhaps they had forgotten former rank and place, or had become too interested in the future to observe well the present.

The march over and the dance begun, Norton and Young seated themselves, at one side, under the mistletoe, that hung in large epaulet-like bunches, quite round the edges. Norton flushed the least bit, perhaps her heart beat faster, for presently Kaiuolani and her escort bore directly down upon them.

Both Young and Norton arose: the latter's face brightened, and Aokahameha looked deep, and knowingly into Young's eyes.

Turning to Kaiuolani and begging excuses—it was Aokahameha and Norton, now, who fell back, and away, again, into the crowds that whirled and surged, on and on, round and round.

"By jove!" said Elmsford, confronting them, at the opposite side of the room, "you both did yourselves clever."

"Not I, Elmsford; nor half as nicely as you yourself shall do, if I am privileged to guess," replied Aokahameha, begging Norton's pardon and once more turning to enter the swirl.

"Oh, well; it's British, you know; and, I dare say, this little American quite suits my fancy, after all,"

shouted Elmsford, laughingly, over the shoulder and after his rapidly retreating friend.

A lonely but satisfied man presently appeared at the opposite end of the halls. Behind him stood the dumb walls, echoing the dead and spent vibrations of an ever-living, all sufficient time; and his eyes fell wistfully and his heart beat warmly toward those there repeating the lesson, so simple yet true, that now and always leads on to empire.

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